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THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

## OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

## VOL. XXII

NOVEMBER, 1903—APRIL, 1904, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
1904

125-803

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Errata: p. 410, for "Burgoyne" read "Braddock"; p. 495, l. 13, for "Huxley" read "Ruskin."

THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. A. REID, EXHIBITED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1903 No. 1

## THE ART OF GEORGE A. REID

*By Margaret L. Fairbairn*

THE personal interpretation of nature is the very essence of pictorial art. The true artist does not imitate nature, he interprets it. He does not attempt to rival nature, he explains what is presented to his vision. Therefore every artist's work must differ from the work of all other artists as one writer's language and descriptions differ from the writings of all other men and women. The artist is an individual with tastes and sympathies, powers and limitations. His work is the embodiment of his individuality; showing his powers, exhibiting his taste, indicating his weaknesses. No two artists see the same thing in the same way or represent it in a similar manner. Thus every artist's pictures have some distinguishing feature about them which enables them to be recognized without reference to his signature. This general statement is even truer of the artist than of the writer, though usually the writer of an essay or poem may be identified by its style.

While keeping in mind this individualism among artists, a further elementary distinction may be made to enable the ordinary citizen to understand and catalogue the various artists whose work he inspects. Artists are roughly divided into historical painters, portrait painters, landscape painters and genre painters. As the artist whose work is to be considered in this article belongs to the latter class, it may be conveniently discussed in its general character. "Genre" is a loose term used to cover all pictures which are not particular portraits or special incidents, pictures of types of people or animals and pictures of events of common or daily occurrence. A picture of a logging or harvest scene would be a typical Canadian genre picture; so would the picture of a farmer, of a group of school boys, of two lovers in a quarrel, of a kitchen, of a village dance, or of an Indian in his canoe on a broad stream. Genre painting is marked by domesticity, candour and simplicity. It is not so old as historical painting, which was early practised by Giotto, Pintoricchio, Paul Veronese

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

THE FLUTE PLAYER
ONE OF MR. REID'S EARLIEST PICTURES

and Velasquez.* It is not even as old as portrait painting, for Van Eyck, Raphael, Titian, Holbein, Bellini, Dürer, Velasquez and Rembrandt§ were portrait painters. Even landscape is older, since it appeared as an incident in early religious pictures such as Giotto's † and in more defined form in canvasses such as Botticelli's ‡. Titian painted landscapes of great beauty, though his work differed radically from that of Constable or of Turner‖ of later date. Genre did not come to be a really independent branch of painting until painters had learned to generalize, which was late in the seventeenth century. It first grew noticeable among the painters of the Netherlands, a material race who cared little for mystical or religious pictures and delighted in small canvasses such as those of Van Ostade and Brouwer who painted scenes from the interiors of taverns, or of Nicolas Maes who touched the tender and pathetic chord of life. It developed strength under Hogarth and has become the most popular art of modern times.

During the World's Fair at Chicago the two pictures which drew the greatest number of spectators, which seemed to make the strongest appeal to the average individual, were Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties" and G. A. Reid's "Foreclosure of the Mort-

* Velasquez died in 1660; the others were earlier workers.

§ Rembrandt died in 1669; the others were earlier workers.

† Giotto died 1336.

‡ Botticelli died 1515.

‖ Constable died in 1837, Turner in 1851.

A MODERN MADONNA
ANOTHER OF MR. REID'S EARLY PICTURES

gage." Considering the cosmopolitan nature of the exhibition this is saying a great deal. The deduction is not so much that either artist was in the front rank of the world's artists, as that he reached the larger audience with a message that touched the heart and moved the feelings; a message, too, that in its technical expression gave satisfaction.

In an article such as this aims to be it is not desirable to speak of Mr. Reid's student days, of how or where he studied or under whom; that will be for some Canadian Vasari in the time to come. It is with his art productions only we are concerned just now; so a cursory mention of these will recall many a picture familiar at the time of its creation to both those frequenting the galleries and to the larger public outside.

The picture mentioned above belongs to the close of what might be called the story-telling period of the artist's career. One of the first of these was "The Flute-Player," a sort of pre-Raphaelite affair, which for truthfulness and faithful drawing will compare favourably with later work. Then followed from time to time "Drawing Lots," "Logging," "The Call to Dinner," "The Other Side of the Question," "The Lullaby," "The Story," "The Clockmaker," "Mortgaging the Homestead," "Family Prayer," "Forbidden Fruit," "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," "Adagio," "The Berry Pickers," "A Modern Madonna," and a number of

PORTION OF MURAL DECORATIONS IN CITY HALL, TORONTO
THIS CONSISTS OF LARGE PANELS ON EACH SIDE OF THE MAIN DOORWAY AND FIGURES IN THE SPANDRELS OVER THE ARCH

portraits, many of which were not exhibited. As may be seen, the artist has poetized in nearly every case the home life with its joys and sorrows, its "little daily round."

Somewhere in the nineties, after two lengthy trips abroad, there came a change in Mr. Reid's style and choice of subject, due in part to foreign influence and in part to the growth and development of the artist's powers. One festive critic said the newer pictures had the "Reid haze," and those better versed in art spoke of "*plein air*" and "impressionism," and various other terms more or less vague to the uninitiated. The landscapes were pitched in a high key; the portraits were swiftly recorded impressions. "Rest," a scene in the hayfield, now in place as an overmantel decoration, is an example of this out-of-door work, as are a number of landscapes in pastel and oil. "Haying," "Autumn," and "Music" were painted about this time.

Then there seemed to come a reaction from these aerial effects, shown in "The Evening Star" and other pictures —dreamy, indistinct, rather than transcripts of nature; experiments in tone, nocturns that told little but carried the impress of a mood.

From this time nearly all Mr. Reid's painting, though by no means all his art, has been confined to mural decorations. The first of these were the paintings in the new municipal buildings in Toronto, and were the artist's gift to the city. They consist of two large panels picturing pioneer life in Canada, and of the figures filling the spandrels of the arches that come between the panels. This was in itself pioneer work, beset with difficulties, and meeting with faint praise in some directions, but work which opened the way for others than himself, and which has proved a factor in the forming of public taste. In the treatment of these paintings Mr. Reid has so adapted his colour scheme so that it forms a pleasing part of a whole, toning in with the warm pinks and greys of the surrounding marble.

Following these were decorations for two houses, designed by Mr. Reid, at Onteora, in the Catskills, in each of which the painting runs as a deep frieze around four sides of the living room, the chief interest centering over the fireplace. In one the subject is a di-

STUDIES FOR FRIEZE IN MRS. C. H. RUSSEL'S HOUSE, ONTEORA
SPRING SUMMER AUTUMN

versified pastoral; in the other, figures play the important part with landscape as a background. In the beautifully quaint gothic church of this same place, of which Mr. Reid is the architect, the painting on the chancel wall is also his work.

One of the most successful of Mr. Reid's mural paintings is that in the library of Mr. B. E. Walker's house. It covers the walls continuously around the room and extends up into the groined ceiling, whose colour is part of the design. Beginning with the flush of dawn, the colours fade into the tints of day; through varied landscape the scene passes, with here and there figures, singly or in groups; then level, restful spaces of open meadow or sloping hill; then the glories of sun set. The composition of this decorative effect, the disposal of the figures, the impression of restful colour and the presence of nature, leave little to be desired.

In another decoration for the diningroom of Mr. Allan Boeckh's home the theme is autumn. Filling the end of this oval apartment is the largest panel, in which is shown a group of women and children; beside them and in the middle distance are evidences of the apple harvest which men are gathering. In one of the smaller panels a party of hunters starts out, and in another the fishermen form a small procession towards the river; sheaves of corn are stacked in the yellow fields, and in the meadows, starred with purple asters, children play; a river winds about in the middle distance, crossed by a narrow foot bridge, and the blue hills rise and fall in the distance. The first impression received from the whole, before the eye takes in any detail, is one of lightness and out-of-doorness, of soft, tender colour and pleasing tones. Further examination shows the continuous thought running through all, binding it into one whole.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT
ANOTHER OF MR. REID'S EARLIER WORKS

INTERIOR OF CHURCH AT ONTEORA, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS
THE BUILDING WAS DESIGNED AND THE DECORATIONS PAINTED BY MR. REID

The latest work of this kind is the painting which has recently been placed over the mantel in the library of the Arts building, Queen's University. On the centre semicircular canvas is shown an aged bard seated with his lyre in the shade of a tree, declaiming to the audience clustering about him. On either side are the allegorical figures of Thought and Inspiration, a fitting theme for the room it decorates.

Mr. Reid is a rapid worker if one does not include the mental work that has such a large share in the making of a picture. Once the subject is decided on, and a little sketch made giving the composition and colour scheme, the work for the finished picture proceeds rapidly with the use of models—even to the sleeping child in the cradle and the baby in arms. When once the work reaches this stage the alterations made are seldom other than slight.

Not a few of the artist's sincerest admirers have expressed a wish that he would return to his earlier manner, that he would "paint the things he used to do." Do they, in the least, realize how impossible is growth without change; how undesirable is stagnation! The way to perfection lies through much seeming retrogression, and though none reach the goal, all are pressing towards it—there is no standing still or turning back. One has only to remember the difference between the early and later manner of men such as Rembrandt, Murillo, Velasquez, Turner or any painter of note to realize this.

Much of the well-deserved popularity of Mr. Reid's pictures is due to their simple directness and charm of colour. They need no elaborate title or higher criticism to make them understood. Here is no psychological problem in portrait, or landscape weighted with hidden meanings, understood only by the few; but a naive and candid statement of facts, of things as they appear. One is caught with the handling of colour rather than the grace of line, with play of light and balance of

composition; and, in the earlier work, the direct human appeal.

The position Mr. Reid holds among other artists is so much a matter of course that it seems hardly necessary to say much of it. He was elected a member of the Royal Canadian Academy in 1888, and before that was a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, of which he has for four years been President. He was one of the Canadian representatives on the Jury of Fine Arts at the Buffalo Exhibition, and is one of the most widely known of Canadian artists.

Last winter the Architect's Association of Toronto, having learned that Mr. Reid's art had extended into their domain, invited him to lecture before them on "The Building of Summer Cottages." The response was a very interesting account of the building of a number of summer houses and also the church, already spoken of, in Onteora, a summer settlement in the Catskills, not far from the place associated with the story of Rip Van Winkle. It began with the building of his own summer home there, unique, simple, artistic, and the ending is not yet. In the case of several of these cottages or castles, just as one understands the term, the walls of some of the rooms have been decorated (as before mentioned), and the furniture designed, so that all harmonizes.

In all this work, as in his own surroundings in studio and home, the artist expresses that sense of the fitness of things for their use, of sincerity and solidity in build, and of simplicity in design, which taken together makes for truth and harmony in the outward life.

This wide range of work which has been the output of Mr. Reid's studio, recalls the ways of those old Italian masters whose thought of art penetrated all life and its belongings, from the cutting of a gem to the building of a cathedral, from the designing of a vestment to the painting of a fresco. This art of theirs neither began in, nor ended with, their pictures, but "lent its brightness to common things, adorning and cultivating the daily household life." The more we desire this art quality, this harmony in our surroundings, a quality which implies less the

MUSIC
ONE OF MR. REID'S DECORATIVE PANELS

presence of wealth than of good taste and a love of truth, the better shall we understand and appreciate the scope of such work as Mr. Reid has accomplished.

# THE CHARM OF ANGLING

By Piscator

THE fraternity of fly-fishermen realize the charm of angling, though so subtle a quality is it that they cannot find words in which to describe it. The fishermen who stand on a dock and pull out unresisting perch and occasional catfish take keen interest in their craft, no doubt; but it is an interest different from that of the fly-rod and sketch-book angler. The latter has far more zest in the beauty of his surroundings, besides his pride in the highest skill of his craft. His happiest and purest hours are passed with rod in hand.

Piscator nascitur non fit. One of my earliest recollections relates to a tank in an Indian Garden, with old Gunga endeavouring and hoping for luck, failing which I would insist on his wading in for lotus blooms. It has been my fortune to fish from the Essequibo and Demerara rivers in Guiana to the streams of Labrador, and from New Brunswick to California. Before the extinction of trout in New England streams (except Maine), I was often the pioneer of fly-fishing to the wonder of the natives. Now the black bass, the poor man's salmon, has superseded the salmonidæ. And where can you find the equal of the bass for gameness? I have taken a very large number and never yet saw one give up the struggle before being safely housed in the landing net.

Now, what is the charm of angling? Is it a desire to kill a fish at every cast? This happens to us all now and again, I know, but affords less pleasure than fewer fish well earned. On the contrary, I hold angling consists of the elusive charm of water — a ripple-stirred pond, a foam-flecked pool below a rapid, a willow-shadowed pool where cattle flock through the warm summer noons, or a long stretch of sun-glancing shallows floored with gold. The true angler regrets to leave these scenes even when twilight mantles and "the sun sets and all the land is dark." True sportsmen of any guild are brothers, meeting oftentimes as strangers and parting warm friends. And when the camp fires glow their hearts go out the one to the other.

Do you know the Bay of Chaleur? If not, try spending a few weeks there, anywhere from Dalhousie to Bathurst. The fertile farms are seamed with crystalline streams, rising in cedar-hemmed lakes that fill the wilderness to the Maine boundary. Living is not costly and the salt tang gives one a frightful appetite. Here to the north, the Bay ever beautiful, bounded by a high range of hills that smoulder like an opal through autumn days; maple and birch and soft woods stretching away eastward to Cascapedia and the tremulous shores of Paspebiac. A few weeks here will bring in a goodly store of happy memories to any man whether sportsman or not. And in the fall, geese and bernicle crowd in clanging masses on the Bay, while moose and

caribou invite the big-game hunter to the woods.

My ideal of fly-fishing consists of wading a stream, and here all the tide-fed streams afford the finest sport with sea trout, fresh run, with sea-lice still on them, and now and again a grilse or salmon. Fishing is free, and the fly is the bait. When the water is low in August you may try night fishing with large white miller. A cup of tea at midnight made over a fire soon kindled will make you feel fit for a long wade. And how beautiful is the night solitude, the absence of all distracting colours and cries of noon! The dark forest walls, where the gray fog wreaths blown up with the tide shatter and fade away. In these hours and scenes, if one is introspective, life takes on another hue, a softening, chastening influence. Memories of faces long forgotten crowd together with pleasant recollections.

And when the night pales and morning comes, sit down on this flood-washed log and enjoy the sunrise. I have often thought how it would affect a blind person to be given sight at this hour. What a speechless amaze—the bursting sun, flowery banks, the dew-drenched meadows, the throaty songs on all sides. And alas! to us it is just a sunrise!

There is a quality in scenes where human nature has striven and suffered totally lacking in wilderness of rock and forest. I recall an inland stream issuing from a clear forest-hemmed lake, its course through cedar swamps, breaking out at last to be dammed and make music of the mill wheel. In those days every mill-pond was alive with trout. And the sag-roofed farm-houses where ever a welcome was to be had! Doesn't the bread and milk just seem the proper food? But, alas! the farms are long abandoned, the woods devastated for pulp, and the kindly, hospitable folks sleeping in the little flower-tangled graveyard on the hill. Another memory of a different sort comes up. In the Uncompahgre country seven fools,

A RIPPLE-STIRRED POND
FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR

including the writer, were out prospecting. I never quite decided what we were specially prospecting for. We did not hear of the Ute outbreak. Game was scarce, so I took my bean pole and went a fishing half a mile from camp. It was a gorge that promised fish and they took the fly well. I had got behind a splinter of rock, about ten feet high, had cast and had hooked a good fish. A shower of rock close by, a report of a gun behind me, and a swiftly-passing arrow persuaded me to take water behind the rock. I bagged the fish and hoped some of the other fools would show up, as I had no gun and the Indians were apparently in an evil mood. The other fools did after what seemed an unconscionable delay, and the Indians were driven off. I quit fishing for that day.

General Sherman was a devoted fisherman, and at Bottler's ranch enquired of Phil Bottler about the fishing. I happened along, gave the information and offered to escort him to the Yellowstone. We were crossing an irrigated field when Phil remarked, "See here, General; these ditches are full of trout that have run up from below. Now I'll dam up this one and you kneel down and yank 'em out." The General prepared to do so, but shortly afterwards, pulling down his shirt-sleeve, he said, "No, Phil, no! Tecumps Sherman is crazy enough without catching trout with his hands in a cornfield. We go to the river."

If Dr. Johnson's dictum that fishing is a fool at one end and hook at the other is correct, it is surprising what good company we keep. Some of the best and bravest men and women (may their number increase!) are in the guild. And now the late afternoon shadows lengthening around me, the globes of orange-tinted clouds are lighting the shining waterways, a gentle breeze is rising, and the poplar crests bow to greet it. Take up the rod and cast among the fluttering lily pads. Begone, dull care! welcome, peace and beauty, the heritage of all fly-fishers! We quote Swinburne's

A SHADY POOL
FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR

lines as we take a long last look at the eery gleaming water in the gathering dusk :

"From too much love of living,
From hope and pain set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

# THE CONSCIENCE OF ISADORE

*By S. Frances Harrison (Seranus)*

THE home of Isadore was in Gatineau Point, near Ottawa, and his full name, Isadore Polycarp Saccata Pacquette, was not in the least remarkable for the locality. Saccata was a corruption of St. Quentin, the village where his mother had lived in her youth. The *c* in Pacquette was most important. If you ever stay with the Paquettes of Hull (and after reading this you may wish to) remember, they do not possess the extra letter and entirely repudiate it.

Isadore did not care much for the Paquettes of Hull, they were all so old, his uncle, aunt and grandfather; but the forge was a bright place in winter, and even in summer it was attractive to a boy of twelve. The grandfather was a character; everyone stopped to talk with him, even M. le Premier, who often drove that way. Twice he noticed Isadore and on one occasion gave him a quarter. Isadore trembled with pleasure and becoming awe.

"You shall yet be a good workman, a good scholar like the grandfather, eh? A fine lad. You will make some noise in the world—I can see that!"

M. le Premier had always a charming word, my faith—yes!

One day the grandfather went over to Gatineau Point to eat a big dinner of cabbage soup, and fish, cooked by the mother of Isadore, and the latter was put in charge of the forge. The uncle and aunt were absent, too; it was a great day in the Church, and at ten o'clock they entered the large stone building to witness a service of the most superb, look you! Even business must wait. So Isadore had the forge to himself. And this is a fine thing, to be twelve and a clever boy, and to have a place like a proper blacksmith's forge all to yourself for a morning. There was a fire, of course, and big pots on with sticks to stir their contents, and dozens of curious things lying about or on the wall; and in the wall itself was grandfather's safe, strong-box, private bank, for old Paquette was sceptical concerning the Bank of The People. Isadore had often seen this hole in the wall and wondered how much there was inside, for rumour said that the blacksmith was a miser. The rusty square of tin, bound across by rough pieces of old leather, had never looked so attractive as today. One is alone and clever, one could easily open it, take out the money, count it, put it back, and no one will know! So this is what Isadore does, and in order to do it it is necessary to take a stick with hot stuff hanging from it, burn the leather a little so that the thongs fall back and the tin square is easily detached. Alas! 'tis no Saint's day this for Isadore, for the moment he has done wrong he knows it and steals guiltily to the street, throwing the burning stick on the ground and fingering uneasily a packet tied with red string, the only object that the improvised safe contained.

How hot it is in the street! It is Indian summer, with hot sun, hot

wind, hot dust. Isadore stands at the door of the forge, feeling very hot himself. He hesitates about opening the packet, for any moment the aunt and uncle may return. As for grandfather, he is still eating fish. Hot street, hot sky, hot steps, hot waves of air behind him—why, what is the matter? A neighbour, M'dme Blondeau, has run across from her window of hats, loaves of bread and vegetables.

"The blacksmith's is on fire! Save thyself my little one!"

Isadore turned him around quickly and saw huge sheets of flame. Running to the corner, while M'dme Blondeau hastened to give the alarm, it is not five minutes before he sees Viau, the cobbler, Prudhomme, the watchmaker, Larose, the harnessmaker, all standing in the street. Their stores and homes are all on fire. The widow Blondeau's is next. There goes her window! Ten minutes more and the flames will reach the piles of yellow and grey lumber, beyond which rise the towers of St. Jean Baptiste. The alarm has been answered and two brigades are at work, but what will you!—before the dashing, glittering, plunging reels arrive the fire has crept, leapt, sprung, flung itself from house to house, from tenement to tenement, till the entire population is moving out along the bridges, and so to the open country, dragging beds, tables, clothes, baskets with them, knowing full well that to-night it is *coucher sous la belle étoile* and for many a night to come. Fires are not new, Heaven knows, to the people of this town, but regard the weather—the hot air, the red berry of sun, the dryness and dust of the highways—'tis enough to breed fire, says old Larose, who is struggling with a saddle and some lengths of harness, and who knows the signs and portents of the Ottawa valley like a book. It will spread, he says, and so say the firemen, discouraged already and unable to do more than direct a few impotent streams on the mass of resinous, crackling wood, for now the yellow cubes are going—a plank a minute—and next may go the Church. The priests are circling around it, repeating prayers and aves and the congregation has dispersed, some of them to find their homes utterly destroyed and wiped off the face of the earth. Will the Church go? Not if prayers can save it, and the final efforts of the firemen; but the mills are doomed beyond doubt, and in the dreadful confusion, noise and glare of the night that is yet to fall, three lives are to be uselessly sacrificed. . . . . .

For nineteen hours the flames raged, then the fierce light ceased and curtains of brown smoke hung over the burnt area where people made strange encampments with broken furniture. The Paquettes of Hull went to stay with the Pacquettes of Gatineau Point and Isadore was taken to see the ruins, with a sealed packet smuggled inside his coat. He did not like the ruins. They were his doing. He and he alone had caused the Great Fire. If the Widow Blondeau guessed, she was alone in her surmises, and indeed, far too ill and terrified to worry the child or pursue inquiry. The supreme fact with her that she had lost her all outweighed other considerations. But, at least, Isadore could lay claim to have started the largest and most disastrous conflagration ever experienced in the district. Thousands were homeless and subscriptions were coming in from all parts of the Dominion. Reporters from a distance, with hats pushed back, jotted down notes in little books as they foregathered in the street, sitting on singed mattresses, maimed chairs, barrels and upturned pails. The Governor-General and his aides drove over as far as the church and then walked through the dismal aisle of still smoking ruins. M. le Premier came too, not quite so smiling as usual. He looked into the future and thought he saw the pest crossing the river, licking up sawdust as it wriggled along—a living, venomous, fiery, untamable snake—till it reached the beautiful buildings on the other side. "Some day," he said to old Paquette, "it will happen."

"I fear it, M'sieu."

"But it *must* not happen, Paquette. The people—my people—must not suffer again like this. You yourself, Paquette—well, we shall see what can be done."

Isadore listened. M. le Premier, despite his gravity, looked kind, polite, even considerate, not like his grandfather, with sharp eyes, furry brows and a heavy, too heavy a hand. Later that day the dwellers at the Capital, many of whom were packing up their belongings, ready to fly at a moment's notice, like the inhabitants of Naples when Vesuvius looks ominous, met a small lad with straight, dark hair and sad, dark eyes, who demanded where one might find the Premier. The way was neither long nor difficult, and at three o'clock a message was brought into an outwardly calm but profoundly busy office. A clerk went first, to be quietly repulsed. He was not M. le Premier. Then another clerk. Then a lady stenographer, at whom Isadore looked unutterable disdain. Then the Secretary. Finally, hearing the name Paquette once or twice, the Premier came himself, instantly recollecting the boy. The sad eyes, the dejected visage—old Paquette is dead, then !

"Non, M'sieu."

"But you wish to see me. He has sent you, without doubt."

"Non, M'sieu."

It took some time to discover that Isadore's message could only be delivered in secret. Half laughing, half angry, for it was a very busy day and hour, M. le Premier sat down opposite the boy and heard the story of the great fire and received the stolen package. When all was explained, two pair of eyes were sad in place of one, and for a few seconds the office was very still.

"I can see you are not a bad boy," said a deep voice presently, "but you are one easily tempted. For such, there is nothing like hard work and the feeling that much is expected of you. You have confessed your fault, you have restored what you have taken, not even having looked within?"

"Non, M'sieu! I had too much fear."

"That was well. For the rest, we must have no more Great Fires, look you—nor can we harbour thieves in our young country," (how Isadore trembled and paled at the word) "listen; it was easy to confess to me, was it not?"

"Oui, M'sieu."

"And difficult to confess to le grandpère—"

"Oui, M'sieu."

"Nevertheless, it must be done. Tell him of the hole in the wall and hand him the packet. If your grandfather can give a good account of you in a year's time, come to me and—well, we shall see."

M. le Premier, left to himself, pondered, hoping he had not been too kind, but a conscience like that is rare.

When old Paquette received the envelope he did not seem as overjoyed as he should have been. The fact was, it contained nothing of value, while the money he had contrived to save was in Isadore's own house, guarded by his mother, the blacksmith's favourite daughter.

In conclusion, this all happened many years ago, since no Canadian municipality in this enlightened age would allow such a state of things.

Isadore prospered; went into business and built a fine house in Hull. You recognize him now—the eloquent M.P. who spells Paquette without a "c" in deference to his grandfather's wish, whose money he inherited. At least you recollect his famous Bill about the sawdust and the efforts made by him to rebuild Hull on commonsense principles. Last—he still retains his conscience.

GEORGE E. DRUMMOND

PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

# CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. XLVIII.—GEORGE EDWARD DRUMMOND

IN 1881 George Edward Drummond was one of three young men who ventured to establish a firm in Montreal to import British and foreign heavy iron and steel. By 1887 that firm had progressed sufficiently to employ seven or eight clerks. Then the Tupper iron tariff came into force, destined, Mr. Drummond feared, to ruin the young business. "Well, if they won't let us import, we shall produce; we must keep on selling," said Mr. Drummond. And so he plunged his firm and friends into the pioneer work of establishing pig-iron manufacture in Canada. To-day those interests which formerly employed seven or eight clerks give employment to more than fifteen hundred workmen. Before 1888 Mr. Drummond opposed an iron and steel tariff; but, having been driven by force of a tariff to build up a national industry of first importance, he has become one of the most ardent and consistent exponents of a positive tariff policy. Thereby he possesses one of the most important qualifications for the Presidency of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. His election to the chief office in the gift of the Association is at once a reiteration of faith on the part of the members in the principles previously enunciated, and an assurance that these principles will continue to be steadily and actively maintained.

There is required of a successful President of the Manufacturers' Association infinite tact, a strong personality, a vigorous energy. The Association is now the strongest trade organization in Canada. It embraces about 1,300 manufacturers from Victoria to Halifax, representing a capital of not less than $400,000,000. It is doubtful if there is as representative a Manufacturers' Association in any other land. It is strong in members because it has been active in work. In addition to conducting a vigorous campaign for fiscal changes, it is continually appearing at Ottawa, Toronto or Quebec relative to transportation, labour, post office, customs, or Exhibition questions, affecting manufacturers directly or indirectly. It watches all federal and provincial legislation. It has done a great deal to advertise Canadian manufactures in foreign climes and to develop an export trade. It has earnestly set itself to the popularization of goods "Made in Canada," and with a marked degree of success. Naturally the Manufacturers' Association is not alone in several of these movements, but it is actively interested in each and every one, and it requires a man as President who is warmly and earnestly sympathetic. It requires a man of influence and honour, who will not sacrifice the interests of the manufacturers of Canada to selfish or political ends. For in no small measure the President has a guiding hand. Two years ago, when the President of the Manufacturers' Association visited the West Indies, and there prosecuted trade upon behalf of Canadian manufacturers generally, the attention of the Association, the Government and the people was directed to export trade. The force of that movement is not yet spent, and will continue in even greater strength, more especially when the manufacturers gain a headway on their domestic business.

But although the new President makes a quality of iron that has a sale in Pittsburg, England, Germany and France, it is probable that his chief aim will not be to engage the Association in the development of Canadian exports. Doubtless he will see that export trade is not neglected, but the main energy of the Association will be turned in the direction of tariff amelioration. President Drummond believes that it is a national necessity that those goods now imported from foreign coun-

tries should be made in Canadian workshops by Canadian labour and Canadian capital. This is his life-work; he has entered into it with heart and soul, and every time he raises his voice in public to plead this cause, it tremors with eagerness and earnestness. Speaking at the banquet of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Toronto, on September 18th, he said:

"At this important period in the history of this country, when we are standing on the threshold of a future greatness, we are equipped to do a national work and will do it loyally. But we do ask our Governments, whichever be in power, to do what they can in a Canadian way to help us here in Canada to build up Canada; to do everything that is possible to be done in the workshops of Canada, rather than let it go to some foreigner. That is what we ask. We do not ask in regard to this tariff of ours that it shall be raised on every item, but wherever it is needed it should be increased. It may be that on some items it might be well to lower it. What we want is an intelligent examination of the items, and I believe we will get it. I believe in this great, national, non-political organization. . . . We want the Government to know that we are going to them in a spirit of moderation."

Speaking at the convention the day previous he uttered these words:

"Last year in Halifax we told the people of this country and the Government that the tariff must be revised, must be gone over item by item and made to meet the requirements of 1902. Our position is precisely the same to-day, and this Association will talk along that line and educate the people of this country until we do get this tariff put where it ought to be to meet the needs of our Canadian industries. We must have diversified employment or this nation will never be a nation. That is where we stand on the tariff question."

Again since his election he has travelled on the excursion of the Manufacturers' Association to the Pacific Coast, and when addressing any audience in an agricultural district he did not fail to warn them that Manitoba and the North-West Territories would some day grow more than enough wheat to supply Great Britain, and that they should do all in their power to build up a home market for their produce.

While Mr. Drummond is a staunch Canadian, he is also an ardent Britisher. At the Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, where he represented the Montreal Board of Trade as its Vice-President, he introduced a motion to the effect that Canada should contribute to the expense of Imperial Defence, and he did it so well that it was carried with a slight amendment to meet the views of the Montreal Chambre de Commerce. He has earnest faith in Mr. Chamberlain's policy, believing that Canada should manufacture all she can to supply her own needs, but that anything she does not produce she should procure in England rather than in Germany or the United States. The Canadian tariff he would frame with this end in view.

One demand made of the President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, as such, is that he shall be devoid of political bias. Mr. Drummond must confess that he has been in politics; but he has never been a blind follower, and has not always worn the same colour. He supports the party which suits his views, whatever party that may be. There is no more independent voter in Canada to-day, as there are few more powerful at election times. The last time his name appeared in any political connection was on the nomination papers of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries last year, when the Minister was elected in Montreal, pledged to protection.

Much might be written about Mr. Drummond's industrial success. He has always had associated with him his brothers, T. J. Drummond and John J. Drummond, as well as James T. McCall, in the firm of Drummond, McCall & Co., and with these gentlemen and friendly capitalists he has founded a number of progressive companies, among which are the Canada Iron Furnace Co., Montreal Pipe Foundry Co., Canadian Iron and Foundry Co., Londonderry (Nova Scotia) Iron and Mining Co., and the Radnor Water Co. He is Managing Director and Treasurer of the Canada Iron Furnace Co., with blast furnaces at Radnor, P.Q., and Midland, Ont., the former producing high grade charcoal iron and the latter coke iron. The Londonderry, N.S., plant includes 30,000

acres of forest and iron mines. The Canadian Iron and Foundry Co. has car wheel plants at Hamilton and St. Thomas, Ont. The Montreal Pipe Foundry Co. has works at Three Rivers, P.Q., and Londonderry, N.S. It will thus be seen that Mr. Drummond has large manufacturing interests in each of the three manufacturing sections of Canada, and is well qualified to be at the head of a manufacturers' organization.

In speaking of Mr. Drummond's personality, it is difficult to avoid what might appear flattery. He is a well-built, sturdy man, like his brother of "Habitant" and "Johnnie Courteau" fame, Dr. W. H. Drummond, and it is a well-known fact that there was a well-proportioned space left in his anatomy for his heart. Indeed, it is his unselfish sympathy with Canadian manufacturers that induced him to be their President, and assume the onerous duties of office. He is a Governor of the Montreal General Hospital, Vice-President of the Church Home, and Warden of St. George's Church; an active worker in all. His influence is ever positive rather than cynical. This is the man who is prominent temporarily as President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, but who will always have a strong individual influence on the nation, so long as his present vigour of full manhood continues. He is of that type of self-made man to whom Canada looks for the upbuilding of her great economic structure.

*E. H. C.*

# THE APPROACHING TIMBER FAMINE

*By E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry*

THE question of the world's future supply of timber is now engaging very wide attention, and the almost unanimous conclusion is that the comparative scarcity which now prevails must necessarily increase with even greater speed than it has in the past.

It was at one time thought that the great increase in the use of brick, stone, iron and cement in structural works, coupled with the more general use of coal for fuel, would decrease the use of wood, but this has not been the case. As for the displacement of wood by coal, German statistics show that from the beginning of the last century, when coal began to be generally used as fuel, the wood consumption has increased in the same proportional rate as that of coal. In Great Britain, according to the evidence recently given before the Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture to enquire into and report upon British Forestry, it is shown that while during the past twenty years the increase in population has been 20%, the percentage of increase in the imports of timber for the same period has been 45%; that is, that each inhabitant of these islands consumes more timber than was the case twenty years ago. This increase of wood consumption, parallel with that of the other materials mentioned, as Dr. Fernow says, "simply accentuates the influence of the great modern development and increase of civilization, which means increase in the wants of the population."

The manufacture of pulp and cellulose alone is now consuming immense quantities of our spruce and other woods. Taking the whole consumption of wood the world over for the various uses to which it is applied, and then taking into account the visible means of supply, and the outlook is by no means reassuring. One thing

is certain, and that is, that a timber famine is shortly to be felt if the timber producing countries do not at once commence to husband the forest wealth which they possess, and of which so many of them seem to be oblivious.

The history of the increase in the value of forest products in Europe within the past one hundred years may be taken as indicating what the advance in price of these products will probably be in this country within the present century.

This question was very fully discussed at the last two meetings of the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society, and I will take the liberty of making a few quotations from recent reports of transactions at those meetings. In the report of 1900, Dr. John Nisbet, in his address makes the following quotation from an article which appeared in the *London Times* of March 17, 1899:

"Canada possesses in great quantity certain raw materials which are essential to the maintenance of some important American industries. Among these none are more important than timber. It is a fact, that in the northern hemisphere, Canada is rapidly becoming the only country which can afford to export timber. The other countries which possess it in excess of their manufacturing requirements are Russia, Norway and Sweden. It is a topographical peculiarity of the Russian Empire, that the rivers traversing the principal districts flow into the Arctic Ocean. They are, therefore, useless for the purpose of floating out logs to the markets of the world; and, so far, no method of land transport has ever been devised which will carry timber for long distances cheaply enough to bring it into practical competition with water-carried logs. The forests of Russia may for the present be regarded as commercially inaccessible. Norway and Sweden, which do export timber, are hardly able to support the deficiency of Germany. All other nations requiring timber of the sorts grown in the northern hemisphere must look to Canada for their supply.

"First among these nations will soon rank the United States. It is fully recognized that, owing to the depletion of the forests of the northern states, the timber supply of the United States for all ordinary purposes of building and manufacture will not last more than a very limited number of years. The American supply of spruce for pulp wood will fall far below present requirements in five or six years, and within ten years, assuming the present rate of manufacture to remain unchanged, will be entirely exhausted. This being the case, the United States must evidently, within a very short period, look to outside supplies for the raw material upon which many of her most important industries are based. When it is considered to how many of these a full supply of timber is an essential condition of existence, it will be seen that there is little exaggeration in the statements commonly made by the far-sighted Canadian lumbermen, that the position hitherto held by cotton in the markets of the world is as nothing compared with that which timber is destined within a few years to occupy. The extraordinary development of the single manufacture of wood-pulp, which only a few years ago was practically unknown, and is now used not only for making paper, but for clothing and an immense diversity of other articles, is a sufficient indication of the practically limitless extension of the already varied uses of timber. 'Cotton,' it is said on the other side of the Atlantic, 'was once called King; but King Cotton is a lesser potentate than King Timber must soon become.'"

After making this quotation the speaker goes on to say that "when one considers these circumstances, it seems impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that the days of cheap timber in Britain are now almost at an end, and that the next few years must see a rise in price, and this enhancement will be permanent and progressive."

Again, in the report of the same society for the following year, 1901, Dr.

W. Schlich, one of the best authorities in the world on the subject, has a very exhaustive paper on "The Outlook of the World's Timber Supply." He says: "The great standby for coniferous timber will be Canada, if the Government does not lose time in introducing a rational management of her forests."

M. Melard, Inspector of Forests in the service of the French Republic, in his recent work on "The Insufficiency of the World's Supply of Timber," says:

"There are but seven countries at present able to supply large quantities of timber. Five are in Europe, namely, Austria-Hungary, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Russia; two are in North America, namely, Canada and the United States.

"It has been shown that the available surplus of Austria-Hungary, of Russia, and of the United States is seriously threatened by increase of population and by industrial development, and that of Norway by the abuse of the axe. There remain only three sources of supply in which confidence can be placed for yet a little time. These are Sweden, Finland and Canada.

"They are absolutely and hopelessly insufficient.

"If Sweden, Finland and Canada were to attempt to supply all the countries which reach out their hands for timber, their normal production, and their forests too, would be disposed of completely in a very short time, revenue and capital alike.

"A timber famine is thus within sight."

But it may be said that this is the view of an alarmist who has not studied the past history of the world. It may be truthfully pointed out that nature has always come to man's relief in his extremities, that when wood fuel became scarce in the older countries of the world, coal was found to replace it, and that in recent years natural gas and petroleum have in many localities even replaced the coal. While this is true it must be remembered that these are inert materials, without the power of reproduction or the ability to increase the quantity; that every pound of coal and every foot of natural gas used decreases the aggregate quantity by that amount, and without going into details it may be said that the increasing use of these materials is becoming so great as to indicate a famine here also in the not distant future. But the close observer will reply that even if these sources of fuel supply were entirely exhausted we have at least in this country another natural agent to fall back upon in electricity, which can be generated in enormous quantities by the power, now unutilized, in the thousands upon thousands of water powers to be found in almost every part of the Dominion. This is undoubtedly true, and leads me to an almost virgin field. I am of the opinion that this country has advantages in this respect which few countries can equal; but again, what would be the value of these water powers unless the reservoir from which the water is derived is preserved by the forest in the neighbourhood of the source of supply?

From what has been said it is evident that the eyes of the world are turned to Canada for the great future supply of timber, and two questions suggest themselves: first, what is the extent and value of her timber; and second, are we pursuing a forest policy that will tend to maintain this supply in the future?

Regarding the first, it has been estimated that this country has an area of 266,000,000 acres of timbered land. This is certainly too low an estimate, if taken to represent the whole area of land on which any kind of timber is growing; but may safely be taken as embracing the area covered by timber of merchantable value, including pulpwood. Putting the quantity growing on such land at 2,000 feet board measure per acre, we have a total quantity of 532,000,000,000 feet now ready for use. Besides this we have covering this same area an immense quantity which has not yet attained a sufficient size for cutting. This growth varies in size from the young seedling just

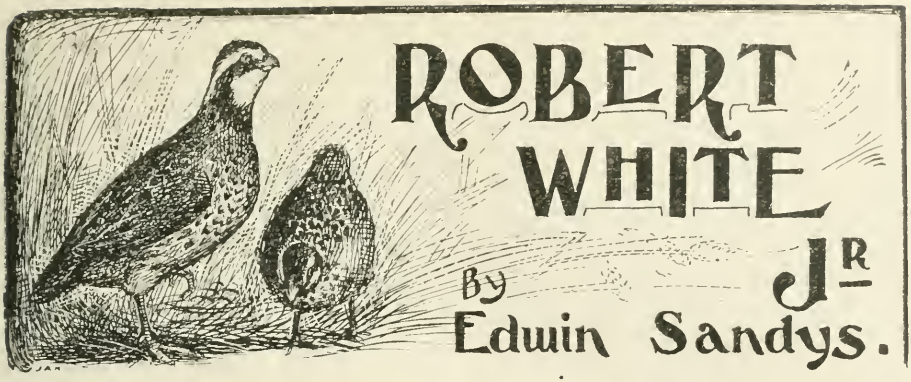
shooting from the ground up to the young tree of 10 or 12 inches in diameter. Let us consider the value of this younger growth. In those countries where a regular system of cutting has been practised for a number of years the annual growth increment has been established with great accuracy, but to apply their figures to our forests would undoubtedly be misleading. Three hundred and fifty feet board measure per acre has been estimated as the annual growth in the United States. If we put ours at say two hundred feet to the acre we will have an annual growth of 53,200,000,000 feet. This, however, would include limbs and branches and very rough timber that would not be used in this country except for fuel. Deduct for such timber 30%, and we have still left 37,240,000,000 feet as the yearly product. At the lowest the stumpage, that is, the value of such timber standing in the tree, may be put at present at $1.00 per thousand, which would give in the first case a revenue to the State, provided it were all in the hands of the Crown and subject to Government dues, as most of it is, of $532,000,000 for the virgin forests of to-day, and a yearly return for that of the maturing timber of $37,240,000. But this represents only what might at present prices be asked by the Government as a royalty and forms but a small part of its value to the community as a whole. Possessing not only the raw material, but also the motive power right at hand, Canada should be without a rival in the manufacture of all articles in which timber forms the chief ingredient.

Much is now being said of Canada as the source from which the food supply of Great Britain should be supplied. I venture to assert that it is of equal importance to her that we should be in a position to meet her requirements in the article of timber. A scarcity of grain in one year can usually be replenished the next by an increase in the areas sown. How different with timber! Most of the trees from which our best lumber is taken are from one hundred to two hundred years old.

This time factor is of the greatest importance in any consideration of the forest problem. The long interval of years that must elapse before a young forest crop can become of commercial value offers to but a limited number any inducement to allow their lands to remain for that purpose. It can hardly be expected that one generation will forego the profits that it may derive from the soil in order that those who may possess it a hundred years hence may be able to reap a larger profit. Though this is true with regard to the individual owner, it should not be so with the nation as a whole. It should be the aim of those who administer its affairs to take a broad view of their duties and responsibilities. Their horizon should not be bounded by the few years of their administration, nor even by the century in which they live, but should reach as far into the future as their acts can effect it.

With regard to the second point, the day has now arrived in Canada when a broad, comprehensive forest policy is a necessity, and can only be ignored with great loss to the country. On account of so much of the timber being still in the possession of the Crown, this country is in a position by careful administration of its forests, not only to preserve favourable conditions in the matter of water supply, but at the same time to derive a perpetual revenue from this source in excess of what has ever yet been realized, and at the same time provide employment for a large proportion of the population.

It is true that much of this timber is as yet inaccessible, but with the enormous demand for it which the future will bring, and with the increased facilities for its transport, which will be afforded by the rapid opening up of the country, there can be no question that the timber industry of Canada should not merely continue to maintain its present position among the other producing countries, but to take its place as the foremost of them all. The days of world-scarcity are not far distant, and Canada will be wise to carefully conserve this her most valuable asset.



# ROBERT WHITE JR

By Edwin Sandys.

*Author of "Upland Game Birds," "Trapper Jim," etc.*

WHEN one of those ordinary little wretches, a human baby, is born, it may be interesting to two, four, six, or even a few more people, but, fairly considered, it doesn't amount to very much. A choice specimen might weigh eight or nine pounds, but the material is rather mushy and of questionable value. It isn't quite so wrinkled as a decent puppy, nor so pink as an average rabbit, nor so agile as a young mud-turtle when turned upon its back. In fact, only strongly prejudiced people can see anything in it. The truth is the ordinary babe is absolutely helpless and densely ignorant, and while it possibly may ripen into a Premier, or some old thing like that, it requires a heap of time and teaching before it can learn its own name, let alone its politics and their possibilities.

Young Robert White, however, was a marked exception. Being a Canadian, the first act of his little life was a blow for freedom, for when he came to himself he was in prison. He never knew it, but he had been shut up for nearly thirty days, and that for no crime. For all we know to the contrary, he may have chafed under the yolk, but in any event, he gradually overcame that difficulty and decided to break jail. As the cell in which he was confined was so small as to effectually prevent free movement, and one part of the wall was as easy as another, he attacked that section which lay directly before his nose. The said nose being equipped with a hard little point, he pushed it against the wall, and presently, first cracked and then shattered a tiny section, through which at once poured his first direct supply of air. It was gratefully warm and wondrously invigorating.

A few moments after Robert had made his first breach in his prison-wall, his instinct prompted him to twist himself a trifle to one side and repeat his bill-pushing. He did this again and again, sometimes hurriedly, but with occasional long pauses, until a regular line of small fractures extended almost around the wall. Then he struggled desperately, and lo! the dome above his head quivered, yielded and fell away, and the first kicks of his untried little legs caused him to tumble sprawling into warm darkness. He was moist, almost naked, and tremblingly weak, but he was old Robert White's son now, with no further use for a shell. That there were other shells—long and round and brass-ended, he did not know, and not knowing, did not care.

It was pitch-dark, yet amazingly comfortable, where he lay thrilling with new life. Pressing upon him was a something deliciously soft and soothing. The touch of it seemed to lend strength as the minutes passed, so he gratefully rubbed his head against it and resolved to maintain his present

position at all hazards. He did not know why he should do so, yet something told him to remain for the time exactly where he was and to resist anything which tried to move him. And he did resist, and presently he had need to, for damp, warm things began to press against him from all directions. He did not object to them in the least so long as they did not force him to shift his position. When they crowded too closely he merely braced and pushed with all his little might, yet ever good-naturedly, for the whole thing was snugly warm and drowsily pleasant.

He did not know it, but close around him lay no less than eight small brothers and an even half-dozen of equally small sisters, and all so exactly alike that only their proudly happy mother could tell one from the other. But she knew everyone of them, and in some mysterious way her wonderful mother-love was divided into fifteen exactly even shares. The other fourteen youngsters felt precisely as did Robert, so when his damp coat presently dried and fuzzed out all over him to form a beautiful fur-like wrap of rich chestnut and cream, their small covers had done the same.

This state of affairs continued for some hours, in fact till the burning sun had thoroughly dried even the tangled lower growths. Mother White's beady eyes knew how to read the signs that told when the last drop of dew had evaporated, and at the proper moment the feathery tent was struck and she daintily stepped forward, leaving the silky mat of crowding youngsters for the first time in their lives entirely uncovered. It is quite safe to say that not one of the lot was either astonished or dismayed by the sudden exposure. It is all very fine for a few peculiarly gifted, or otherwise, folk to minutely describe the joys, sorrows, hopes, fears and aspirations of young wild things, but the important fact remains that, at least, one-half of such statements is either sheer tommy-rot or mere guess-work. While it is quite true that much has been learned, as more remains to be learned, from close observation, it also is true that even the most generously endowed of our writers have not yet quite mastered the art of turning themselves into winged or four-footed creatures at will. Until they have fully mastered that art, which may mean some slight delay, the average, not specially gifted reader, may be wise in liberally salting his brain-foods.

Our young Robert, possibly because he was an exception to the general rule, did not at once enter upon an arduous course of study like the brainy birdlings that bloom in books. Instead he just toddled along with the crowd, dogging his mother's steps until she paused and began to kick the dust about with her feet. Naturally enough, there had been no previous rehearsals of this interesting performance, nor had it been at all discussed, yet the moment he saw her, as it were, "at the bat," he elected himself "short-stop" and prepared to play an errorless game. When a few moments later a spotless white object came trundling his way, he gathered it in with a speed and accuracy worthy of a pennant. It was an ant's egg. There were other foods later on, and when he spied something new he didn't have to run to his mother and ask if the thing was good to eat. His keen eyes merely flashed upon it, decided its value and promptly pounced upon or passed by as his curious instinct directed.

For days the youngsters all had a royal time, for life was one grand, sweet feed, sleep and sunbath. Like the others, Robert grew rapidly and fairy fans of wings replaced the hairy stumps he had first worn. He could run with astonishing speed and did not hesitate to follow an insect—skip—skip—skip, though the chase led him yards from his mother. As yet no startling adventure had befallen him, for his brief experience had been one of peace and plenty, but mischief was brewing. It came without warning, and just how it happened he never knew. He had spied an ant crossing a long, narrow strip of dusty, worn ground, and he

dashed with electric speed after the prize. The ant trotted into a wee hole, around which lay a ring of sand-grains, and Robert at once got busy. Three lightning kicks of his nervous feet scattered the sand in as many directions, and like a flash his stout little bill was pickaxing at the hole. He knew that red ants and white eggs lay a short distance below, and so eager in his work was he that he never looked up till he felt the earth trembling under a mighty, measured thud-thudding, the like of which he never had heard.

He never waited for one good look. Out of the corner of one eye he caught a glimpse of an awful shape which towered high in air, and instantly his bent legs snapped straight and he shot headfirst for the grass, which he failed to reach by a few inches. He fell like a frog all stretched out on the bare dust, but once there he remained as motionless as a dead leaf. As he lay he heard his mother utter what was to him a new cry and it said "hide," but he had already done his best in that direction and without her telling; he knew that the slightest motion would be perilous. His little heart was beating over-fast and his heavy eyes were wild with fear, but he never attempted to straighten a toe that was uncomfortably bent. The monster thud-thudded almost upon him, then batted and emitted a thunderous rumbling, the first sound of which almost scared Robert to death.

To our ears that sound merely would have meant—"I seen ye skip, ye little cuss, an' I see ye a-lyin' there. I must be mighty keerful where I step, fur there's a sight o' ye round here, an' I wouldn't hurt one o' ye fur a price." —for the towering monster, or what to Robert appeared that way, was good farmer Brown, owner of two hundred acres thereabouts. He passed along smiling at outstretched Robert, who never even quivered as minute after minute dragged away. Robert was anything but comfortable, but in spite of his accidentally awkward position he never stirred till his mother's voice uttered a peculiar low twitter. At the sound he sprang to his feet and raced to her in time to see the others trooping in from various directions. Not one was missing as she promptly discovered, and after she had led them a few yards from the path all resumed their tireless quest for food. The dread of the monster vanished with his disappearance, for young wild things are blessed with exceedingly short memories and never bother about a peril that has passed. Once assured—and the mother's voice is an assurance beyond question—they are as unconcerned as though the thing had never happened. Were it not for this their little lives would be an agony of terror, a thing unknown in Nature's beautiful plan.

Long, lazy days passed in pleasant succession, and Robert grew fat and rather long-legged. His erstwhile pretty, downy coat was thin and pale and bristling with stubby feathers, and his wings had become goodly, mottled fans ample for the covering of his almost bare sides. He could run with astonishing speed, but beyond an occasional fluttering to ease his descent from some log or rail upon which he had climbed, he had not yet used his wings. But there had to be a first time, and when it came it was a genuine surprise. In a fence-corner of the favourite field grew a lot of briers, and almost beneath them, yet fully exposed to the sun, was a small patch of bare, sandy soil. Mother White knew all about this spot, and when one day she felt the need of a regular dusting she led the way to it. Squatting on the sand, she raised her plumage almost on end, pecked a few times, scratched a little with her feet, then performed a peculiar scaping with her wings, which presently raised a small cloud of dust and sent grains of sands showering through her loosened feathers.

Robert and the rest scarcely looked at her, but each squatted in a handy place and set to work precisely as she had done. Soon a small cloud of dust almost obscured them. Their dust-bath was as cleansing and enjoyable as

a plunge into a swimmin'-hole, and for an hour they lazied, dust to the eyes. So dreamily content were they that none noticed an approaching thud-thud, the very same that had previously scared them. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash and a horrible swaying of briers. Without stopping to think Robert sprang into the air and made his wings fairly hum, at the same time and for the first time uttering a shrill "chick-er-ick-tick" of terror. He had no time to think of direction, but buzzed away for twenty yards as he happened to be pointed, then sank panting into some green stuff, where he at once crouched.

For the first time in his life he was entirely alone. The novel exertion and the scare combined made his heart thump, and in dread of he knew not what he pressed his scanty plumage close, and waited as motionless as a clod. Where his mother had gone he could not even guess. He had heard the roar of her wings, had dimly seen the others leap like big grasshoppers all about him, and that ended his knowledge of the disaster. He knew he had made his first flight and he wished he hadn't, for he was lost and scared, yet something told him to sit tight and wait. Meanwhile among the briers arose farmer Brown, and he said:—"Durn that rotten rail anyhow! Here I've gone an' skinned my arm fur six inches an' fell atop of my little quails an' most skeered 'em to death I reckon! The young cusses were takin' a dustin', fur here's their little wallows, an' shed feathers, which proves they're gettin' quite sizable."

To Robert that wait seemed dreadfully long; in reality it did not exceed fifteen minutes—but at last came his release. A plaintive whistle, vibrant with tender anxiety, sounded from a nearby thicket. "Ka-loi-hee! Ka-loi-hee! Ka-loi-*hee!*" it said, and as it ended Robert rose to his feet and shook himself. Because he never had been "scattered" before he never had heard a similar sound, yet he knew his mother's voice and that it meant he should join her. He wasn't quite sure of the direction, so for a moment he waited irresolutely. Again rose the rallying call, louder and clearer, and his keen ears told him the exact line to follow. Instantly he straightened up, and for the first time attempted the answering cry. It wasn't much of a cry—rather feeble and a bit broken-reedy, and suggestive of a whining "Thankee-than-kee!" but it was the best he was capable of. Then he ran like a mouse going through grass.

Every now and then he stopped to call and receive instructions, and from various places he could hear the others like himself steering by signal. When finally "Ka-loi-hee!" again sounded Robert squeaked hasty acknowledgments and sped straight as a bullet to where his mother stood. Half-a-dozen of the others were with her, and presently the last came sprinting from various directions. In her own way she counted them, and the moment the tally was complete all trace of anxiety left her, and she cautiously led the way to some secluded foraging-ground.

Weeks passed and the young Whites, with one exception, throve amazingly. Robert himself was nearly as large as his mother. His washy-looking, mottled suit had fallen from him scrap by scrap among briers, grass and at the dusting place; the leaden-grey of his throat had changed to almost pure white; in fact, in his mother's eyes, he was painfully like his father—that mysterious father whom he never had seen, that is, so far as he knew.

In time the conditions changed. A great storm arose; there was a tremendous clatter in the air and Farmer Brown and other monsters raged and shouted in the fields from morn till dusk. Then the awful disturbance passed, but it had wrought ruin far as eye could see, except in two directions. The bit of woodland, to which the terrified Whites had fled for shelter, yet remained, but the big field lay bare and bristly with the short broken stems over which the storm had raged. Of all the glorious cover there was not a vestige with the exception of some thin strips along the fences. Mother

White gazed across the waste in amazement. Verily the late Happy Hunting Grounds had been transformed into the other place, and she scarce knew what to do. For that day the lot cowered in the fence-corner, picking up a few seeds in a half-hearted sort of way but not daring to leave the shelter although plenty of scattered grain was plainly visible. As often happens in other families, the one weakling was the hungriest and most reckless. He finally ventured into the stubble and snatched grain after grain, the quest leading him farther and farther from the weedy fence. The others watched enviously, yet heedful of their mother's continued warnings. At last the forager straightened up to force one more grain down his jammed gullet. His crop stood out hard and round; he was wheat to his mandibles and the sight of him made the others prepare for a united raid.

Then an awful thing happened. Some yards from his position the top of a big grey clod showed just above the stubble. Such clods are common in grain fields—the plough turns up a moist chunk which sometimes hardens like a brick and so remains till the grain is cut. But there fortunately are few clods exactly like this one. Before the eyes of the amazed Whites it presently rolled forward a little—just a little, but it really rolled. Mother White saw it, but before she could shrill her warning call, the clod flashed through the air like a brindled rabbit and landed squarely on top of the forager. The horrified watchers promptly stole away toward the wood.

At its edge Mother White hopped upon a log and gazed back at the stubble. A grey thing with a dead shape hanging from its mouth was trotting far away. Mother White stood on her tip-toes to watch that dreaded thing, and as she gazed she saw something else. Far away, beyond the stubble, rose a wall of green which she knew to be excellent cover. It was corn, acres upon acres of cool, tangled foliage, beneath which the family could run and dust in safety, and from which they could forage outward for seeds and other food. The sole difficulty lay in the crossing of the stubble. That was dangerous she knew, but something had to be done, so she resolved to attempt the trip.

With the lot close at her heels she started along the fence till she marked a long, narrow depression which seemed to cross the stubble. Into this she turned, at first stealthily creeping, then running at half speed. It was a long route, and when she finally halted and stood erect to see if they were not almost there, she was startled to discover that one-third of the distance had yet to be traversed. Her eyes had misjudged the task, for the dwellers in the cover are not accustomed to taking very long looks and seldom bother about anything more than fifty yards away, which accounts for the egregious blunders they frequently make when they happen to get lost and straggle into a town. Far away she saw a dark thing drifting in the air, and realizing that there was no secure cover nearer than the corn, she fairly sprinted for that shelter. As she sped her terror increased till she could wait no longer, and with a warning cry she took wing. The others at once sprang into the air and darted after her. Their rising was almost noiseless, in marked contrast with the sounding whirr of a flush before a man or dog. But this time they had a running start and were not suddenly bounced from a crouching attitude.

Straight before them lay the corn, and they whizzed toward it in straggling order. Fast as she was going, Mother White saw the wheeling thing she had previously marked suddenly flash forward at marvellous speed. Sorely frightened though she was, her mother-love prompted a sharp cry of warning. Those nearest heard and understood, and instead of sailing for the last few yards they buzzed madly until they struck the dense growth and plunged through it like so many hurled stones. All but one. A drift of floating feathers, a broad-winged, grey form that flapped away in burden-

ed flight, proved that *A. velox* was well-named, and had taken the toll which folk of the cover must pay when they cross their Bridge of Sighs—the broad open.

Because there is none of that which we call lasting grief among the Whites, they speedily forgot their troubles. In the corn they were safe, and for weeks things were delightfully pleasant. Robert and his brothers waxed stout and strong, as did their sisters. The distinguishing marks, the white throats of the one and the soft buff of the other, were alike perfect, and the lot thought nothing of long tramps through the now weedy stubble, or whizzing flights back to cover. The corn had lost much of its green, the trees were turning to gold and crimson, but food was almost too easy to find. The night air had grown a trifle chilly, but the Whites were stronger and wiser now, so at dusk they sought the same old sleeping-spot—a little patch of snug grass and cut briers the plough had avoided because of some big roots which lingered there. Robert and all now slept in a little round bunch, from which heads projected like the spokes of a wheel, for in case of a night alarm, when so placed everyone could take wing without interference. Nothing could be finer than the life they led, yet again trouble was brewing.

One fateful day there came another storm. As had happened before, the sky was clear, there was no warning. Even Mother White's weather-wisdom, which could tell well in advance when rain or snow was coming, was at fault. Yet the storm came, and it was something frightful, yet peculiar. All day long it raged, the stout corn swaying and crashing down, till of all that noble growth but a beggarly third at one end of the field remained standing. When the terrified Whites reached the edge of the standing stuff they scarce could believe their eyes. The ground was almost bare, yet marked with apparently endless rows of stubs, from which the storm had torn the mighty stalks, and these, strange to say, had been whirled together into even, conical piles which dotted the entire space. The blow was one of those cutting things which White brains cannot understand; yet some shelter remained, and into it they timidly crept.

They had sufficiently recovered to think about breakfast, and Robert himself was leading toward the best spot in the stubble, when there sounded a strange whistle. Never had he heard the like, so he paused to hear more. None of his family ever attempted anything of the kind, for this sound was shrill, trembly and long-sustained. He was full of curiosity to learn the cause of it, but before he could decide what to do a quick rustling ahead warned him, and he crouched ready to spring. The rustling slowly approached, then abruptly ceased. Uncertain as to its cause, Robert raised a trifle and peered nervously ahead. What he saw almost caused his heart to stand still. Some new kind of monster, black and white, and rather small for a monster, was standing perfectly still a few yards away. He knew the thing was alive, for he could see two staring eyes, which, however, were not looking at him. For many seconds the strange thing remained motionless and he was sorely puzzled. That the thing meant mischief he felt, but he could not understand its method, for what sort of way was it for any dangerous thing to stand still in plain view? His bewilderment was abruptly ended.

The other monster surely was coming! He could hear the thud-thudding, and presently the dreaded noise, something like what he had heard before. To our ears this noise would have meant—"Steady, you beauty! Take the birds to the right, Jim. It's a bevy, sure!"

From just behind Robert heard Mother White's low purring twitter of warning, which he knew meant back to the corn at full speed. For an instant he hesitated; then as a tall monster appeared right before him, he sprang as he never had done and whir-

red his wings like mad. He was at top speed and pointed straight for the corn, when a new noise broke out, and, to his horror, the tip of his right wing refused to work, and despite his desperate efforts he slanted down to the ground. Luckily he did not strike very hard, yet he was jarred and confused and greatly frightened. In an instant he recovered sufficiently to remember what was necessary, and with a quick run he again sprang into the air and desperately beat his wings, only to whirl through a swift semi-circle and crash down upon his back. For a few seconds he was too stunned to act, then he recovered and sprang to his feet. If the wing refused to serve there was an unrivalled pair of legs, and away he raced straight for the old roosting-place where the roots were in the ground. One of these was hollow, and into the dark hole he dived and crept along a couple of feet till he could go no farther.

For hours he lay there, frightened, very hungry, but determined to stick until he heard his mother's call. It was a terrible day. Strange noises sounded on every side, and twice the black-and-white monster came and snuffed fiercely into the root. The last time it scraped madly with great claws, but suddenly it uttered an awful yell and went away. (Robert didn't know it, but the dog-whip had touched that monster, because the bigger and wiser monster had, as occasionally happens, mistaken a bit of brilliant trailing for chipmunk hunting.)

All disturbance had long ceased when Robert decided to venture forth. His wing did not greatly pain him, but he was ravenously hungry, which, to the Whites, is much worse than any except serious injuries. He had rammed himself so far into the root that it was difficult to back out against the lay of his feathers, but at last he managed it and emerged much ruffled. A vigorous shake smoothed him and at the same time reminded him of the tipped wing. His instinct told him not to attempt to use it until it felt different, but the thing of pressing importance was food. In less than half an hour he had swallowed all he could hold, and then came anxiety about the others. From our point of view, it would have been much prettier in him to have forgotten food and gone trotting and piping in quest of his beloved kin, especially the small brown mother; but wild things, if hungry, will not pass food for all the sentiment ever miswritten. Hence he fed first, and when full, stood and listened.

There was not a sound. The air was still and the low sun looked like a crystal globe full of red wine foundering in a sea of silver mist. For once in his life Robert had fed alone and was to sleep alone, and he did not understand why. Mother and the rest were near by and he would call them. "Ka-loi-hee? Ka-loi-*hee*? Ka-*loi*-hee?" he piped as loudly as he could, then listened expectantly. But there was no response. Again and again, and again the sweet question rang louder and louder till whispered echoes drifted from the darkening wood, but the old answers came not—in fact, they were lying snug in a new cover—what men term "brown duck."

Two figures, plodding along the dusking road, heard Robert's last call and halted.

"By Jove!" exclaimed one, "I believe there was a bird in that old root after all, and I licked Don for digging for a chipmunk! If I was sure I'd get down on my knees and apologize to that dog right here."

And Robert?—He slept alone for several nights, but never again did he attempt to call his lost ones. His wing quickly healed, and soon after that he fell in with fair cousins who also had known bereavement. He remained with them, sharing their joys and sorrows, delights and dangers of wintertime, till April came. There was one cousin, a bright-eyed, brown-cheeked, plump-breasted Miss, who, when the flowers bloomed again, got Robert into serious trouble—but of that romance, more anon.

# NEIGHBOURS

*By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald*

"EVE has come, Adam!" said Miss Armytage, as she poured her nephew's coffee in his own particular blue and white breakfast cup.

"Not to *my* garden, I hope," said John;—no one but his aunt ever called John Armytage Adam, and very few people knew that it was really his second name.

He cast an apprehensive glance through the vine-shadowed window as he spoke.

"I did not say the serpent, Adam," Miss Armytage said, in a grave voice, but with twinkling eyes. "I said Eve, and a very charming one, I should judge. And into her own garden, next door. Is your coffee right, my dear?"

"Delicious, Aunt Patty; nectar and ambrosia. But—girls are such a bore, aren't they? Girls under fifty, I mean!" with a little bow in the direction of the pretty middle-aged aunt, who had managed him and his house so beautifully for the last two years.

"Hush," said Miss Armytage, trying hard to look severe. "I never allow my age to be referred to by anyone but myself!"

"What difference does it make to you, *Ma Tante*? You will always be young," her nephew responded, then, relapsing into gloom—"I believe I'll be off in search of adventure as soon as I get my yarn finished—if I ever do, now! If only this beastly malaria would let up!"

The "beastly malaria" was the result of a sojourn in South Africa, at the beginning of the campaign, when John Adam Armytage had been a very promising war correspondent. Since his return (invalided home) he had lived in comparative seclusion at Birchgarth. His first novel—one with an African setting—had been graciously accepted by the critics; now he was working on another, but he was ill-satisfied with his plot, and the characters, instead of mellowing and maturing, grew more wooden every day. Much of his work was done in his delightful old garden—chiefly in a little grove of white birch at the end farthest from the house and nearest to his new and unknown neighbour's fence. The tiny grove was liberally provided with seats and hammocks, and under the largest birch was a small but solid table with a drawer wherein manuscripts could be hastily tucked at the approach of a visitor.

The neighbour's fence was very, very high, and over it, on our mildly misanthropic author's side, grew luxuriantly a honeysuckle vine. This was his favourite flower. It clambered on every arbour and nearly all about the house, looking in the long French windows of the drawing-room, and peering through the tiny latticed panes of the study.

It was toward the grove at the end of the garden that John turned his steps when his third cup of coffee had been disposed of. His writing mood was on, but the plot still disturbed him. Epigrammatic dialogue fairly sparkled through his mind—but dialogue alone does not constitute a satisfactory full-fledged novel. When he sat down by the little table and began to write, this fact became more and more distressing. He jotted down his *bons mots* with a reckless feeling as to who said them and what it was all leading up to. The scent of honeysuckle enveloped him; he felt of a sudden that there was a meaning and depth in life that he had never apprehended. Then a voice spoke in the other garden, a voice which captured his attention and his fancy so completely that the thought of not listening to it simply did not occur to him. It was one of those rare contralto voices which convey in every intonation a suggestion of reserve power, of

more richness and strength and sweetness still to be given. And now, by some strange co-ordinating habit of the mind, John Armytage at once connected the scent of the honeysuckle with that full rich contralto, and they meant for him thereafter one and the same psychic reality.

"You see, Mother Dear," the voice was saying, "I *have* evolved a plot that will please even your sternly critical soul. But as for the characters—well, they have names, but that is all! Talk they will not; indeed, they will hardly breathe, and I just have to push them along."

"It's too bad, Dearie," a pleasant voice answered. "But let me hear what you have done; perhaps you are too tired and 'fussed' over it to judge correctly."

"Oh, I have torn up the three chapters I had written. They were just unutterable, Mummie! But the plot *is* good—and I cannot think what has come over me. The short stories just wrote themselves, you know."

"Tell me the plot," the other voice answered in comforting tones. "You ought to have that written down, at least, and then let the rest of it grow by degrees."

"Yes, Madre, I have the skeleton here in this note-book. But I will tell it to you; that will be much nicer than reading the outline—I know you don't like anatomy."

Then she began her story, and John Adam Armytage, without one prick from his sleeping conscience, sat in the shade of his birches and listened breathlessly.

She was right. The plot was, indeed, a good one, one of absorbing interest and unexpected, yet delightfully adequate denouement. It captured his imagination completely, and he strolled up and down his shady paths for an hour thinking it over. Presently he discovered a truly marvellous thing. The sayings—wise, witty and tender—which were the only things that pleased him in his own story, fitted wonderfully to the personages which his unseen neighbour had made and named, but could not cause to breathe!

His unseen neighbour! He suddenly realized the extent and enormity of his eaves-dropping! He had made a most startling breach in the code of honour, and he had actually no right to be thinking of these creations of another's brain, or to know anything about them at all. All the same, they lived and moved and talked for *him*. That charming Lady Susan—why, he knew her as well as he knew Aunt Patty! And Ursula, the heroine, was just the sort of girl he had always wanted to meet, and in just the proper chain of circumstances to develop her high qualities. The things his own heroine should have said came with real appropriateness from this delightful being. Queer (he reflected) that Miss—Miss *Who*, after all?—should have any difficulty with such story-folk as these!

He went to his indoor study and tried to banish them all from his mind and do his own work, but it was no use. He was dominated by his neighbour's plot, and ever new possibilities in its unfolding opened before him till a book truly great haunted his mental vision.

For three days John avoided his birch grove with stern resolution. He shut himself in his study and his aunt supposed him to be making progress with the novel, but in reality he was trying in vain to concentrate his mind on an entirely new piece of work. And all the while a fascinating, rarely original story, with Another Person's plot and his own conversations and character-studies, unwound itself in his brain and begged to be written. At meals he became so moody that Miss Armytage watched him with furtive anxiety. Was he in love? Impossible. He had seen no one to fall in love with for weeks and weeks. Was he suffering the usual pangs of genius in the production of a mighty work? It did not seem likely; his expression was too worried and not enough exalted!

But Miss Patricia was wise. She

asked no questions, talked less than usual and brewed the morning coffee with unusual care. She called on their new neighbours and came home evidently charmed, but not communicative. John made many inquiries, but she answered them all with unsatisfactory brevity. He managed to gather, however, that the owners of the other garden were a Mrs. and Miss Carew; that Mrs. Carew was of English birth, and that for the past fifteen years they had lived in Montreal. He was not sorry, therefore, when an invitation came to a garden party at Mrs. Carew's. Miss Patricia looked with pride at her hermit-nephew in the glory of his faultless attire, with a carnation on the lapel of his coat, and an expression of stern determination on his handsome features. He had made up his mind to confess or to forget—the events of the afternoon must decide which.

"The events of the afternoon," as it turned out, were afterwards rather confused in John's memory until Evelyn sorted them out for him and told him exactly what he had said and how he had looked! As soon as he was presented to his hostess and her daughter he made up his mind to full confession. He remembered with passing wonder Aunt Patricia's remark as to beauty being a matter of taste! Surely here was beauty subtle enough for a poet, yet not to be questioned by a Hottentot.

Evelyn said afterward that, like the Ancient Mariner, he "held her with his glittering eye," and that when she met his tragic glance she wondered if he was dangerous! But, as she made no objection whatever to wandering off to the arbour with him, he concluded that this part of her report was slightly exaggerated. For a short time they talked about their respective gardens, and John admired the arbour (which was built against the fence that divided their domains) and the rustic bookshelves, seats, and table with which it was furnished. Then, to cover an awkward pause, Miss Carew rather nervously remarked that she and her mother sat here every morning. "I know you do," John exclaimed, with desperate resolution. "I know you do,—and —I have something to say to you!"

"Horrors!" thought Evelyn. "Is he going to propose—or am I to be reprimanded for something I have said in my own arbour?" "I want to tell you a story," he continued gently. "Will you sit down?"

Evelyn sat down by the table, and John, leaning on the back of her chair, began the story of *their novel*—her plot and his characterizations—as it had grown to a beautiful entity in his mind. Evelyn started when it dawned upon her that she was listening to the transformed and vivified work of her own mind,—seemed about to speak—and then leaned forward with her brow on her hand and listened intently. When the tale was half-told, John stopped, and came around to face her.

"I was in my grove, on the other side of the fence," he said brokenly. "I listened, I swear, without one thought that I had no right to hear! As soon as I caught the first sound of your voice, I had to listen! It was not till afterward, when I found myself fitting my own people to your plot, that I realized the extent of my transgression. Since then, I have been able to write my novel on no other lines, and your marvellous plan has simply haunted me. So has your voice. And now—do you believe me? Can you forgive me?"

Evelyn looked straight into his eyes —a long steady look that seemed to read his inmost thoughts. Then her eye-lids drooped, and she answered simply:

"Yes—to both questions."

John came a little nearer.

"Then—may we be friends?"

John's smile (though he did not know it) was irresistible.

"Yes," Evelyn answered, smiling in return.

"And shall we write The Book together?"

"Yes, oh yes; it seems to be the only way it can be written; – but please, please don't ask me any more questions, for I am forming a fatal habit of answering yes! Let us go out and have a cup of tea, and show the world that we are model neighbours!"

THE ROUGH-CAST HOUSE OF THE POOREST WORKINGMAN
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN TORONTO, BY GEORGE C. GOOCH

# THE HOMES OF WORKINGMEN

*By Augustus Bridle*

"Houses are built to live in and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity except where both may be had."
—*Bacon.*

THE philosopher's dictum on house-building ignores one characteristic not so observable in his day. That is progress. Primitive forms of architecture are a uniformity based on imitation. One dug-out is the image of another. The mud huts of African savages are more alike than the faces of their inhabitants. One Indian's tepee is a repetition of every other one in his tribe. The white man taught the savages how to build shacks. But the shacks are as much alike as a row of peas; all with the flattish pole and sod roof, the mud chimney and the mud fireplace. In a lumbering camp most of the shanties are built the same way, differing chiefly in size. In a new saw-mill hamlet there is another step in advance in size, but not in variety. The early homes of farmers are tiresome replicas one of another. In villages the first tendency is to uniformity, until a diversity of pursuits brings a slight variety of architecture to correspond. And generally speaking the more primitive the occupation the more monotonous the architecture of the workers' homes.

This is notably true in a large city. Take for instance the cases of the corporation labourer, the rag-buyer and the itinerant seller of bananas and peanuts. These in certain districts constitute a congested colony rarely invaded by any other class. Their houses are chiefly of two sorts;

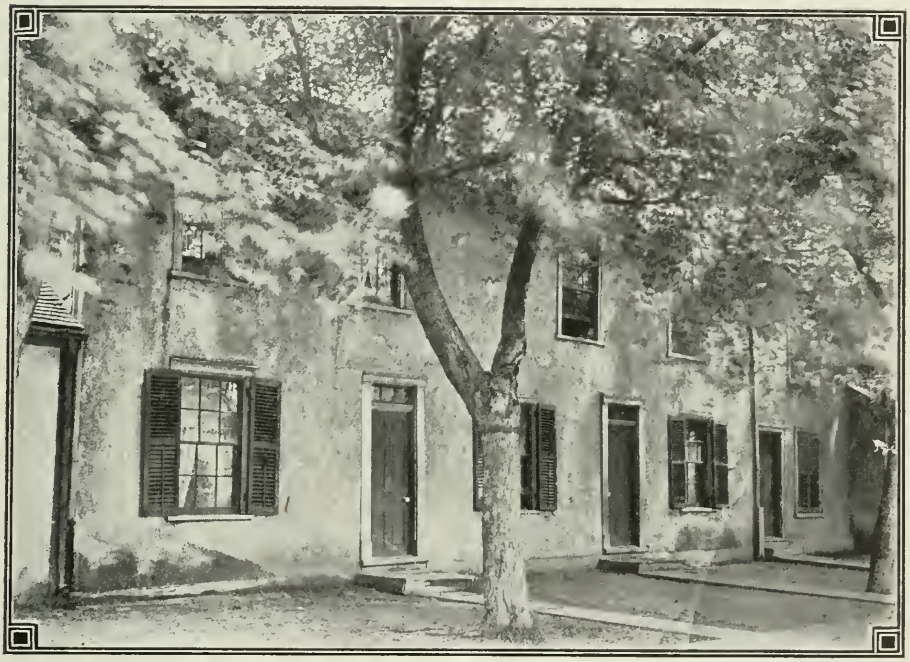
rough-cast and frame. The common type is the rough-cast, which begins in a shack flat on the soil with the doorstep next the sidewalk. The shacks run in long unbroken rows; one eye-aching seriatim of dingy wall, marked off by doors and windows; as much similar as the tepees of Indians. The squat one-story frame frequently gets next to it; also abutting on the sidewalk, or separated from it by a mere strip of trampled clay. Real estate, not a huge asset to the tax-bag in such a quarter, gets a speculative value based on the principle of—the number of people that can possibly eat and sleep under one roof. Roofs are expensive. And as the age-rickety walls will not bear extension upwards, the frugal owners have ingeniously utilized the rear yards for a second row of houses reached by lanes and alleys. So that instead of a swarming tenement there is a back yard which may become the playground for six families of children. Even the Salvation Army could scarcely improve on this. Population becomes congested. The number of wage-earners in proportion to area is enormously increased. The rent-equivalent per capita is greatly reduced. The cost of living both for earners and non-earners is kept scrupulously margined under the total income by rigorous abstinence and almost vulgar good health. Improvements, which always cost money and are subject to taxation, are superstitiously avoided. Thereby, while the wage scale crawls up, the rent and tax-rate remain low. And this is economy.

THE ROUGH-CAST, TWO-STORY HOUSE, EMBLEMATIC OF THE SECOND LOWEST GRADE

However, improvement, that ineradicable instinct in the human species, feebly struggles in. The initial phase is a picket fence fair under a window sill; inside, perhaps a convalescent hollyhock or a decrepit lilac shrub nurturable on neglect. But grass is a rarity; there is no room unless it be grown on the roofs. Two-story rough-casts appear in continuous blocks, set off by a packed quadrangle of clay, with sometimes the grateful

shade of a horse chestnut over the door. Houses farther back from the street are sometimes set off by open bits of grass. Fences are sometimes painted—not recently. Shutters always green; cheaper than blinds. Doors are of ancient dark panels with dingy knockers, opening into passages conspicuous with tattered paper. Where the basement begins a stoop rises in front, railed off into a porchway where the elders sit in the evening. This is the first step in the evolution of the verandah, not yet marked by the domestic chatter of the jenny-wren. A peeping geranium in a window with a cloudy lace curtain is the first symptom of a thrifty woman's care over house-plants. The only other conspicuous luxuries are children, who are both numerous and easy to keep. Like the hollyhock they thrive on neglect, with a casual splash of incongruity in the shape of fine clothes. They rarely trouble the doctor. Eight months of the year they spend on the street, the middle of which is the common playground.

In all that quarter is scarcely a door-bell or a letter-slot. To write letters—a necessary condition to getting them—costs money. It is cheaper to talk. Thinking is suspected. Newspapers are not epidemic. The toilers in that precinct belong to no labour unions. They have but one doctrine regarding labour; so many hours of it equivalent to so many dollars not spent in luxuries. These people contribute no articles on labour to the press. Yet they are thriving. Neither do they read the labour sheet. They are satisfied. Dogs are rare with them. Dogs earn nothing. Moreover, they require to wear a tag and a tag costs money. Visitors from other wards are rare—except at election time. The card-tray is as little needed as the door-bell. And most of the neighbours are so familiar that even the knockers are seldom used.



HERE THE ROUGH-CAST IS MORE ARTISTIC

Passing out of the congested inter-

ior of this ward you get away from the rough-cast and the squat frame as pervasive types. The terrace begins, veneer front and plaster sides; bay-windows and fenced-in plots of green; creepers over the porches and honeysuckles over the bays; with letter-slots in the doors and sometimes bells. The babies from these houses go in neat carriages and the older children play in tidy back yards adorned by

BRICK FRONTS AND MANSARD ROOFS, WITH ROUGH-CAST SIDES, IS A STEP IN ADVANCE

strings of careful washing. These are the homes of the few who have learned that thrift is the handmaid of economy, and that a home is not merely a series of walls in which to eat and sleep.

The second tendency is towards greater variety; most conspicuous in factory precincts. Take, for instance, a well-marked quarter where such manufactures exist as soap, leather, packed pork, gas and beer. These call for a class of labour better remunerated than picks and shovels, but less valuable than the skilled work of machine operatives. The houses quickly correspond to the difference. The streets are opener and the houses average larger. Some rough-casts are painted into block imitations of stone. The semi-detached house becomes common. Brick veneers in terraces are a frequent feature; and an occasional detached brick or large frame marks the culmination.

The most obvious evolution is that of the lawn, which begins in a series of paddocks unfenced and bare of trees; mostly devoid of flower-plots, and certainly innocent of the lawn-mower. Grass being so cheap, its scarcity is the wonder. A little care produces a tidy plot. But, as a rule, that care is lacking. The children play less on the street, but more in the little trim park which serves as a common lawn for the community. The city can scarcely do less to provide breathing-

spots for the labourers and their families. But the people might easily do a great deal more. Here and there, however, you may find an ornamental shrub. A wide boulevard sometimes runs into a bare open yard under rows of deep chestnuts; sometimes with a large tree fair in the centre. Fences are less common; sometimes enclose a plot which a sense of careful proprietorship has combed into a lawn. times a latticed verandah across the front. The bay-window is now a common luxury. In some terraces it is a mere flat projection; in more a semi-hexagon with straggled bits of cresting on the top. Windows get fancy brick-work. Others get touches of stone. The ivy crawls over the bay-window—rarely. Gothics rise in the roofs; commonly surmounted by a baby wooden point such as culminates in a

THE IRON-CRESTED BAY-WINDOW, THE LITTLE LAWN AND LARGER STEPS MARK THE NEXT HIGHER GRADE

There you may observe three kinds of shrubs with flower-pots that suggest the sprinkling-can. Here too at five o'clock you may notice aproned women sitting on the doorsteps back from the dust of the street, chatting; or more suggestive still of a developing intelligence, reading the newspaper. This is the beginning of thrift.

The verandah begins to develop. From a mere porch it becomes a double porch over two adjacent doors of a terrace; later a railed, and some-church spire. These are trifles; chiefly imitations. There is more ornamentation on the walls than thrift in the surroundings; a sort of silent hint that some workingmen if they had a chance would be castled grandees living up to a large income. The worker's cottage so proverbial in literature is painfully absent.

The most encouraging feature of this series, aside from the cultivation of lawns, is the evolution of the kitchen. By inference there is a parlour

just inside that bay-window, with enlarged pictures of father and mother on the walls, and a possible dining-room in the centre, with all the bedrooms upstairs. The basement, with its incongruous lace curtains, in some of the terraces may indicate a furnace, and in some cases an underground dining-room—a token of bad development. Back yards become conventionally common; enclosed by the high board fence, with knot-holes for the neighbour dogs to exchange courtesies and ledges for congregative cats to sit upon. Often there is a tidy line of washing, a woodshed, and in some cases a dog-house.

THE TWO-STORY BRICK OF MORE MODERN ARCHITECTURE

This sentiment of proprietorship is yet more observable in the fronts, which not only become outwardly more ornate, but inwardly more elaborate. The double system of doors begins, with a vestibule and a mat at the outer door. The real hall begins to develop with a hat-rack just inside the vestibule and sometimes a bicycle in front of that. One piano sadly out of tune reminded me that actual luxury had got in there and that on a Sunday afternoon perhaps I might hear sundry reed organs with the singing of doleful hymns. The boarding-house begins. The pedlar is seen in that quarter; also the scissors-grinder, the laundryman and the plumber's waggon. The children may be seen coming from the corner-store with a pound of lard, a loaf of bread or a fresh bone for the family dog. They are somewhat neatly dressed; yet with that air of democracy which makes one child on the street notice, in a loud tone of voice, the new slippers or the new skirt of another. Here and there, too, you may observe a real picture of contented serenity such as a young girl reading a newspaper on her doorstep, and as you pass she wears a smile. She loves her home better than the street.

Yet another series is a west-end quarter where land is generally cheaper, and to which transit has become

both easy and comparatively cheap since the advent of the trolley. Taxes are lower in that part. The worker puts part of the difference into the improvement of his home. It is suburban, enabling the worker to get away from his work. Many of the workers in such a precinct are machine operatives, getting a larger wage than the makers of soap, beer and leather.

THE THREE-STORY, BRICK TERRACE WITH STONE FACING. USUALLY A FEW BOARDERS OR ROOMERS ARE ACCOMMODATED

Many of them are street railway employees. Many others are the employees of railroads. The open commons is more frequent. Land lies idle, awaiting the builder. Architecture becomes at once more varied and more monotonous.

The primitive type here is the story and a half rough-cast, or the single story blocked off to imitate stone. The general eyesore, because it has come to stay as a mark of advancing civilization, is the veneer terrace. The mansard roof and the everlasting bay-window with its crop of iron cresting, stretches in unrelieved miles of monotony almost anywhere. It looks like a labour union in brick. Every house is the identical image of every other one, distinguished only by the numbers; more eternally alike than the tepees of the Indian without an atom of the latter's poetry; more monotonous than even the rough-casts of the corporation labourer. The terrace is the easiest possible union of economy and conventional elegance. Its curse is uniformity.

But along with this uniformity, based on style and imitation, is a greater degree of variety in detail. Walks to the doors are slat and, in some cases, concrete; especially where you observe the detached brick or frame. Porches are legion and of diverse build. Some of the porticoes simulate white stone

with round colonial pillars. Verandahs are many. Letter-slots and door-bells are general. The foot-scraper and the door-mat are frequent. Parlours and carpets are a common luxury. The kitchen is everybody's way. Lawns become larger and more numerous. Flower-plots develop between the walks and rows of well-selected blooms along them. Fences are more rare except in the case of extended lawns. Screen doors are seen. The basement gets a front entrance. On many streets are wide boulevards on which thrifty children play. I saw one juvenile party in a rope inclosure, housekeeping with a doll and a set of baby furniture. The children very cordially invited me in to visit them, and chatted freely about their venture, showing that they were used to company and not suspicious of the stranger. At another house I saw a load of furniture going in; an oak dresser and bed with springs, mattrasses, etc. On another street a knot of children played on a neighbour's trim lawn. The visiting set offended the nine-years' boy spokesman of the home party. He promptly ordered the visitors off, observing that his dad had marked off a certain plot as the limit of trespass for idle feet. This is the beginning of complete proprietorship and the end of absolute democracy.

Shutters become less epidemic on the windows, but reappear on the outer doors. Blinds are more common; lace curtains general. Glass begins in some of the outer doors; sometimes coloured, with bits of fancy panels on the edges. The four-pane parlour window becomes one large pane, also with small panels on the side. On some verandah swings a hammock. You may expect to hear "Mamma" there. Dogs become part of the system. Terraced lawns with tidy shrubberies on them are a growing feature. Rear gardens are noticed with an occasional apple or plum tree. Women appear washing the steps and cleaning the windows. The front door is divided into two doors. The porch gets a balcony. On many streets every man is, at least, the owner or sole tenant of his own plot of grass.

And so from primitive democracy with its painful monotony, the homes of the workingmen pass first through variations to separate and diversified types; back again on a higher plane into uniformity; into diversity again and back into uniformity on a higher level still—as in the case of the three-story semi-detached terrace. The community becomes less a unit; more a diversity. The family becomes more private and more sacred. Parentage becomes more a delicate responsibility, and even without any John Ruskin to teach us it may be said that all these things are, at least, faintly prefigured in the homes of the people.

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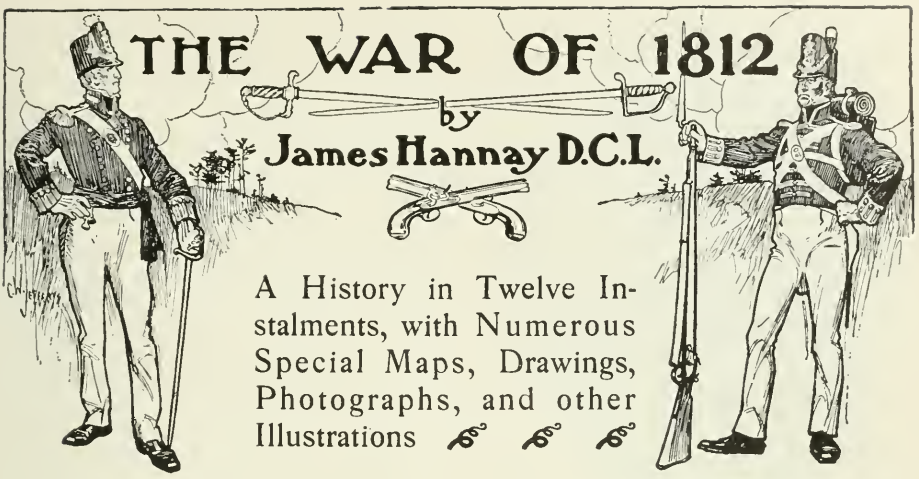
## WIND OF NOVEMBER

BY INGLIS MORSE

WIND of November, chill and drear,
Play out thy song! The mellowing year
Grows old, and with its memories
Of each fugacious flower that dies.
But yesterday the glorious dream
Of ardent summer made earth seem
A sanctuary, wherein life
Was well content 'mid peace and strife
To hang her mystic wreaths of gold—
Once new and now for e'er grown old.


THE WAR OF 1812
by
James Hannay D.C.L.
A History in Twelve Instalments, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

ELEVENTH INSTALMENT—THE BRITISH FAILURE AT PLATTSBURG

LEAVING Fort Erie for the present still besieged, it is now necessary to deal with a number of important occurrences in other parts of Canada. After the Americans obtained control of Lake Erie, they resolved to recover the fort at Mackinack, which had been taken from them at the beginning of the war. To effect this an expedition was organized under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Croghan, who had acquired some celebrity by his defence of Fort Stephenson. This expedition was to have started from Detroit early in April, but it did not get away until the beginning of July. In the meantime Mackinack had been reinforced by 90 men under Lieut.-Col. M'Douall, consisting of a company of the Newfoundland Regt., 23 seamen of the Lake Ontario fleet and a few Canadian Volunteers. This detachment, with the field guns and a supply of provisions and military stores, reached its destination in batteaux from a port on Lake Huron on the 18th of May. Early in June an American force took possession of the Indian post at Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi, almost 500 miles from Mackinack, and Col. M'Douall, who was now in command at the latter place, resolved to dislodge them. Accordingly Colonel M'Kay of the Michigan Fencibles was sent to Prairie du Chien with a detachment consisting of his own corps and a company of Canadian Volunteers, 150 men in all, with a 3-pounder. He also was accompanied by about 500 Indians. The detachment reached its destination on the 17th of July, and found that the Americans had erected a small fort on a height behind the village, with two blockhouses mounting six pieces of cannon. The fort was manned by about 70 effective men; lying at anchor in the river opposite the fort was a large gunboat, mounting 14 pieces of cannon and manned by about 80 men with muskets. She was so constructed that she could be rowed in any direction, without the men being exposed to the fire of musketry.

Col. M'Kay commenced a vigorous fire on the gunboat, which lasted about three hours, while both gunboat and fort replied. The men in the gunboat finally, finding the place too hot for her, cut her cable, and she was carried down the current to a place of shelter under an island. On the following day M'Kay advanced his men against the fort, upon which a white flag was immediately displayed, and the place surrendered with its garrison of 65 men and its cannon and stores. Not one man of M'Kay's white troops was even wounded.

The American force for the reduction of Mackinack arrived at St. Joseph on the 20th of July. It consisted originally of 500 regulars and 250 Militia under Lieut.-Colonel Croghan, to which was added at Fort Gratiot, where the expedition halted, a regiment of Ohio Volunteers under Colonel Cotgreave, so that the land force must have numbered more than 1,000 men. They were embarked in the *Niagara*, *Caledonia*, *Lawrence*, *Scorpion* and *Tigress*, all of Perry's fleet. These vessels, which were in charge of Commander St. Clair, carried 46 guns throwing a broadside weighing 776 pounds, and were manned by upwards of 400 men, so that the expedition was a formidable one in point of numbers and armament. The British post at St. Joseph had been abandoned and the Americans met with no opposition in burning the few houses there. From this place Major Holmes of the U.S. 32nd Regt. of infantry and Lieut. Turner of the Navy, with about 300 infantry and artillery, were detached to destroy the establishment of the British North-West Company at Sault Ste. Marie. The fact that the property to be destroyed was private property did not deter the Americans from this act of vandalism, which was quite characteristic of their conduct in Canada during the war. Holmes reached Sault Ste. Marie on the 21st and then commenced a scene of rapine such as, fortunately for the credit of human nature, has seldom to be recorded. Mr. Johnson, the company's agent, had succeeded in carrying off a considerable amount of the company's property to a place of safety on the approach of the enemy. The brutal rage of Holmes and his men at being thus balked of their expected prey knew no bounds. Everything they found on shore that could not be carried away was destroyed. Not only were the houses, stores and vessels there burnt, but the cattle were killed, the gardens laid waste, the furniture stolen and in some instances the clothes pilfered from the children's backs. Several of the employees of the company were carried off as prisoners. Among the acts of cruelty perpetrated by these brigands, some of which will not bear repetition, one of which an unfortunate horse was the victim, was of peculiar atrocity. Having made use of this animal all day in carrying the plunder of the settlement, they tied him while harnessed in the cart to a dwelling-house which they set on fire, and amused themselves with the pitiable spectacle of the unavailing efforts of the poor beast to extricate itself from the flames. Holmes then returned to St. Joseph, and the whole expedition set out for Mackinack, where others besides unarmed men and helpless women and children were to be encountered.

The American forces under St. Clair and Croghan reached Mackinack on the 26th of July, but no attempt was made to attack the place until the 4th of August. The interval seems to have been spent in reconnoitring, and in reconciling differences between St. Clair and Croghan as to the proper method of conducting the assault. It was finally decided that Croghan should land with his troops on the back or western part of the island, under cover of the guns of the ships, and attempt to attack the works in the rear. Croghan and his more than 1,000 men got ashore at Dousman's farm, where there was an extensive clearing, without Colonel M'Douall being able to offer any effectual opposition. This able officer was in an embarrassing position, for owing to the absence of the detachment under M'Kay and Lieut. Worsely and his seamen, after manning the guns at the forts, he had only a disposable force of 140 men, of which 50 were Indians, to meet the enemy on the field. The position he took up was an excellent one behind a natural breastwork, with the ground clear in front, but it was unavoidably at too great a distance from the forts, in each of which he had been only able to leave 25 Militia.

The enemy, guided by some former residents of the island, advanced slowly and cautiously, and M'Douall's two guns, a 3 and a 6-pounder, opened

upon them, but not with the effect they should have had, for want of experienced gunners and an artillery officer to direct them. Their advance in front was checked, but they were gaining on the British left flank, the Indians who were stationed in the woods there permitting them to do this without firing a shot. At the same time M'Douall was obliged to weaken his small front by detaching his Michigan Fencibles to oppose a party of the enemy who were advancing to the woods on his right.

Major Crawford of the Militia now sent word to Colonel M'Douall that the enemy's two largest ships had anchored to the rear of his left, and that troops were moving by a road in that direction towards the forts. He therefore immediately moved to place himself between the forts and the enemy, and took up a position effectually covering them. Then collecting the greater part of the Indians, who had retired, and taking with him Major Crawford and about fifty Militia, he again advanced to support a party of the Indians, who, with their gallant chief Thomas, had commenced a spirited attack on the enemy. These judicious arrangements effectually checked the Americans at every point, and compelled them finally to fall back in disorder to their shipping, leaving all their dead and a considerable number of their wounded on the field. The Americans admitted a loss of 12 killed, 52 wounded and two missing, but the returns were evidently incomplete, for the British found seventeen Americans dead on the island. Among them was Major Holmes, the horse-torturing hero of Sault Ste. Marie. This handsome victory, which compelled the Americans to abandon their attempt on Mackinack, was achieved with no greater loss on the part of the British than one Indian killed. The demoralized condition of the United States army may be judged from the language used by Commander St. Clair in his official report to his own government, in which he says: "The men were getting lost and falling into confusion, natural under such circumstances; which demanded an immediate retreat or a total defeat and general massacre must have ensued."

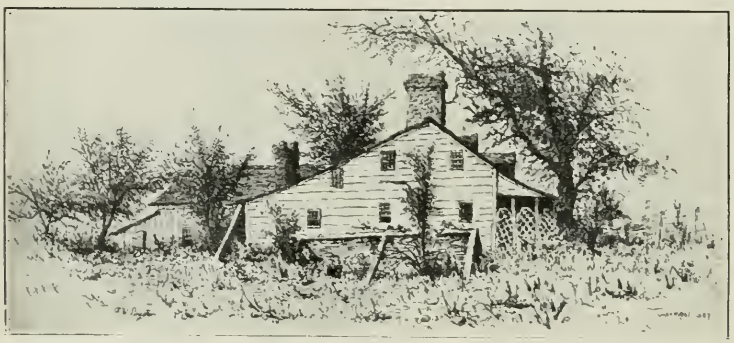
COLONEL TITUS GEER SIMONS, U.E.L.

In command of 2nd York Militia at Lundy's Lane, where he was severely wounded, 3 grape shot striking his sword arm. He commanded all the Militia in attack on Black Rock. First Sheriff of Gore District, U.C., 1816. Died at Flamboro, County of Wentworth, 1829. His father was Quartermaster, Peters' Corps, under Burgoyne, 1777. (See Transactions U.E.L. Association, 1903).

Croghan and St. Clair now resolved to attempt an easier enterprise than the capture of Mackinack. They proceeded to the mouth of the Nautawassaga River, in which the North-West Company's schooner *Nancy* was lying laden with furs, in charge of Lieut. Worseley with 23 seamen, under the protection of a blockhouse. Worseley sent away the furs in canoes, which escaped the enemy and got safely into French River. He held the blockhouse, which mounted only one gun against the twenty fold superior force of the enemy, until further resistance became vain, upon which he blew up both blockhouse and vessel, and with his men escaped up the river in a boat.

St. Clair's Squadron now sailed for

Detroit, with the exception of the schooners *Tigress* and *Scorpion*, which were left to blockade the Nautawassaga, it being the only route by which provisions and other supplies could be sent to Mackinack. The Americans thus hoped to starve out the place which they could not take by assault, but this promising scheme also failed. After remaining on their station for some time the two schooners took a cruise towards St. Joseph. On the 31st of August Lieutenant Worseley arrived at Mackinack with the intelligence that the schooners were in the vicinity of St. Joseph and five leagues apart. It was immediately resolved to attempt their capture. Accordingly on the evening of the 1st of September four boats set out, one manned by 19 seamen under Lieut. Worseley, and the three others by 60 officers and men of the Newfoundland Regt. under Lieut. Bulger, with whom were two artillerymen with a three and a 6-pounder, five civilians of the Indian Department, and three Indians, in all 92 persons. A number of Indians in their canoes accompanied the expedition, but remained three miles in the rear and took no part in the fighting. At sunset on the 2nd the boats arrived at St. Mary's Strait, and spent 24 hours in finding out where the American schooners were. All day on the 3rd the troops remained concealed amongst the rocks, but at six o'clock that evening the nearest vessel, the *Tigress*, was made out six miles off, and they pulled for her. At 9 o'clock they were approaching her, and were within 100 yards of the enemy when they were hailed. On receiving no answer the Americans on the *Tigress* opened fire upon the boats, both with musketry and with the 24-pounder. The boats instantly dashed in, and in the course of five minutes the schooner was boarded and carried by the boats of Lieut. Worseley and Lieut. Armstrong on the starboard side and of Lieut. Bulger and Lieut. Radenhurst on the port side. Of her crew of 28 men, three were killed and five, including Mr. Champlin, her commander, dangerously wounded. The British had three seamen killed and Lieut. Bulger and seven soldiers slightly wounded. On the following day the prisoners were sent ashore, and the British prepared to attack the other schooner, which they learned was anchored 15 miles farther down. The position of the *Tigress* was not altered, and the better to carry out the deception the American flag was kept flying. On the evening of the 5th the *Scorpion* was discovered working up to join her consort, and she came to anchor about two miles from her. At 6 o'clock next morning the *Tigress* slipped her cable and ran down under her jib and fore-sail. Everything was so well managed by Lieut. Worseley that the *Tigress* was within ten yards of the *Scorpion* before those on board the latter discovered that anything was wrong. It was then too late. The concealed British soldiers jumped up, poured a volley into her, which killed



A FARM-HOUSE IN 1812
FROM "SANGSTER'S NIAGARA RIVER AND FALLS," VOL. I

FORT COTEAU, NEAR MONTREAL

FROM A WATER-COLOUR IN POSSESSION OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY, BY PERMISSION. THIS IS PROBABLY THE ONLY ORIGINAL PICTURE OF THIS FORT IN EXISTENCE

two and wounded two men, and the next moment boarded and carried the vessel, her surprised crew making no resistance. The *Scorpion* carried one long 24-pounder, besides a long 12-pounder, which was in her hold, and had a complement of thirty-two men. The capture of these two schooners relieved the garrison of Mackinack from any further annoyance. The place remained in the hands of the British until restored to the Americans by the Treaty of Peace.

An account of two or three acts of American vandalism will now suffice to complete the record of their operations west of the Niagara frontier in 1814. In May, Colonel Campbell, of the 19th U.S. Infantry, with 500 troops, landed at Long Point from Erie and marched to Dover, from which the few dragoons stationed there had retired. They set fire to and burned the whole of the little village of Dover, which comprised a sawmill, a tannery, three distilleries, six stores and nineteen private houses, thus utterly ruining about 25 peaceable families. Perhaps it will bring the modern Canadian reader to a clearer realization of the proceedings of these raiders to read the account of what occurred at Ryerse, which was written by the venerable Mrs. Amelia Harris, cousin of the late Rev. Egerton Ryerson, in whose work on the Loyalists it appears. This lady writes:—"On the 14th the Americans burnt the village and mills of Dover; on the 15th, as my mother and myself were sitting at breakfast, the dogs kept up a very unusual barking. I went to the door to discover the cause; when I looked up I saw the hillside and fields, as far as the eyes could reach, covered with American soldiers. They had marched from Port Dover to Ryerse. Two men stepped from the ranks, selected some large chips and came into the room where we were standing and took coals from the hearth, without speaking a word. My mother knew instinctively what they were going to do. She went out and asked to see the commanding officer. A gentleman rode up to her and said he was the person she asked for. She entreated him to spare her property and said she was a widow with a young family. He answered her civilly and respectfully and expressed his regret that his orders were to burn, but that he would spare the house, which he did; and he said, as a sort of justification of his burning, that the buildings were used as a barrack and the mill furnished flour for the British troops. Very soon we saw columns of dark smoke arise from every building, and of what at early morn had been a prosperous homestead at noon there remained only smouldering ruins. My father had been dead less than two years. Little remained of all his labours excepting the orchard and the cultivated fields. It would not be easy to describe my mother's feelings as she looked upon the desolation around her and thought upon the past and the present."

Samuel Ryerse, the husband of the lady who was thus ruined by Campbell and his band of incendiaries, was a Loyalist who was exiled for fighting on the British side during the war of the Revolution. It was not enough for his persecutors that he should be compelled to abandon his property and begin the world anew in a strange land; he must be pursued and his widow and little family deprived of their means of living by vandals like Campbell. This outrage provoked so much comment that the American Government had to bring Colonel Campbell to trial before a court-martial, which was presided over by Colonel Scott. The Court declared in its finding that the destruction of the mills and distilleries was according to the usages of war, but that in burning the houses of the inhabitants Colonel Campbell had greatly erred. This mild reprimand was all the punishment that Campbell received. Mr. James Monroe, the American Secretary of State, in a letter to Sir Alexander Cochrane written in September, 1814, stated that the burning of Long Point was "unauthorized by the government." In the same letter he stated that the burning of Newark was "disavowed by the government."

A BRONZE TABLET RECENTLY ERECTED IN BUFFALO TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLES OF LAKE ERIE, CHIPPEWA, LUNDY'S LANE AND FORT ERIE

To "disavow" an act is to deny knowledge of it, yet General M'Clure was able to produce an order from War Secretary Armstrong, the proper mouthpiece of the Government as regarded military matters, authorizing him to burn Newark. Mr. Monroe, in making this statement to Sir Alex. Cochrane, was therefore not telling the truth.

On the 16th of August a party of about 100 Americans and Indians landed at Port Talbot, on Lake Erie, and robbed 50 families of all their horses and of every article of household furniture and wearing apparel which they possessed. The number of persons who were thus thrown naked and destitute upon the world was 236, of whom 185 were women and children. Several of the more prominent inhabitants were not only robbed but carried off as prisoners, among them being Mr. Burwell, a member of the Legislature of Upper Canada, who was at the time in a very weak state of health.

The last effort of American ruffianism in the peninsula of Western Canada was General M'Arthur's raid in October and November, 1814. M'Arthur seems to have been stimulated to this effort by the successful foray of a band of ruffians who issued from the garrison of Detroit on the 20th of September and spread fire and devastation through an entire Canadian settlement, bringing to utter ruin and misery 27 families. M'Arthur's raid was on a larger and more ambitious scale. With 750 mounted men from Ohio and Kentucky he left Detroit on the 22nd of October and proceeded up the western side of Lake St. Clair, and on the 26th crossed the St. Clair River and entered Canada. The absurd Lossing, by way of excuse for M'Arthur's conduct, says the movement was made in consequence of "the critical situation of the American army under General Brown at Fort Erie," and that its object was:—"to make a diversion in favour of that general." As the siege of Fort Erie had been abandoned by the British a month before M'Arthur started, and as General Brown was not there at all, but at Sackett's Harbour, his command at Fort Erie having been transferred to General Izard, who had about 8,000 men with him, it will be seen that the alleged reasons for McArthur's raid did not exist. It was undertaken simply for the sake of the plunder and the cheap glory it might yield.

M'Arthur passed up the northern side of the Thames to Moravian Town and thence to Oxford. The country through which he advanced was given up to indiscriminate plunder, the houses of the settlers were reduced to ashes, and the miserable inhabitants were left to perish with cold and hunger. His design was to advance as far as Burling-

TROOPER OF THE 19TH LIGHT DRAGOONS—TWO SQUADRONS OF THIS REGIMENT TOOK PART IN THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1813-14 ON THE NIAGARA FRONTIER
DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

ton Heights, but at the Grand River he learned that a detachment of the 103rd Regt. was after him. This news sent the cowardly raider scampering back much faster than he had come, and so precipitate was his flight that the British regulars did not get within eight miles of him. He got back to Detroit on the 17th of November, after three weeks of marauding, in which he inflicted great loss and misery on private individuals, but did nothing for his country except to make its name detested and despised in Western Canada.

It has been already seen that the American Commodore Chauncey did not venture to leave Sackett's Harbour with his fleet until the 1st of August, when the completion of two large ships, the *Superior* and *Mohawk*, gave him an overwhelming preponderance of force. Thus it happened that Sir James Yeo had control of Lake Ontario for the first three months of the season of open navigation, and in that time was able to give valuable assistance to the army in the defence of Canada. The operations on the Lake during the time Chauncey held possession of it were not of much importance. His fleet was greatly superior, and Sir James Yeo prudently retired with his larger vessels to Kingston, where he was blockaded by Chauncey for about six weeks. The American Commodore professed a great desire for an encounter, and complained very bitterly that Sir James would not gratify him by meeting his four largest vessels with the four largest British ships. In a letter written to the Secretary of the Navy on August the 10th he says:

"To deprive the enemy of an apology for not meeting me, I have sent ashore four guns from the *Superior* to reduce her armament in number to an equality with the *Prince Regent's*, yielding the advantage of their 68-pounders. The *Mohawk* mounts two guns less than the *Princess Charlotte*, and the *Montreal* and *Niagara* are equal to the *Pike* and *Madison*."

It is remarkable that this American Commodore was unable to tell the truth, even in a despatch to his own Government, in regard to a matter of which he must have been fully informed. His largest vessel the *Superior* was heavier in armament than an ordinary 74-line of battleship, and far more powerful than the *Prince Regent* with which Chauncey compares her. The following statement of the four largest British and four largest American vessels on Lake Ontario, is taken from an American author, Roosevelt, and is, therefore, not likely to err in favour of the British.

AMERICAN VESSELS.

| Name. | Tonnage. | Crew. | Broadside Metal. | Armament. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Superior | 1,580 | 500 | 1,050 lbs. | 30 long 32's<br>2 long 24's<br>26 short 42's |
| Mohawk | 1,350 | 350 | 554 " | 26 long 24's<br>2 long 18's<br>14 short 32's |
| Pike | 875 | 300 | 360 " | 28 long 24's |
| Madison | 593 | 200 | 364 " | 12 long 12's<br>22 short 32's |
| | 4,398 | 1,350 | 2,328 lbs. | |

BRITISH VESSELS.

| Name. | Tonnage. | Crew. | Broadside Metal. | Armament. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Prince Regent | 1,450 | 485 | 872 lbs. | 32 long 24's<br>4 short 68's<br>22 " 32's |
| Princess Charlotte | 1,215 | 315 | 604 " | 26 long 24's<br>2 short 68's<br>14 " 32's |
| Montreal | 637 | 220 | 258 " | 7 long 24's<br>18 " 18's |
| Niagara | 510 | 200 | 332 " | 2 long 12's<br>20 short 32's |
| | 3,812 | 1,220 | 1,966 lbs. | |

From the foregoing statement it will be seen that the Americans were greatly superior, both in the size of their ships and their armaments. Sir James was, therefore, wise not to risk an action, the loss of which might have wrought incalculable injury.

On Lake Champlain the Americans had been active in constructing vessels during the winter, and in April, Commodore Macdonough, who was in command there, succeeded in launching his new ships which had been built at Vergennes, Vermont. On the 14th of May, Captain Pring, R.N., with the British flotilla appeared off the mouth of Otter Creek, in which Macdonough's vessels were lying, and commenced a cannonade upon the seven-gun battery by which its entrance was defended. The Americans, however, were prepared for this attack; they had been strongly reinforced and, as Captain Pring had no land force with him, he was unable to accomplish anything and so returned to Isle Aux Noix. It was a serious error, for which Sir George Prevost must be held responsible, that he did not send a sufficient land force to Vergennes, at the opening of lake navigation, to destroy Macdonough's ships there and make it impossible for him to appear on Lake Champlain.

About the middle of June General Izard, who commanded the land forces at Plattsburg, made a movement towards the Canadian frontier, his advance being encamped at Champlain, within five miles of the International boundary. This movement led to no other result than a few unimportant skirmishes between parties of Americans and the British outposts. In one of these, Lieut.-Colonel Forsyth, some of whose exploits as a marauder have already been related, was killed by an Indian. Lossing says that Forsyth's followers: "Hotly incensed because of the employment of the savages by the British, they resolved to avenge the death of their own leader by taking the life of the leader of the Indians. A few days afterwards some of them crossed the line and shot Mahew, that leader." The leader who was shot was Captain Mailloux, a remarkably brave and vigilant Canadian officer. It is singular Lossing does not perceive that in this narrative he is showing that Forsyth's men had ceased to be soldiers and had become mere assassins, lying in ambush to take the life of a

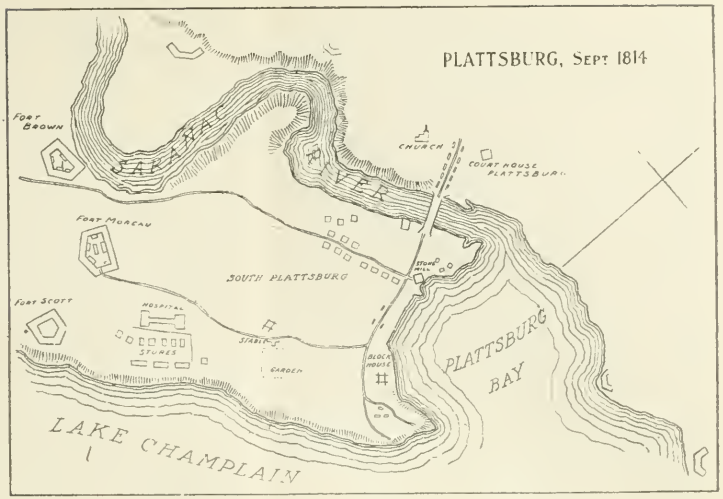
single man. Their indignation at the employment of Indians by the British might have been somewhat lessened had they known that about the time they were lying concealed to accomplish the murder of the unfortunate Mailloux, General Brown was crossing the Niagara River, with 600 Indian warriors in his army, to invade Canada.

The abdication of Bonaparte in April, 1814, which brought the long war with France to an end, enabled a considerable proportion of Wellington's victorious army to be sent to America. These troops were embarked at Bordeaux and reached Quebec to the number of about 16,000 in July and August. The hardy veterans who composed this reinforcement were ignorant of defeat. They represented the brave army, which, to quote the words of Napier, "fought and won 19 pitched battles and innumerable combats, made or sustained 10 sieges, took four great fortresses, twice expelled the French from Portugal, killed, wounded and took 200,000 enemies, and the bones of 40,000 British soldiers lie scattered on the mountains and plains of the Peninsula." It was with the army of which this reinforcement formed a part that their trusted leader conducted to its glorious close the campaign of Vittoria, of which the same brilliant historian writes: "In this campaign of six weeks Lord Wellington, with 100,000 men, marched 600 miles, passed six great rivers, gained one decisive battle, invested two fortresses and drove 120,000 veteran troops from Spain." The result of six campaigns had proved, and every military man in Europe knew, that this army was the best in the world, its record having been an unbroken series of victories, and yet the incompetent or traitorous Sir George Prevost was able to do what its enemies could not accomplish, and bring this noble body of brave men to shame and humiliation.

The ministry in England had determined on an offensive campaign in Northern New York with a view, it would appear, of conquering part of that state. Their motive seems to have been to obtain such a footing in the territory in question as would lead to a rectification of the boundary between the United States and the British North American Provinces, which had been so grossly mismanaged by the British Commissioner, Mr. Oswald, at the close of the Revolutionary war. Such an attempt was unwise, as the Duke of Wellington had pointed out more than a year before in a letter to Lord Bathurst, and it was especially unwise because the plan of invasion was arranged by a ministry more than 3,000 miles away, who knew nothing of the local circumstances which might make their scheme advisable or otherwise. But the attempt having been ordered, it remained for Sir George Prevost to use the best means at his disposal to carry it out. Yet if this man had been in the pay of the enemy, he could not have arranged matters better to defeat the object of the expedition than he did. The co-operation of a fleet to command the lake was considered necessary, yet only one vessel was constructed, and the work upon her was so much delayed that she was not nearly completed when the army was ready to move. When the army did start its advance was so tardy that the enemy had full warning of the point of attack and ample time to prepare against it.

The force selected for the invasion of New York numbered 11,000 men, and was divided into three brigades under Generals Robinson, Power and Brisbane, the whole forming a division under the command of Major-General de Rottenburg. The army was put in motion and crossed the international boundary line at Odelltown on the 1st of September. This place is not more than 25 miles from Plattsburg, which they could easily have reached in two days, and no doubt could have immediately carried, as the American force was very weak, having been reduced by the sending of a large detachment under General Izard to the Niagara frontier. The moment the British began to advance Major-General Macomb

and the American troops under his command retired to Plattsburg. Sir George occupied his abandoned camp at Champlain on the 3rd, having been two days advancing somewhat less than five miles. The same snail-like rate of progression characterized the subsequent movements of Sir George. The left division, numbering about seven thousand men, advanced on the following day to the village of Chazy, about five miles from Champlain, without experiencing the slightest opposition. On the 5th the troops halted within eight miles of Plattsburg, having advanced about seventeen miles within the enemy's territory in the course of four days. On the sixth the army moved upon Plattsburg in two columns on parallel roads, the right column led by Major-General Power's brigade, supported by four companies of light infantry and a demi-brigade under Major-General Robinson going by the Beckmantown road. The left column, which consisted of Major-General Brisbane's brigade, advanced by the road which runs close to Lake Champlain. General Macomb had stationed a detachment of regulars with two field pieces near Dead Creek bridge to obstruct the left column, while General Moers with 700 Militia, supported by Major Wool with 250 Regulars and some artillery, were sent to check the right column on the Beckmantown road. The Militia promptly ran away the moment the British appeared, or to quote the language of their own general, Macomb, "fell back most precipitately in the greatest disorder, notwithstanding the British troops did not deign to fire on them except by their flankers and advanced patrols."




MAP OF PLATTSBURG

The Americans retreated to the south side of the Saranac, after destroying the bridge, while the British army encamped a short distance north of the river and within a mile of Plattsburg.

The position occupied by the American army at Plattsburg was on an elevated ridge of land crowned with three redoubts and two blockhouses. The redoubts were on a curved line across the neck of the peninsula between the Saranac and Lake Champlain on which the village stood, and were named respectively Forts Brown, Moreau and Scott. These works mounted altogether about 20 guns and were defended by 1,500 American Regulars and 3,200 Militia.

Had Sir George Prevost made an attack on Plattsburg the same day his army arrived in front of it, the place would have been taken in an hour and the entire American force there captured. But this system of making war might have hurt the feelings of the enemy, whom Sir George was always so desirous of conciliating. Instead of making a prompt movement he halted his army for five days on the

banks of the Saranac, and began throwing up batteries, while the Americans in full view of him were laboriously strengthening themselves in their positions. The sight of this army, which a few months before had scaled the Pyrenees and driven the veteran troops of France from a position which Soult had been fortifying for three months, being now halted in front of the paltry defences of Plattsburg, was certainly one which probably no other officer of the British army but Sir George Prevost would have cared to exhibit. But the natural timidity of this man steeled him effectually against all feelings of shame, and the soldiers whom he commanded could only wonder how they had fallen under such control as his.

The ostensible cause of Sir George Prevost's delay before Plattsburg was his desire for the co-operation of the fleet on the lake. This fleet was miserably weak, and its largest vessel, the *Confiance*, had only been launched on the 25th of August, and was not nearly ready for service at the time of the advance on Plattsburg commenced. Yet it was on the fitness of this ship to meet and defeat the enemy that the whole success of the campaign was made to rest. Captain Downie, who had been one of Sir James Yeo's captains on Lake Ontario, commanded the British flotilla, and Sir George states in his official dispatch that immediately after his arrival at Plattsburg he requested Capt. Downie's co-operation. He does not, however, state that this request for Downie's assistance was made in such terms as must have been extremely galling to that brave officer and led him to go into action before his vessels were ready, and to make his attack rashly and even recklessly, so as to give the enemy every advantage. Sir George sent one letter to the Commander of the fleet, stating that the army had long been waiting for him; that it had been under arms the day before from daylight in expectation of the fleet, and closing with the hope that nothing but the state of the wind prevented the fleet from coming up. The brave Downie replied that he required no urging to do his duty; that he should be up the first shift of wind and make the signal of his approach by scaling his guns. Capt. Downie's flotilla was then lying at Isle La Motte, and a breeze that would be fair for it to come down the lake would be adverse when it sought to enter Plattsburg Bay and approach the American fleet.

The east side of the mouth of Plattsburg Bay is formed by Cumberland Head; the entrance is about a mile and a half across and the other boundary south-west from the Head is an extensive shoal and a small low island called Crab Island on which the Americans had a two-gun battery. Macdonough had arranged his vessels in a line extending from a point three-quarters of a mile inside of Cumberland Head to the shoal off Crab Island. The head of his line was so close to the eastern shore of Plattsburg Bay that an attempt to turn it would place the British under a very heavy fire from the battery on Cumberland Head, while the other end of the line was equally well protected by the shoal and the battery on Crab Island. The line was about a mile and a half distant from the American batteries and therefore within range of their heavy long guns. Macdonough's force consisted of the ship *Saratoga*, the brig *Eagle*, the schooner *Ticonderoga*, the sloop *Preble* and ten gunboats. Captain Downie's fleet consisted of the ship *Confiance*, just launched, the brig *Linnet*, the sloops *Chubb* and *Finch*, and 12 gunboats.

On the morning of the 11th of September Captain Downie got his fleet under weigh and gave the signal of his approach to Sir George Prevost by scaling his guns. Presently, as Sir George states in his despatch:—"Our flotilla was seen over the isthmus which joins Cumberland Head with the mainland, steering for Plattsburg Bay." Captain Downie relied on the instant advance of the army against the works of Plattsburg the moment his signal was given, and in haranguing

his men before the engagement he said, "My lads, we shall be immediately assisted by the army ashore—let us show them that our part of the duty is well done." Only this belief could have induced him to make the headlong attack he did, and it is safe to say that this attack would have succeeded and the American fleet been destroyed or taken had the army given their instant co-operation as promised. But instead of doing this the caitiff who commanded the British army, when he had heard Downie's guns, ordered his men to cook and never put them into motion at all until the fleet was entering Plattsburg Bay, so that as the soldiers had a circuit of miles to make, they did not get within striking distance of the enemy's stronghold until nearly three hours had elapsed and the naval engagement was at an end. Downie had been forced to an engagement under an enormous disadvantage; he had been slain and his fleet defeated and all the larger vessels captured.

Macdonough's line of battle, as already stated, extended across Plattsburg Bay. At its head or northeastern end were two gunboats, each carrying one long 24-pounder and one short 18-pounder. Next to them was the brig *Eagle*, carrying eight long 12's and twelve 32-pounder carronades and throwing a broadside of 264 pounds. Behind the *Eagle* were two gunboats similar to those just described, and then came the ship *Saratoga* carrying eight long 24-pounders, six 42-pound and twelve 32-pound carronades and throwing a broadside which weighed 414 pounds. Three gunboats were in line behind the *Saratoga*, two of them similar to those to the north of her and the third armed with one long 12-pounder. Then came the *Ticonderoga* armed with four long 18's, eight long 12's and five 32-pound carronades. This vessel's broadside weighed 180 pounds. Behind her were three gunboats and the sloop *Preble*, the latter being under the guns of the battery on Crab Island. Each of these gunboats carried one long 12, while the *Preble* was armed with seven long 9's and her broadside weighed 36 pounds. All Macdonough's larger vessels were at anchor, but the galleys were under their sweeps and their position was therefore liable to be changed. They formed a second line about forty yards back from the larger vessels. By this arrangement Macdonough's line could not be doubled upon; there was not room to anchor on his broadside out of reach of his carronades and the British were forced to attack him by standing in bows on. Such a course involved enormous difficulty, especially with an adverse wind, and the fact that the American line could not be turned at either end because of the land batteries which covered it, added greatly to the risk of such an attack. Downie had to assail an enemy of superior force in his own chosen position, which he had improved with all the skill at his command, for Macdonough not only had provided all his vessels with springs but also with anchors to be used astern in any emergency. The *Saratoga* was farther prepared for a change of wind, or for the necessity of winding ship, by having a kedge planted broad off on each of her bows, with a hawser and preventer hawser hanging in bights under water, leading from each quarter to the kedge on that side.

On the morning of the 11th of September there was a light breeze from the north-east which brought the British fleet rapidly down the lake. When Captain Downie had fairly opened Plattsburg Bay he hove to with his four large vessels and waited for his galleys to overtake him. Then he filled away on the starboard tack and headed for the American line, the *Chubb* to the north, well to windward of the *Eagle*, for whose bows the *Linnet* was pointed, while the *Confiance* was to be laid athwart the hawse of the *Saratoga*. The *Finch* was to leeward with the gunboats and was to engage the rear of the American line. As the *Confiance* approached the *Saratoga* opened upon her with her long 24-pounders, to which she was able to

make no reply, and she suffered severely from the fire. She was baffled by shifting winds also, and was soon so cut up by the fire of the American fleet, both her port bow anchors being shot away and many of her crew being killed and wounded, that she was obliged to port her helm and came to while still nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the *Saratoga*. Capt. Downie came to anchor in good style —securing everything carefully before he fired a gun and then opening with a terribly destructive broadside. The *Chubb* and *Linnet* stood farther in and anchored forward of the *Eagle's* beam. The *Eagle* got abreast of the *Ticonderoga*, under her sweeps, supported by the larger gunboats, five in number. The smaller British gunboats held aloof from close fighting throughout the action and thereby destroyed any chance Downie might have had of winning the battle.

The battle naturally divided itself into two combats, the van one between the *Chubb*, *Linnet and Confiance* on British side, and the *Eagle*, *Saratoga* and seven gunboats on the American side; and the rear combat between the *Finch* with the British gunboats and the *Ticonderoga* and *Preble* and three American gunboats, aided by the two-gun battery on Crab Island. The *Confiance* carried 27 long 24's and eight short 32's and her broadside weight of metal was 432 pounds. The *Linnet* carried 16 long 12's and threw a broadside weighing 96 pounds. The *Chubb* carried 10 short 18's and one long six and threw 96 pounds. The *Finch* carried seven short 18's, four long 6's and threw a broadside of 84 pounds. The five British gunboats which took an active part in the engagement carried two long 24's, three long 18's and two 32-pounder carronades. The force arrayed in each of these combats was therefore as follows:

VAN COMBAT

| AMERICAN. | Weight of broadside. | BRITISH. | Weight of broadside. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Eagle | 264 lbs. | Chubb | 96 lbs. |
| Saratoga | 414 " | Linnet | 96 " |
| Seven gunboats | 246 " | Confiance | 432 " |
| | 942 lbs. | | 624 lbs. |

REAR COMBAT

| AMERICAN. | Weight of broadside. | BRITISH. | Weight of broadside. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ticonderoga | 180 lbs. | Finch | 84 lbs. |
| Preble | 36 " | Five gunboats | 166 " |
| Three gunboats | 36 " | | |
| | 252 lbs. | | 250 lbs. |

It will be seen from the foregoing statement that in the van combat there was a preponderance of more than one-half against the British in weight of metal, while in the rear combat the forces arrayed against each other were nearly equal. But the manner in which the American rear was covered by the gun battery on Crab Island gave them a very great advantage. It was at this end of the line that the British experienced their first reverse at an early stage of the combat. The *Finch*, in manœuvring to close on the *Ticonderoga*, struck on the shoal which extends out from Crab Island and grounded in such a position that she became helpless. The guns on the Crab Island battery opened upon her, while she was raked by the *Ticonderoga*, so that she was finally compelled to haul down her flag. The five British gunboats under Lieut. Bell now forced the *Preble* out of the line, compelling her to cut her cable and drift in shore out of the fight. They then made a very determined attack on the *Ticonderoga*, and had they succeeded in capturing her the day would have been won for the British, but after a severe struggle they were repulsed, being much overmatched in weight of metal.

In the meantime the fighting at the head of the line had been severe. The *Confiance*, although her equipment was so imperfect that she was quite unfit for an engagement, was most gallantly fought, but it was among the most serious disasters of that fatal day that Captain Downie should have been killed almost at the beginning of the action. *The Chubb* and *Linnet*, at the extreme end of the line, were excellently fought, but the former had her cable, bowsprit and main boom shot away and drifted within the American lines so that she was captured. The *Linnet*, although of only about one-third the force of the *Eagle*, fairly de-

feated that vessel and shot away her springs so that she came up in the wind. This compelled her commander to cut his cable, run down and anchor by the stern between the *Ticonderoga* and the *Confiance*, from which position he opened on the latter. The *Linnet* now directed her attention to the American gunboats at that end of the line, finally driving them off and springing her broadside so as to rake the *Saratoga* on her bows.

The *Confiance*, although so heavily matched by the gunboats and the *Saratoga*, had succeeded in wholly disabling and dismounting the entire starboard battery of the latter vessel. The battle would have been won but for the provision which Macdonough had made for swinging his ship. When all his starboard guns had been silenced he succeeded in getting the *Saratoga* round so that he was able to open with his port battery on the *Confiance*. The latter attempted also to round, but having only springs to rely on, her efforts did little beyond forcing her forward and she hung with her head to the wind. She had lost one-half of her crew, most of her guns on the engaged side were dismounted and her stout masts had been splintered until they looked like bundles of matches; her sails had been torn to rags and she was forced to strike about two hours and a half after she had fired the first broadside. The *Linnet*, commanded by the gallant Captain Pring, maintained the unequal fight for about 15 minutes longer, and only struck when, from the number of shots between wind and water, the water had risen a foot above her lower deck. Then the plucky little brig hauled down her colours and the fight ended about three hours after the first shot had been fired. The galleys that had been engaged with the *Ticonderoga* rowed away and escaped with the other seven under Lieut. Rayot, which held aloof from the action. The American vessels were all too much disabled to follow them. The American loss in this action was about 200 and that of the British considerably more, probably about 270.

Sir James Yeo's comment upon this action in his letter to Mr. Crocker easily discloses the cause of the failure of Capt. Downie's attack. "It appears to me, and I have good reason to believe," said he, "that Capt. Downie was urged and his ship hurried into action before he was in a fit state to meet the enemy. I am also of the opinion that there was not the least necessity for our squadron giving the enemy such decided advantages by going into their bay to engage them. Even had they been successful, it would not in the least have assisted the troops in storming the batteries; whereas had our troops taken their batteries first, it would have obliged the enemy's squadron to quit the bay and give ours a fair chance." Captain Macdonough's elaborate preparations for defence would have been of no avail had Captain Downie anchored his vessels out of cannonade range and kept pounding the enemy with his long guns. Or if a headlong attack had to be made, Capt. Downie should have thrown his entire force on the windward end of the American line, leaving to the enemy's vessels to leeward the difficult or impossible task of working up to windward to the assistance of their comrades.

Sir George Prevost states in his dispatch that his batteries opened on the enemy the instant the ships engaged. He also says: "I immediately ordered that part of the brigade under Major-General Robinson, which had been brought forward, consisting of our light infantry companies, third battalion 27th and 76th regiments, and Major-General Power's brigade, consisting of the 3rd, 5th and the first battalion of the 27th and 58th Regts., to force the fords of the Saranac and advance provided with scaling ladders to escalade the enemy works, when I had the mortification to hear the shout of victory from the enemy's works in consequence of the British flag being lowered on board the *Confiance* and *Linnet*, and to see our gunboats seeking their safety in flight. This unlooked-for event deprived me of the co-operation of the fleet, without which

the farther prosecution of the service became impracticable. I did not hesitate to arrest the course of the troops advancing to the attack, because the most complete success would have been unavailing, and the possession of the enemy's works offered no advantage to compensate for the loss we must have sustained in acquiring possession of them."

So much for Sir George Prevost's reasons for his disgraceful retreat, which excited the keenest feeling of indignation among all the officers and men of the army which he commanded. Major-General Robinson, a brave loyalist officer, who had served under Wellington at St. Sebastian, Vittoria, Nive, Orthes and Toulouse, protested against the order of his military superior to retreat, because from the position of his troops he was of the opinion that his loss of men would be greater in a retreat than in an advance upon the American works. Major-General Brisbane offered to cross the Saranac in force and carry the enemy's works in twenty minutes. But nothing could move this miserable general to take a manly stand. Having forced Capt. Downie into an action for which he was not prepared, and having induced him under false representations to make a headlong and rash attack, he now made his own failure to co-operate, and the disaster which resulted from his own misconduct, the pretext for a dishonourable and disgraceful retreat.

Sir George Prevost retreated with his army from Plattsburg on the night after the battle on the lake. What was thought of this retreat at the time, both by Canadians and Americans, may be gathered from the following extract from a pamphlet written by a gentleman who resided near the scene of action. This writer says: "It is a fact that the American commodore was so impressed with the idea that their works on shore would still be carried that he did not take possession of our vessels for a long time after the action terminated, he being employed in getting his own out of reach of guns from the shore, apprehending that their own batteries would be turned against them. In the evening he expressed an expectation that the British colours would be seen flying upon the American works, and when General Macomb came off at daylight to say that our army had retreated in the night of the 11th, leaving their sick and wounded behind and destroying quantities of stores and provisions, Commodore Macdonough would not credit the fact, but when it was persisted in, cautioned Macomb to beware of a *ruse de guerre*, as the British army would either return next night, or was then proceeding by forced marches to Sackett's Harbour. It is known that Macomb, notwithstanding all his puffs about our defeat, was actually sitting in gloomy despair upon a gun while our troops were advancing upon the 11th, and was ready to surrender the moment that the first British soldier appeared upon the parapet. And when he was notified that they had suddenly halted and were then on the retreat, he started up, almost frantic with joy, and could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He had only with him about 1,500 of the refuse of the American troops on the Plattsburg duty, the effectives having previously marched off for Sackett's Harbour under General Izard. To this may be added, perhaps 3,000 Militia, chiefly collected after Sir George halted on the 6th at Plattsburg, and on which day he might have entered their works almost without opposition, had our troops not been kept back for a grand coup and behold its finale!"

The total loss of the British army in the operations from the 6th to the 14th of September inclusive, amounted to 37 killed, 150 wounded and 55 missing, a grand total of 235. This return is a complete answer to all the absurd falsehoods that have been published by Lossing and other American historians of the war in regard to the desperate fighting of Macomb's Regulars and Militia. The greater part of the British did not encounter the American troops at all, and there was at no time

anything like a severe contest. The troops were so disquieted and dispirited by the manner in which they had been treated by their commander that a great many of them deserted on the retreat, a fact which Sir George was able to conceal in his official letter by dating it on the day of the naval battle, although it was written several days later, at Montreal, whither he had retired, leaving his army distributed between Isle Aux Noix, St. John's, Chambly and La Prairie. Thus ended the Plattsburg Campaign.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

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# THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD

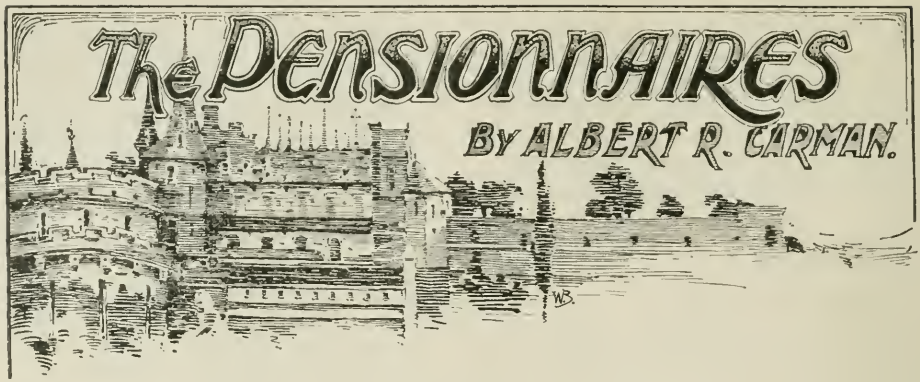
SAID the West to the East of a nation,
"The fruit of your loins am I,
And I claim no other birthright
And I own no other tie
But the bond that is fixed between us,
And the blood that is yours and mine—
Yet nurture the child that is born you,
Ere other arms entwine."

And the West in his youthful vigour
Wrought earnestly soon and late,
As he planted the seeds of Empire,
And knotted the thongs of Fate;
And the East in her home at the Gateway
Mused long o'er the problem deep,
For the harvest was ripe to the sickle,
And the reapers seemed fast asleep!

And she said, "In my western vineyard,
Where the hope of my future lies,
Where those from my hearth are scattered,
And a nation must soon arise—
There be foes more feared than the soldier
Who comes with a hostile heel,
For the clink of gold from alien hands
Drives deeper than sharpest steel!

"If the land that was bought with a purchase—
And the purchase has well been paid—
If the hope of my children's children
And the mainstay of my trade
Be mine, and be mine forever,
I must spare neither life nor gold
Lest the lamb that was born to the Empire
Be stolen away from the fold!"

NOTE: There are those in Western Canada who do not regard the influx of United Statesers as an unmixed blessing. The author voices the sentiments of this class and calls upon Eastern Canada to be on its guard.




Resumé—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, the Albrechtsburg. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is recreated by her experience with peculiar results. She sings and talks with enthusiasm to the delight of Vogt and Werner and to the disquietude of Hughes. The party move to a pension in Lucerne, where Werner extends his influence over Jessica. Goaded beyond endurance, Hughes plans a kidnapping. It fails ignominiously. Yet it resulted in Hughes discovering that he desires Miss Murney as a personal possession. He proposed, was refused, and departed. From Lucerne the Murneys go to Paris, accompanied by Herr Vogt and followed by Herr Werner. Jessica sings to her first public audience and is enthusiastically received.

## CHAPTER XXI

THE buoyancy of the said fortunes was such as to give Mrs. Murney permanent employment as a day-dreamer and to turn M. Bilot into a male Cassandra who was always warning Jessica that she would lose her art in its success.

"That is the master peril to all artists," he would say. "A man labours and waits, squeezes his very heart's blood out on his palette, beckons phantom after phantom, hoping that each is the shadow of inspiration, and at last does something near enough to the lowest good to seem even to his fellow-artists, who know not all he has striven for, to be among the best. Then the public come and they say it is the best, and, what is more, they tell each other why it is the best and what are its points of excellence—choosing, probably, some slip of the brush or some mannerism from which he has vainly struggled to escape. Thus success comes to him and calls him away from his hard days and heart-sick nights, and feeds him on adulation, and tells him that his faults are virtues until he half believes it, and demands the repetition of the weaknesses which the public, with an unintentional irony, call his 'style.' And"—here M. Bilot would sigh and shrug his shoulders—"the poor devil likes success better than half-starved failure, and he tarries in the cushioned vestibule which the public call the 'holy of holies,' and never toils up the lonely stairway to the Temple. And so he dies and in ten years is forgotten, while the man who did not 'succeed,' and whose feet were not stayed by the press of the people, pushes on to the Temple itself; and when he has been ten years dead, the world discovers that his is the perfect work and not that of the idol of the vestibule. It is best for the artist, Miss Murney, not to succeed until he is thoroughly dead."

"But I am a singer and must please the present," Jessica would say.

"Yes; but the principle is the same. The moment you become satisfied, that moment you stop trying to express yourself better. And popular

success tends to that heavy sense of satisfaction which is another name for fatty degeneration of the soul."

All this sort of talk was so much Greek to Mrs. Murney, and she would have dismissed it as a part of the common and incomprehensible folly of that "pension" if Jessica had not taken such serious note of it.

"What else can you do, child, but sing your best?" she asked her pondering daughter.

"Nothing, dearest. But that's just it. I already feel a temptation to do what the people seem to like instead of what it is my inner impulse to do."

And Herr Werner supported this view. The great thing was for her to choose the music that her soul at its best preferred and then sing it with as finished perfection as she could. This would eventually please the people—if not here, then in Germany where they knew good music; but, what was far worthier, it would clarify their soul-sight and open to them the kingdom of the great and the good.

It was while talking together in this way one afternoon when they sat alone by the dull grate fire in the "pension" drawing-room, and Jessica had confessed to a fear that it might be even harder to do this in New York than in Paris, that Herr Werner had leaned toward her and said—

"Would you not take help in so great a mission in life?"

Jessica knew in a flash that a crisis had come in her life; that she was at a choosing between the ways—and before she had decided which to choose. She looked steadily into the fire, but no word opened her lips.

"You will be more alone in New York than here," he went on, "and I could live my life out encouraging you when you needed it—reminding you of the higher path when the people seemed hurrying you along the lower."

There was silence again for a little, and it was Herr Werner again who broke it. This time his voice was lower and less under control than usual.

"Don't think, Miss Murney, that this is a cold wooing—that I don't love you with my whole soul because I have not blurted it out to begin with. But simply that I loved you seemed so poor a reason to beg you—*you*—to marry me that I felt that I must begin with another. Yet I love you as—"

"That's it," she broke in sharply, with a harshness which would have been cruel, had it not been wrung from her by a perplexity that distracted her like a pain. "That's what stops me," she went on. "I—cannot tell myself that I love you. I"—and she now turned toward him, her face as pinched by anxiety as his by suspense—"find my greatest support in your sympathy and understanding. You know me as no one else does. I need not say things to you—you see them."

"Surely that shows us congenial," he pleaded.

"Congenial? Yes. The best of friends, Herr Werner. You cannot think that I do not value your friendship. But—can—can I marry you?"

He did not attempt to answer this, and they both sat in silence. Then Jessica began speaking again—clearly to herself. So at home was she with Herr Werner that she could do this in his presence even when the subject was his proposal.

"I am never lonely when you are here," was what she said. "I feel the want of no one else."

A new hope shot into his face. "Wait!" he suggested. "Wait a little, and perhaps you may love me."

"No! no!" she flung back almost violently. "I could not," she cried with passionate positiveness.

He paled to the lips. "I can go away," he said quietly.

"And leave me to face all this alone!" she cried in dismay.

His face was that of a man tossed back and forth between hope and despair by a capricious hand. "I will stay if you want me," he said as quietly as before.

"I want you—I need you," she assured him in an earnest voice. "But"—she looked at him as if she half expected a blow—"I could not let you touch my hand as—as a lover."

He stood up and took that cruel saying with only a quiver. Then his face flamed and his mouth worked as if struggling for utterance—or for silence?—and, turning, he strode out of the room. Jessica waited for a few moments in the poignant loneliness that his going seemed to create, and then she ran, mentally benumbed, upstairs like a troubled school girl and burst into her mother's room, and, throwing herself beside the bed on which her mother was resting, cried heartily in a nervous and jerky manner.

For three days they saw nothing of Herr Werner at the "pension"; and Jessica, unsupported by his way of approaching every topic in a deeply philosophic manner, had begun to taste an artificiality, or, at all events, an unsatisfying superficiality, in this worship of art. Herr Werner had somehow given it all a profound guise of wisdom which she now missed. It was always the armour of the knight, never his spirit.

But on the fourth day Herr Werner came in. There were several in the drawing-room, and they greeted him boisterously, demanding that he give an account of his absent days. He smiled in defensive silence, however, but in greeting Jessica pressed her hand and said for her ears only—

"May I take up again the role of friend?"

"Yes! Yes!" she said eagerly; and soon she felt in the discussion that ever went on in this high-tensioned "pension" the reassuring pressure of his strong mind, which always struck the roots of its opinions far below the surface and down into the foundations of things. They had no further word together until he was going away, and then he said—

"Are you sorry that I turned back—that I did not go to Poland?"

"Did you start?" she asked with a little sinking at the heart.

"Yes," he said. "I got to Cologne."

"Oh!"

"But there I got off. I felt myself going away and away from the joy of life. I walked across the platz opposite the station and into the cathedral, and I thought of you facing 'all this alone,' as you had said; and though I hoped for nothing better, I turned back to face it with you."

"Thank you, my dear friend," she said, every word a tender emphasis. "I missed you—much—terribly. It may be—" and she stopped.

"What?" he asked.

"I dare not say it, Herr Werner; for it may not be."

He lifted his face. "But it may," he proclaimed aloud; and the others turned from the fire to see what was meant. Being of the race to which intuition is a sixth sense and the language of love-making a mother tongue, they probably knew; but politeness and tact being commonplaces with them, they did not let Jessica suspect it.

That night, however, as Jessica was going to her room, M'lle Eglantine put her arm around her, and after a few preparatory flutterings toward the subject, said—

"We poor women must choose between our art and our love. Whatever man can do, we cannot keep both—we have no practice in keeping a wife and a mistress"—and she laughed. "Don't tell M. Bilot," she went on playfully; "but I am not sure that it is always, always best to choose the art." And a great seriousness was in her eyes when she finished. Jessica said nothing, for love was not in the question—not yet.

## CHAPTER XXII

There are many cities of Paris. The man who stays at a boulevard hotel, beginning his day at dejeuner and ending it at a cabaret, sees one; and the married pair who live between the Place de l'Etoile and the Trocadero and consider their average day as fairly well ended with the ringing "ferm'" of the galleries, see quite another. There are others and others in plenty; but there is none more wholly pleasing to the eye of youth than that made out

through the tinted haze of the *Quartier Latin*. From there, the Louvre is not a task or a maze or even a picture book; it is a temple where one may go when in the mood to worship for a time at the shrine of an artistic ancestor. To rush from picture to picture—that is the tourists' tread-mill; to see through and through one or two, and compare, and marvel!—that is the disciple's privilege.

What Paris means to the true citizens of the Latin Quarter, only they may know. As well might the stock-broker try to imagine what the poet sees when he looks on a leafless wood in the white winter. But to the sojourner among them, the shadow of the vision is ever a magic haze. When he has heard them clash opinions for a long night over the work of some painter he has quite missed at the Louvre—or, more likely, the Luxembourg—he goes to seek it the next day with a new light in his eye. He finds himself after a time in some crude fashion distinguishing for himself the good from the bad, and getting a new and keen pleasure in the study of things that formerly he did not know were there.

Jessica, who had an abundance of time and a passionate love of the beautiful, saw little by little, as the days went by, this glorified Paris. On dull days when the light did not suit him, M. Bilot would take her and her mother up to the Louvre and talk to them of the pictures, and introduce them to dirty-bearded old men and white-haired, white-faced old women, and luminous-eyed, oddly-dressed young women, who were copying them; and the proportion of his talk that Jessica understood grew greater as the autumn wore on. Sometimes M'lle Eglantine would come too, and quite often Mr. Huntingdon; and then Jessica understood less than ever. Mr. Huntingdon was fonder of taking her to the Luxembourg where the modern pictures hung, and she liked this the better, too; but she could come to no proper understanding of his ecstasy over the "impressionist school." At nights they would all turn out together and saunter down the Boulevard St. Michel, where the men spoke gaily to painted butterflies she could scarce look at, and introduced her to sallow, wide-hatted, nervous-eyed, old young men who made her blush with their open gallantries. M'lle Eglantine took similar compliments as a matter of course; and Jessica numbered no more essentially modest girl among her acquaintances. In some way these people looked at things after a far different fashion than she had been accustomed to. M'lle Eglantine went to a studio sometimes where men and women painted together from the nude; but Jessica would have died rather than go with her. By accident she stumbled into such a studio one morning; and it was nausea and not shame she felt when she saw the poor old "model" shivering on his throne.

Her success as a singer satisfied even Herr Vogt; and the talk of taking her to London soon, where the New York public would be better aware of her, grew more serious. And now even Herr Werner had ceased to fear the reappearance of Hughes. He must have withdrawn from the contest—which was quite a surprise to the thoughtful German. His theory of the English character included doggedness.

The Christmas holidays approached, and the Murneys felt intermittent longings for home. Herr Vogt was going home for the festival and had already conducted by correspondence the negotiations for the purchase of a proper Christmas Tree. The Murneys talked quite seriously of going home, too, and coming back after the New Year, for Jessica's winnings were already considerable. But they practised self-denial, and shopped at the little booths which had sprung up along the sides of the boulevards, and went to midnight mass at St. Sulpice on Christmas Eve—with its maze of lights and the devout women and the ringing of many silver bells—and then pretended all the following day that Christmas was over again and the next a year ahead.

The story of the first of the New Year was a repetition of the past, only with clear, frosty days instead of cloud, and occasional skating in the Bois. An architectural student came to the "pension," and they all took a new interest in the churches and public buildings of the city. Then a young Egyptologist turned up, and Jessica spent days in the Egyptian rooms at the Louvre. M. Bilot marvelled at this, for he did not know before that there were any Egyptian remains there.

"There is art there," said the Egyptologist, "which has already lasted ten times as long as the canvasses of your Raphael."

M. Bilot twirled his ring. "This ruby has lasted longer," he said, "and so has the dirt under this city."

"But this is the work of man," protested the Egyptologist.

"Art is like a maiden," said M. Bilot. "It does not depend upon age solely for its attractiveness."

Herr Werner continued his role of philosopher and friend to Jessica, though in that of guide he had assistance. From the others she learned what and how to see ; from him, what to think of the things she saw. Gradually a certain use to his presence wore itself a nest in her being—the beginnings had been there when he started for Poland and stopped at Cologne —and now she felt that it could not be empty. Either he must fill it—or pain. Her liking for him took a noticeably more affectionate cast, and she would look at his straight figure and bright, thinking face with a wish to reward his patience—with a desire to mother him in his loneliness.

When the spring came, they all felt the natural human desire to go out to the wide, unpaved country and greet it. And so well had they all thriven in the winter that they decided they could allow themselves the pleasure. So they fell one night to discussing "where." Herr Vogt said "anywhere but Versailles." He had been at Versailles in '71 with his regiment and did not want to see it again.

"Nor I to go with you, you beast," said M'lle Eglantine under her breath.

"Where do you say?" the "Ma'am'selle" of the "pension" asked Mr. Huntingdon.

"I?—Oh, I say Fontainebleau," he replied. "Fontainebleau from Friday to Tuesday."

"I vote with you," added M'lle Eglantine, "Fontainebleau and By."

"Fontainebleau with the breeze in the trees will suit me," and M. Laforest gave in his adhesion.

Soon M. Bilot came in and was asked where in all the world he would like to go for a few days to welcome the spring.

"If I had my choice," he said gravely, but with a glad look in his eyes, "it would be Fontainebleau—Fontainebleau and Barbizon."

He got a patter of hand-clapping for this. There is nothing we applaud so much as agreement with ourselves.

The architectural student had, when he came, a momentary leaning toward Chantilly with its great chateau, but they told him he must choose again when he named the Palais at Fontainebleau. It was quite a round of applause that assured him he had spoken the mind of the company.

There remained only Herr Werner then to hear from—for the Murneys were strangers and were "to be taken"—and when he came that evening they discussed faring forth to hail the spring as quite a new idea, and asked him for a suggestion as to whither they had best go.

He thought of it with eager seriousness, mentioning reasons why they should not go several places, and then asked—

"Why not run down to the Forêt of Fontainebleau? The spring—"

But the shout that endorsed his proposal drowned his reasons in support of it.

So the next Friday they all walked over to the Gare de Lyon and filled a compartment in a train that shot them across the country to the station at Avon, where they boarded a tram to the Palace gates.

All the way down they had debated

where they should stay for their "English week end," and had decided nothing when they got off the train except that they would not go on, as M'lle Eglantine urged, to a country hotel with a court-yard near By. "Monsieur," she told them, "was the chef, and he made a fish sauce which rendered you indifferent to the kind of fish and yet brought out the flavour of the fish so nicely that you almost—but not quite—forgot the sauce—"

"What a *gourmande* you are!" exclaimed Huntingdon.

"Me?—Oh!"—and she wrinkled her face into a protest that was meant to look insincere—perfectly acted, you would say, and you would be wrong, for this is second nature to the Latin. "When I have only bread and wine," she went on; "I choose the bread of a certain crustiness—not too much, you know, yet hard and thin; and I want Southern wine. But this hotel! Madame is in the office, and, M. Bilot, she has a Murillo face. They give you cream in little earthen jars with fresh leaves tied over them—and it is not far from Rose Bonheur's studio."

"Ah, that is it!" cried M. Bilot. "It is not the fish sauce nor the cream, but Rosa and her canvas managerie that draws M'lle to that hotel."

So they all got off at Avon and swarmed into the tram, three small bags and a couple of loose, shopping "hold-alls" carrying their baggage. The architectural student was for a hotel near the Palais, and M. Bilot for Barbizon, but they all went up first to a "pension" Ma'am'selle knew of near the Forest. Here, by great luck, there was accommodation for five, which was taken, after some debate, by the Murneys, "Ma'am'selle" and M'lle Eglantine and Herr Vogt. M. Bilot, Herr Werner and M. Laforest walked on through the Forest to Barbizon, and the architectural student went back to his hotel near the Palais.

## CHAPTER XXIII

The next morning Herr Werner and M. Bilot walked over together through the Forest to the Fontainebleau "pension" to get the party to go out and picnic at the edge of the *Gorges de Franchard*. They were to pick up M. Laforest at an appointed spot on the way back. M. Bilot led the conversation on the way over to the financial standing of M'lle Murney, and tried to learn from Herr Werner what he knew on the subject. Of course she was rich—all Americans were rich—but how rich? Herr Werner did not know. No, of course not, said M. Bilot with a teasing drollery; Herr Werner was a sly dog in his opinion. Herr Werner then said that he thought the Murneys were poor. Oh, so bad as that, said M. Bilot with great dejection. How wonderful it was that they tarried so long in Europe! Herr Werner now waxed argumentative and explanatory. Miss Murney was learning singing so that she might go back to America and support herself and her mother. "A voice of gold is as good as a dot," observed M. Bilot, succinctly; and called Herr Werner's attention to the shades the sun brought out in the tender green of the new spring foliage.

For the rest of the day Herr Werner thought profoundly over this conversation, denying himself several good discussions in order to do so with the more speed and thoroughness; and came to the conclusion by six different lines of reasoning that M. Bilot was thinking of proposing marriage to Jessica. Nor was this conclusion dissipated by the fact that, while he was thinking, M. Bilot encouraged Jessica by the subtle flattery of an awakening interest to talk of her American life and her American friends, and finally took her off alone to show her the afternoon lights on a part of the gorge long loved of artists. When they came back he was practising her in the pronunciation of "Georges," which was his Christian name. Herr Werner had never thought to tell her his.

"M. Bilot is getting prosperous and *bourgeois*," M'lle Eglantine complained to M. Laforest in French. "He will be burying himself in an establishment one of these days."

"Ump! He is already picking the upper housekeeper," agreed M. Laforest.

"They all see it," thought Herr Werner; and his logical mind at once faced the question of what he should do. M. Bilot was more dangerous than "Herr Hughes," for he could pierce into Jessica's thought and learn the sort of man she wanted, and then act the part to the very life, with a number of additional flourishes which would only occur to the fancy of a French artist. Consequently he (Herr Werner) could afford to wait no longer. It was all very well to loiter with Hughes beaten out of the field and no other rival in sight. But M. Bilot would clearly not be a tardy wooer.

So that night he made a move that for once outran M. Bilot. He said that he would walk back to Fontainebleau with the Murneys, leaving the two Frenchmen to go to Barbison alone. There he would hunt up and stay with the architectural student, and drag him from the *Palais* into the Forest next day. Walking back through the Forest, shot through and through with the level lights of approaching evening, Herr Werner lingered behind the others with Jessica, and talked to her first of how the majestic old forest, putting on again for the thousandth time its bright, new gown of spring, as eager for its fresh finery as ever, seemed to him. This was the point of view that Jessica most admired in him—a philosophic, sympathetic, understanding worship of the beautiful. It was seeing beauty not merely with the eyes but with the intelligence; and it satisfied her as something deeper than sensuality, and yet as sensuous as an opium vision.

Then abruptly—

"Miss Murney, my domino and mask—the domino and mask of friendship—is worn through."

She looked quickly at him. "I am so sorry," she said, for want of knowing what else to say.

"I don't think," he went on, "it can hide me any longer. I love you too much—I must show it or I must go away."

They walked on without speaking for awhile.

"Am I to go?" he asked at last, with a pity for himself in his tone.

"No," she said at once—"Not if I am to decide it." But her voice bore no hope that she meant by this that he was to show his love.

"You are certainly to decide it," he said. "But it must be my love—or my absence."

"I—am afraid," she said falteringly, "that I—do not—love you—yet."

"But how much longer can you want me to wait?" he demanded, with a brusqueness he would not have shown were it not for the latent plea for delay in her voice. "Week after week goes by. I have been here for a whole winter. What must people think of me? What will you come to think of me?"

"I was hoping—" Jessica began, and then stopped.

"You will think I could wait forever on that hope—hope of what I hardly know," he cried. "But I can't. I am at the end of my strength. I must go if you have nothing for me."

Again there was silence.

"You will not go," said Jessica presently, "until we get back to Paris?"

"No."

"Then," with a little sigh, "I have till then." And almost in silence they walked on under the great trees and down the paved, dull-walled street to the "pension."

The next two days at Fontainebleau were mainly a wearing perplexity to Jessica. What was this love she was waiting for? Was she spoiling her life for a school girl's romantic notion? Here was a man whose mind fitted to her's like a seasoned yoke-fellow, on whose strength she liked to lean, whose judgments seemed to her the wisest and most just in the world, who could act as pioneer for her in the ever-widening domain of the great and the beautiful. Yet she hesitated to marry him. She thought of sending him away forever, and going on alone in life, looking for—what?

Marry him? That was what he asked. Then she would have him always at her side—she would never be alone, crowded about by those who saw not what she saw nor understood what she said. Marry him? She would be a good wife. Marry him? He would take her in his arms and kiss—no, she could not stand it. If he were sitting yonder in that chair, she could almost say that she loved him, so keenly did she enjoy his companionship; were he beside her here on the sofa as a lover, she must run upstairs and lock herself in her room for very terror. Yet if she said this he would go; and she must go on through all the future without him—without anyone. What a weak fool she was! Girls often married where they did not love—where they did not even find sympathetic companionship as she would; and yet they were happy. How they would envy her such a companion in her husband! And married life was not all kissing—they need not be a silly couple—they would be nearer together far than most who touched wedded hands.

So, puzzling over it in this manner, the problem shadowed her mind like a penetrating, windless fog. She could see little else no matter which way she looked. Was she shown a noted clump of trees, "How would I like to live there with Herr Werner?" she would ask herself, and then frown impatiently at her folly. The Palace seemed to her the one place she could have for a home; for there Emperor and Empress had apartments apart, and she could have her women about her. Rosa Bonheur alone at By brought tears to her eyes—the great painter had no Herr Werner near, and was driven to a succession of woman friends to whom she clung with a pathetic affection. That struck her chill, and she knew that she was getting ready to say "Stay" to Herr Werner when he should finally ask her.

So silent was she on the return journey that M. Bilot rallied her openly—hoping thereby to break the mood that had kept him out of mental touch of her for two long days—but Herr Werner, reading the cause in her eyes, said only in parting—

"I will call in the morning."

The Egyptologist "took in," as he said in his English way, the London *Telegraph*, and the latest copy lay on the drawing-room table, as she settled down by it wearily after dinner. M. Laforest was playing bits of Lohengrin softly on the piano—it had been but a tin-panny affair they had had at Barbison. Jessica picked up the paper with—to her American eyes—its dull, unbroken columns, and its formal "headings" which always spoke in a respectable monotone; and saw, without interest, that Mr. Chamberlain favoured the temperance people doing all the good they could so long as they did not bother the Government; that two more Boer commandoes had been captured and that the war was approaching one of its termini; that another American combine proposed to capture the English market by really surrendering it to their English rivals—if they would only come into the combination; that the Archduchess of Somewhere was going to make a love-match which exactly suited the dynastic requirements; that the King had been out in his motor car the day before; that—

Who was Captain Hughes? Not her Mr. Hughes; for he wasn't in the army. But he had a brother a Captain—somewhere in Africa. And this was in Africa. Capt. Hughes had held his station at some outlandish place near the Congo against a native uprising most bravely. "Splendid heroism," she read; "no water—stockade on fire—a party decoyed out and trapped."

Ah! she felt the suffocated effect of quickly-born excitement. This was what she was looking for—fearing to find—

"—A Mr. Theodore Hughes, brother of Capt. Hughes, who was visiting the station, volunteered, when the condition of the garrison grew desperate, to try to make his way through the bush to the main post for help.

Capt. Hughes forbade it; but the young civilian slipped out unnoticed at night, leaving a note for his brother saying that he knew he could be spared because he was 'such a cursed poor shot, and yet such a tax on the larder'—"

"How like him?" glowed Jessica.

"—and, after many hair-breadth escapes he reached the main post at ——, with one arm broken by a fall and faint from hunger. Col. Blackadder at once despatched as strong a force as he could spare under Capt. Trumbull, a gallant officer who had made a record in the Soudan campaign; and after a splendid forced march through the tropical jungle, they drove off the natives and raised the siege, and none too soon, for—"

But there was little else for Jessica in the remainder of this despatch, except that Capt. Hughes was found to have received three wounds and was to be invalided home at once. But there was not a word about the condition of "the young civilian" who lay with a broken arm and an emaciated frame in a fever post near the Congo. The natives were to be punished, and the despatch told how and who was to do it, and what their previous record had been; but not whether the man who saved the garrison was coming home with his brother or not. At all events, he must be alive; for it would have taken only two or three more words to have recorded his death.

Jessica leaned back in her chair, her pulses tingling. That was Mr. Hughes through and through. Brave as a lion, yet making a joke of it. She could see him smiling to himself as he slipped over the stockade and into the jungle, thinking more of his letter to his brother than of the watching death in the shadow. Had she met him in spirit and talked of his magnificent deed he would have stood in uncomfortable silence, or, possibly, joked again. He could not have told of it other than in a deprecatory manner to save his life. Now M. Bilot would have related every incident of the adventure with great gusto and engaging frankness, acting again the heroic parts to the life; while Herr Werner would have analysed his inmost soul and told just what he thought when that black fall left him with a broken arm, and the midnight jungle rustled and cried about him. Even if some one else had done the deed, poor Hughes could never have analysed the man's courage any more than he could have painted his spent, limping figure. But he could do the thing himself, and do it with a smile.

For some reason, her mind went back to the old hall at Meissen, and again she was looking at the stiff portraits of the Saxon kings. They were men who dared, though with the grim seriousness of their race. But was it likely that they were good at recounting their exploits or theorising about the quality of their courage? As she came to think of it she doubted it.

Suddenly there flashed into her mind what she had once said to Herr Werner—

"It seems to me that these people would paint a knight's armour, while you would understand his very spirit."

"Yes," she added to herself now; "and Mr. Hughes would be the knight." Then she sat thinking; and her thoughts must have been cheerful, for she smiled—though, in a swift moment, the smile was gone, and anxiety lay in her eyes.

The next morning Herr Werner called; and in half an hour he was gone with an unseeing eye and a gray face, while Jessica sat steeped in sorrow for his suffering. But the call within her to the sick-bed of a wounded knight was too insistent to let her hold out hope any longer even to the man who had guided her so far up the mountain-side of life.

"Dear Herr Werner," she had said at last, "you more than any other living soul opened my eyes to the life I might live. Can't we remain friends?"

"No," he said, "not as things are. I should always think of love if I came back to you a hundred years hence. If"— and he seemed to find it hard to say—"if you loved another, I might

cover my love by very hopelessness, and turn it into deep, tireless friendship; but as it is—"

"Herr Werner! if I open my soul to you, will you—will you hardly look at all; and then forget that you have looked ever so little?"

"Miss Murney!"

"I suspect"—and there was a quivering light in her eyes—"I suspect that I do love—"

"Oh!"

"But he does not know it—he has not asked since—"

Then Herr Werner got to his feet, his eyes fixed on the window. Neither of them spoke as he took his hat thoughtfully from the tumbled centre table. Then he said—

"When you are married, perhaps —" and turned toward the door without so much as looking at Jessica where she sat, a-quiver with sympathy. And that was their parting.

## CHAPTER XXIV

M. Bilot, who prided himself on reading people, found himself puzzled by Jessica as the days went by. At first, noting the disappearance of Herr Werner, he thought her under the shadow of the loss of a friend who had suicided by turning into a hopeless lover. But soon he came to put a question mark after the "hopeless"—Jessica remained so long enwrapped in her abstraction. Was it a lovers' quarrel? M'lle Eglantine had thought them lovers, but he had never so much as surprised a covert glance between them. Still he might be mistaken; Germans were cold, matter-of-fact wooers. So he laid a trap for Jessica. Walking out near Bartholdi's Lion with her one morning—a dull morning when he would not trust his sense of colour—he talked to her in a passion of bitterness of the Franco-Prussian war, and heaped all a Frenchman's lurid opprobrium on the "barbarian Germans"—but Jessica gave him her sympathy. She never once flashed out, as he half-expected, in defence of Herr Werner's countrymen. She could not love Werner, he thought; and drew his happy experiment to a conclusion by mentioning the "British atrocities in South Africa" as evidence of the similarity of all Germanic peoples—when her flash of protest came. Jessica did not believe a word of the foolish stories about the British soldiers; the Englishman was a brave gentleman and incapable of cowardly cruelties. M. Bilot was nonplussed for a moment, and then put it down to the solidarity of the English race. But for all that his wooing made no progress. When he talked of art Jessica listened and questioned, but when he talked of her—with his open, inoffensive admiration—and of himself—with a child-like boastfulness that seemed almost modest—Jessica was either inattentive or full of a gentle raillery. The only progress he made was when talking to Mrs. Murney, from whom he got a loose, general idea that her people were persons of great wealth and corresponding consequence in America.

The project of going to London before "the season" closed had now, of course, Jessica's support; and within a week after Herr Werner's departure, it was simply a question of when Herr Vogt could secure for her the most striking "debut." He was well known in musical London; his word for it that he had a wonder to put on the concert stage was enough to get a place in most programmes. And finally it was agreed that she should sing first at a popular "morning concert" in St. James' Hall, then at two ultra-fashionable functions in the Park Lane district, then once for a Bohemian gathering, including all the New York correspondents, when the future might be left on the knees of these—and other—gods.

The "pension" on the quiet street was sorry to see them go. Madame had their favourite dishes prepared for their last meals. Mr. Huntingdon had in all the Americans he knew one afternoon to drink his tea and bid them "good-bye." The French party took

Jessica for several farewell walks on the night boulevards, and introduced her to scenes she had never even heard of before, and begged her, with what she thought was superfluous zeal, never to forget Paris. And the young Egyptologist gave her a letter of introduction to the mummy expert in the British Museum, with the assurance that he could show her things of which the Louvre had no parallel.

But all the time Jessica—the new Jessica—the Jessica who knew not Hughes and of whom Hughes despaired—weaved for herself a fanciful picture of the flower of the new knighthood:—it was a young man with a smooth, firm-chinned face, and an eye given to cynicism; a man who always did what he thought to be the right thing, but did not take himself seriously while doing it, regarding death if it chanced to stand in the path as calling for nothing but a laugh in the bully's face. But this was not all that went to the making of the picture of Jessica's new knight. The word "knight" itself has a subtle suggestiveness about it—especially to the mind attuned to the mediæval note—which carries a glint of colour, an assertiveness of bearing, a romance of purpose into any descriptive phrase of which it forms a part. Unconsciously Jessica made Hughes over in the spirit of her new life—Hughes being far distant and seen only through the ennobling medium of his magnificent deed. When she wondered why she had not seen this and that and the other quality in him in the old days at Dresden, she put it down to lack of sight on her own part; for at first was she not merely the blind Jessica of the valley, and at last was not her new vision an unaccustomed gift, needing some illuminating incident to enable it to pierce the self-deprecating, self-suppressing Hughes exterior?

It was May in London when the tired trio from Paris drove up to their lodgings near Russell Square, having met a procession of "sandwich men" on High Holborn clothed mainly in an announcement of the "morning concert" at St. James' Hall, at which "Miss Jessica Murney" was to appear —and Miss Jessica had the largest type on the bill. It was only two days later in May when Capt. Hughes arrived at Victoria station, accompanied by his brother, they having just landed from the steamer that had brought the wounded contingent from the beleaguered West African post. The British public hardly knew of their little affair, in which only a half-dozen clean-limbed young Englishmen had been wiped out and twice as many maimed; for a more wholesale and spectacular killing was going on farther south. But Capt. Hughes' wife met them, and she almost fainted when she saw her brother-in-law get out of the compartment with his arm in a sling, and then pass in his well hand to a tall, limp figure, which stumbled down to the platform with the helpless uncertainty of a man newly blind—and not used to it. They had not written her that he was blind. Blind! Good heavens! Blind at twenty-eight! His profession closed to him, and no money to live on—and she with two children! But he was a brave soldier, and she—

Her arms were round his neck, and his arms were round her with a convulsive grasp. "I'm not blind, Dora!" was the first thing he said. "Not blind! —do you understand. Don't be afraid, little girl. My eyes only need rest."

And then she began crying. She was braced to greet the worst with a brave word, but at the reprieve she relaxed into a sobbing woman.

It was a common "poster" on a dead-wall that told Hughes that Jessica was to sing the following Saturday afternoon at St. James' Hall; and he determined to stay and hear her. After so long an abstinence he could humour himself thus much. She would not see in the great crowd that he was there, but he would see her again—the olive cheek, the round column of the throat, the soft, nestling hand—and after dinner he went to his brother's room to stipulate for the loan of a pair of strong glasses he had.

"But you can't stay here alone till Saturday," said the Captain.

"I am of age," returned Hughes. "Your wife will take you down home and let you smell the hawthorn."

"But the fever might come back?"

"Not in England."

"Well, we don't go."

"Yes, you do. I'll take you down and then slip back."

"Not if mother gets hold of you."

"Whew!—That's so!" said Hughes.

"No, Dora and I'll stay," said the Captain, "I want to hear Miss Jessica myself." His brother looked up in alarm. "Not a word, Teddy, my boy. Not a word!" said the Captain, feeling the look though he could not see it. And Hughes knew that he meant he would tell no one of how he had heard the name of Jessica on the hot, fever-laden dark of the Congo nights.

The next afternoon there were two ladies asking for Mr. Theodore Hughes in the hotel parlour, and the names on the card they sent up were "Mrs. Murney" and "Miss Jessica Murney." They had happened on the "personal" in the morning paper which told of the arrival of the Hughes brothers and where they were staying. When Hughes came in Jessica met him with both hands out—

"There is nothing one can say to you," she said. "We have worn out all our words on inferior deeds."

"It is very good of you to come," he responded. "How did you ever learn where we were?"

"Oh, even your English papers managed to record the return of two heroes."

He laughed a little uncomfortably. "You are going to sing, I see," he said.

"Yes," she replied. "I'm coming out in London," and Mrs. Murney went on to give further particulars.

"Oh! Lord Dovercourt's!" exclaimed Hughes when he heard that Jessica was to sing there. "You will see rather good people there, you know."

"Yes—the people who stay home and patronize real men like you and your brother," exploded Jessica.

"Oh! they are ready enough to fight," cried Hughes, with an Englishman's loyalty to his aristocracy. This led to a little of the familiar banter between the New Englander and the Old, and Hughes began to feel an approach of the spirit of those first days at Dresden. But Jessica was never farther from them. This was her Knight, and she was his Lady, seated under her canopy of red and gold with the clanging field of chivalry beneath her. True to this point of view, she tried to lead him to talk of that night in the jungle, but there was nothing that he could say of it, except that it was dark and that he was mortally afraid of snakes. Then he grew indignant at the stupid policy of his Government which planted so isolated a post among treacherous natives. So Jessica talked of the jungle which she had never seen, save in fancy, and Hughes grew moody at what he regarded as a return of Wernerism. And all the time she pitied his arm in its white sling, and grieved, mother-fashion, over the leanness of his firm jaw. As for him, he greedily enjoyed again the play of rose on her dark cheek and watched her hands as they nested themselves cosily and more cosily in her lap. Never were two people more in love with each other through the eyes, yet each felt a difficulty in finding the other mentally.

When it came time to go Hughes said that he would get his brother and his wife, for he would like them all to meet one another, and soon the five were engaged in the spasmodic, erratic game of conversation that semi-strangers play. Capt. Hughes said jokingly that "Teddy" had a great preference for simple music, and Teddy said that Miss Murney knew that already, and asked if she remembered singing "Sweet Vale of Avoca" that night long ago in Dresden. Jessica remembered, and her eyes shone on Hughes as she said so. She added that she liked simple heart music herself; and Hughes felt that at last their minds were holding hands as it had been their will to do from the first.

"Sing 'Sweet Vale of Avoca' on Saturday," he said lightly, but his eyes were grave with meaning.

"Yes," said Jessica, with quick eagerness, "I will." Who should be humoured if not the hero-knight? Then the thought of what Herr Vogt would say, and of what the musical public would think, came to her, and she doubted. Hughes was watching and saw the doubt fill her face. "She has just thought of what my request means," he said to himself, "and she does not want to encourage me to hope again."

Now Jessica spoke—

"It may not be best to sing it after all," she said. "I will see." And she was very serious over it, for she wanted him to know that his wish weighed deeply with her. But he read in her seriousness a sorrow that he had again raised the old question, and would have said something tantamount to a withdrawal—being ever chivalrously tender to a woman, no matter at what cost to himself—but at that moment her face brightened and she held out her hand to him in "adieu" with—

"I will try hard to sing it."

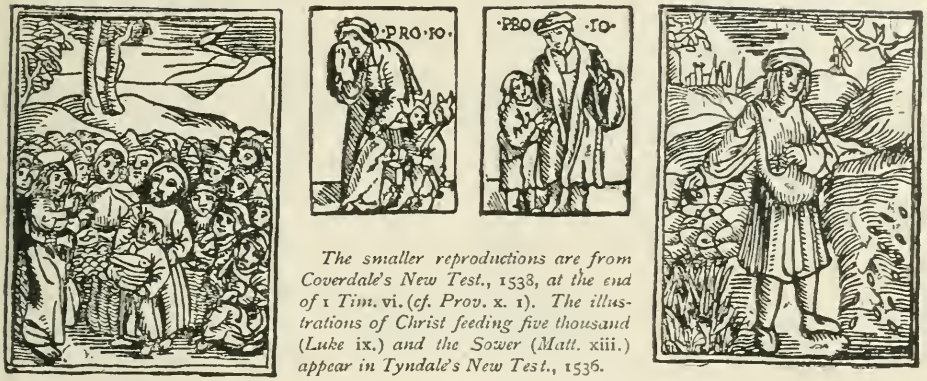
TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

# A SIGNIFICANT CENTENARY

*By E. B. Biggar*

MANY of the movements that have profoundly affected the whole human race have had their origin in trifling incidents. On a certain night King Xerxes could not sleep. It was perhaps only a fit of flatulence, caused by over-eating, or too much wine at supper, but in those midnight hours the king reminded himself that a servant whose faithfulness saved his life from the assassin had gone unrewarded. And so the bestowal of a long-delayed promotion upon Mordecai led up to changes in the Persian Government which not only saved the Jews of that world-empire from utter destruction by the most colossal wholesale murder ever planned, but raised them from the position of despised slaves to that of a people feared and respected. The mighty outcome of this single night's insomnia has been commemorated for over 2,300 years as the most joyous of Jewish festivals, and the events of the book of Esther have left, upon all who have read that dramatic record of special Providence, an impression that has deepened with time down to the present day.

The Centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to be celebrated on the 6th March next year by a "Universal Bible Sunday," calls to mind what a humble event led to the founding of an institution which, in one respect, has had a greater influence on the spread of Christianity in the last hundred years than, perhaps, all other branches of the Church's work. The longing of a poor Welsh girl to have a Bible of her own, and her delight at being the possessor of a copy after years of toil and self-sacrifice—for pennies were as hard to earn a hundred years ago as dollars are to-day—came home with such force to the heart of the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, in Wales, that he went up to London to urge the publication of the Bible in the Welsh language. He was received at the office of the Tract Society, and it happened that a committee of the society was in session at the time. On stating the case to the members they agreed that a Welsh edition of the Bible ought to be published, and the idea of a separate society organized to give the Bible to every nation in its own tongue took shape from the remark of one of the members that a society should be formed




*The smaller reproductions are from Coverdale's New Test., 1538, at the end of 1 Tim. vi. (cf. Prov. x. 1). The illustrations of Christ feeding five thousand (Luke ix.) and the Sower (Matt. xiii.) appear in Tyndale's New Test., 1536.*

REPRODUCTIONS OF EARLY BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS

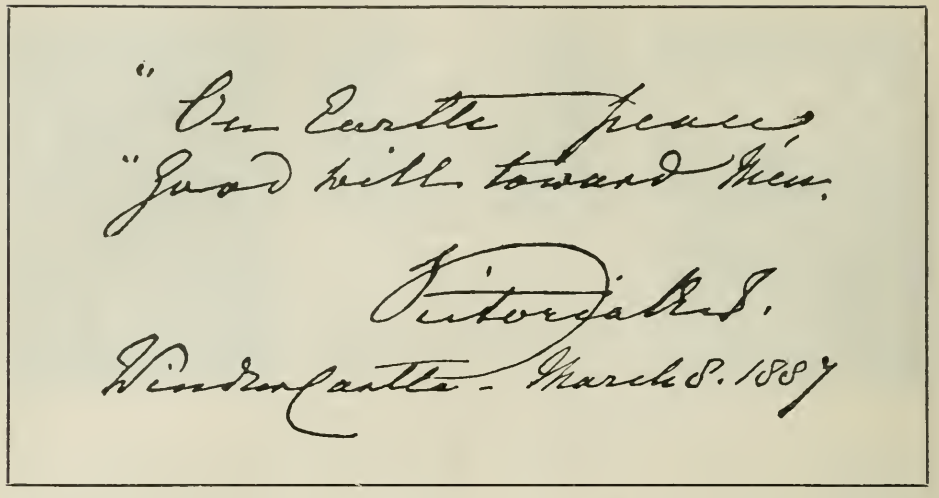
for publishing an edition of the Bible for Wales, "and if for Wales, why not for the world?"

Thus the "immortal longing" of an obscure little girl was the immediate cause of the establishment of a society which has circulated, up to this year, over 180,000,000 copies of the Bible, and has translated these scriptures, in whole or in part, in 367 different languages and dialects, while, at the present moment, it is promoting translations or revisions in over 100 languages. The labour and research involved in these translations and revisions are without parallel in the history of literature, and the records of the work contain incidents and special providences as strange and romantic as anything to be found in the realm of professed fiction.

The British and Foreign Bible Society came into existence in the year before Trafalgar, in the very gloomiest crisis of Britain's awful struggle with Napoleon and his Continental allies, while the poor were starving, trade was depressed and crippled by war, and the dread of French invasion weighed upon all, from the King on his throne to the labourer in his hut. Yet the new society not only won generous support from all classes in Great Britain, but the enthusiasm of its workers became a contagion which spread into Europe, and it was the direct inspiration to the formation of a Bible society in the United States which afterwards became the American Bible Society, organized and maintained on similar lines—that is for the publication of the Word of God, and that alone "without note or comment." Other Bible societies have been formed since then, but the British and Foreign has remained the premier of them all, having circulated more copies of the Christian scriptures than all the others combined, and having spent, since its inception, about fourteen million pounds sterling in the work. It and like institutions have been the means of reducing the Bible to such a low price that the poorest man may now have a copy. For some years the society has had on the market a legible edition of the New Testament at a

THE
Newe Teſtament
of our Lord Ieſus
Chriſt.
Conferred diligently with the Greeke,
and beſt approued tranſlations in
diuers languages.
*Imprinted at London by*
Chriſtopher Barker, printer
to the Queenes Maiestie.
1579
Cum gratia & priuilegio

TITLE-PAGE OF AN EARLY TESTAMENT

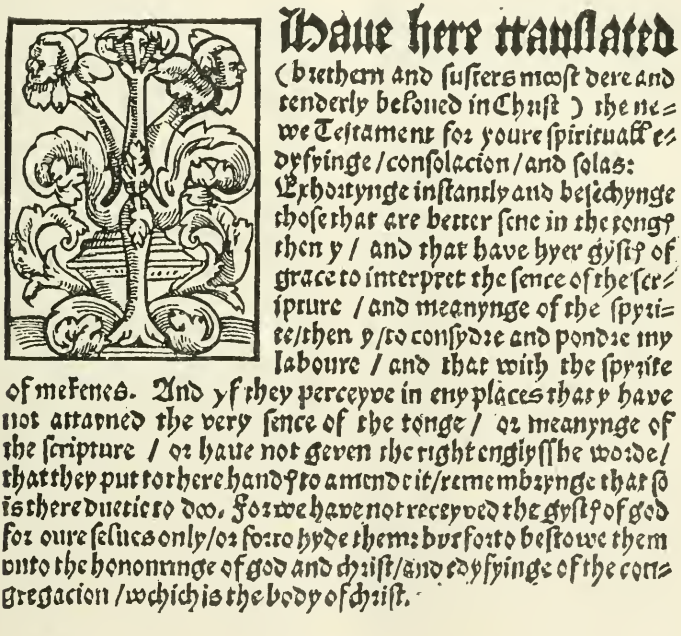



IN 1887, THE BIBLE SOCIETY ISSUED 300,000 ENGLISH TESTAMENTS TO THE PUPILS OF THE SECULAR STATE SCHOOLS IN AUSTRALIA, AND A FACSIMILE OF THE ABOVE AUTOGRAPH BY THE QUEEN WAS PLACED IN EACH AT HER COMMAND

penny, and of this edition 7,500,000 copies have been sold. When the society was established the price of an octavo English Bible in small pica type was twelve shillings—a sum equivalent in value to not less than five dollars in Canada at the present time. A century ago the Bible was a sealed book, and unknown, to four out of five of the world's inhabitants; now it is open, more or less completely, in languages representing seven-tenths of the human race, and this year the British and Foreign Bible Society has issued over 6,000,000 copies. It is remarkable to note, in connection with its spread in new languages, that in many cases the tongue into which it was rendered had never been reduced to writing before, so that the Bible was the beginning and creation of the literature, as well as the instrument of re-creating the religion, of the people affected.

The society came into being just as British Christianity had received a new impulse to carry the gospel of Christ to the heathen world, the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Baptist Missionary Society having created a demand for translations which it alone could supply. Its faithfulness in fulfilling its purpose as the indispensable ally of all missionary organizations will be acknowledged when it is known that no genuine application for a grant of scriptures from the foreign field has ever been wholly denied, and no missionary society's request to publish an authenticated version of the scriptures in a new language has ever been refused. Further than this, the Bible Society has been a wonderful influence in restraining the divergencies of the different Christian sects, for "those variations of the Protestant churches which Bossuet denounced shrivel into insignificance within the Bible Society. Under its auspices the reunion of Christendom has already, to some extent, begun." It may here be observed that this effort to reinstate the Bible in the place it occupied in the hearts and homes of the people a hundred years ago coincides with the renewal of missionary zeal among the Christian churches, and the time is therefore due for the restoration of true Christianity in the homes of the masses. A remarkable circumstance corresponding to this pending movement, and giving it a more world-wide significance, is that the Roman Catholic

Church, throwing down at last the wall which it erected against the "open Bible" has founded in Rome a Bible Society for the express purpose of supplying the Roman Catholic version of the scriptures to the people, to whom it is commended for study. And one of the gratifying signs of the times is that in the circulars and literature issued in connection with that


The.prologge.

Haue here tranſlated (brethern and ſuſters moſt dere and tenderly beloued in Chriſt) the newe Teſtament for youre ſpirituall edyfynge/conſolacion/and ſolas: Exhortynge inſtantly and beſechynge thoſe that are better ſene in the tongis then y/ and that have hyer gyfts of grace to interpret the ſence of the ſcripture/and meanynge of the ſpirite/then y/to conſydre and pondre my laboure/and that with the ſpyrite of meekenes. And yf they perceyve in eny places that y have not attayned the very ſence of the tonge/or meanynge of the ſcripture/or haue not geven the right engliſſhe worde/ that they put for here hand ſto amende it/remembrynge that ſo is there dueticto do. For we have not receyved the gyfte of god for oure ſelues only/or for to hyde them: but for to beſtowe them vnto the honorynge of god and chriſt/and edyfynge of the congregacion/wchich is the body of chriſt.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE PROLOGUE TO TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT

society's work reference is made to the British and Foreign and other Protestant Bible Societies in terms of courtesy and respect.

There are in Canada twelve auxiliary societies formed for the purpose of aiding the British parent society in its work in this country and abroad, and some of these societies are over seventy years old. These auxiliaries combined contribute more largely to the funds of the parent society in London than those of any other group of British colonies or foreign branches, although the society receives substantial aid from many foreign sources—a recognition of catholicity to which it has every claim, for the British and Foreign Bible Society embraces every race, nation, creed and tongue in the scope of its present and prospective operations. The Canadian auxiliaries have always operated as separate units, but the approaching centenary brought them together for the first time in their history at a conference in Montreal this year, when some form of closer union was discussed, and it was decided, in the meantime, to unite in a celebration of the centenary. The parent society had already decided to raise a centenary fund of 250,000 guineas for Bible translation and Bible circulation throughout the world, and the congress of Canadian societies determined to raise a fund of at least

$50,000 as this Dominion's contribution to the same cause. Much of this, it is hoped, will be raised by special offerings in the churches throughout Canada on Sunday, March 6th, next, to be celebrated as Bible Sunday all over the British Empire and in all foreign countries where the society's operations are carried on.

This celebration may mean much to the British Empire, according to the spirit in which it is entered upon. It synchronizes with the movements now taking shape for a closer union of all parts of the Anglo-Saxon world. Whether these movements will result in the ligamentation of the scattered members of the present nations of Greater Britain (now comprising a fifth of the human race) into an Imperial federation surpassing in power for good any kingdom that has arisen since mankind appeared on the earth, or whether they will break up into incoherent fragments, depends really on this Empire's attitude to the Bible. "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and no great nation ever came to its downfall except by corruption or some other nationally disintegrating sin, against which warnings are given in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. In a large sense the Reformation resulted from a re-discovery of the Bible. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth no less than 70 editions of the English Bible were published—a marvel, considering the crudities of the printing trade—and the England of Elizabeth was a greater England than that of any era down to Victoria. It was in the age of Elizabeth that the Bible first became the book of the people, and remained so to a greater extent than with most other nations. Not long after the formation of the Bible Society Dr. Von Dollinger struck upon the keynote of British national character when he observed: "We may credit one great superiority of England over other countries to the circumstance that there the holy scripture is found in every house—as is the case nowhere else in the world—and is, so to speak, the good genius of the place, the protecting spirit of the hearth and family." The history of the nations of Christianity has shown with ever increasing clearness that those countries have become influential in the world in proportion as the Bible has entered into the life of the people. Therefore the reaffirmation of the Bible as the supreme law is the only way of establishing the new Empire on a safe foundation. Canadians need a re-discovery of the Bible, not only for Imperial reasons, but for the purification of home politics, and for the swift assimilation of the vast tide of immigrants pouring into our great West. It is the common testimony of missionaries and teachers that the best and quickest method of teaching a foreigner the English language is by the reading of the Bible in parallel passages, comparing it with the Bible in his own tongue. We know that a people nurtured on the Bible will be a sturdy, reliable and patriotic people; we know that in proportion as Christianity is the real basis of civil life race prejudices will be broken down; race and class antipathies softened. Hence Canadian patriots can render the Empire and our own Dominion no greater service than by supporting a campaign of Bible study and of Bible circulation among our new citizens no less than in foreign lands.

# THE GREAT GREY MYSTERY

FROM THE FRENCH OF BENJAMIN SULTE, F.R.S.C.*

*Translated by Netta Hunter*

FROM a child I have always loved marvellous tales of all that is impossible, wonderful and absurdly incredible. What captivates the attention more than blood-curdling stories of ghostly apparitions? Do you not delight in the mysterious, horrible, nightmare sort of adventures? I shall proceed to tell you what to my knowledge happened about six years ago in the woods of Saint Maurice, a place rather well known in the Province of Quebec.

My readers will have the advantage of perusing an original anecdote, one which is narrated without borrowing from the inventive genius of any other teller of idle tales.

One winter I had occasion to visit the shanty in the vicinity of Rat River, and the very evening of my arrival the cook came up to me while I was taking off my boots and warming myself in front of the caboose, to confide the mysterious intelligence that the Devil in person prowled the neighbourhood.

"Bosh," said I, "you are not in earnest, you're joking."

"Joking, sir; the Lord forbid. What I am going to tell you is true; just listen."

"Well, go on, you seem to be very much in earnest."

"So I am. Fancy! One night about a week ago Big Pothier left the camp to fetch water from a spring not very far from here. He had not gone fifty yards when he came running back as one being pursued, and assured us that some one had knocked him a fearful blow on the head with a stick; in fact, he showed bruised traces to verify his statement. As he had lost his cap in attempting to escape, and we were anxious to investigate the matter, we immediately went to the spot where the attack had been made, but without any success, as we neither found the cap nor could we trace the cause of the assault to any new comer. Finally we decided to return. I, somehow or other, unwittingly, was the last of the gang, when all at once I was dealt a blow on both eyes which blinded me, and I felt my hair grabbed violently. You can imagine my terror; and when I was picked up I was almost unconscious."

"You must indeed have received a terrible blow," I remarked.

"So far as that is concerned it certainly was terrible. I know nothing further than that my cap disappeared and no doubt with it a good portion of my hair," he added, rubbing his scalp ruefully.

"How do you account for all this?" said I with much interest.

"Why, there is no accounting for it," he continued. "There is a superstition current that the place is haunted by the soul of an ox-drover who died years ago denying the existence of the Almighty; there are various other absurdities that are likewise believed; at any rate, we will not remain here; we have decided to leave the shanty to-morrow."

As I was strongly objecting to these hasty arrangements Pierre Miron, who was foreman of works, appeared with all his men.

"Pierre," said I, "what is the meaning of this? Is there any foundation to this goblin tale I hear? Are you thinking of closing up work? Surely you must be ignorant of the loss that this would occasion at this time of the year, in the month of January!"

"Oh, Mr. Charles," he replied almost breathlessly, "I really don't

* This was published under the title "Le Loup-Garou" in *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature* in 1876, and is now for the first time translated into English.

know what to do. I am at my wit's end. The whole affair is really appalling. I am not a bit superstitious, yet this concern rather startles me. I cannot fathom it, and I fear that I must agree with my men. Repeated attacks have occurred, and on every occasion, strange to say, a man's cap has been lost. There is France Pigeon's, Philippe Lortie's, Théophile Laviolette, Pothier's and the fifth—"

"There, there," said I, making an attempt to appear angry. "I believe you have all gone mad. What rigmarole of a tale is this; why, according to what you say one could readily believe that the devil had taken up his abode right here in these very quarters."

"Mr. Charles," awkwardly resumed Miron, "there is no joking about this matter, it is really a very serious one."

"Well," I said, addressing them all, "if you will remain here to-night I shall see into this affair, as to-morrow I expect to meet Olivier Lachance, your foreman-in-chief, and we will then decide what is to be done. Do you all agree?"

"Yes, but we will not stay a day longer," was the encouraging reply from some one.

That night supper was unusually early for shantymen, whose labours continue until dark; but in this instance no one was inclined to be away from the camp that evening.

At eight o'clock I volunteered to accompany any one to the well to get some water, which I promised would be properly mixed with the contents of a substantial flask I had with me. Meeting with no response, and being determined, I quietly got up, adjusted my cap with marked deliberation, and taking the water jug I went towards the door saying "Well, then, I shall go alone."

Once outside all the men were at my heels, protesting vehemently, in good faith, against my going, and insisting in other words that discretion would be the better part of valour.

"Nonsense! bosh!" I said laughingly, in order to see to what extent this terror held them, "I have already done away with one witch, so there will be no difficulty in meeting a second."

We went to the spring. The water was as clear as the water is of most springs. The cook, filling the jug, carried it back. We followed him closely. Nothing strange occurred either to or from the well. On our return the flask was emptied to the very last drop. It had the effect of turning the cowards of the early evening into bravadoes, men who feared nothing, who would in a single combat tackle any witch of St. Maurice. With innate perversity I maintained that no one would dare accomplish such a feat. At the highest pitch of the debate the door opened and Olivier Lachance entered.

"Good night, good people," said he, "I came earlier than you expected because I heard very strange tales about this place from the neighbouring shanty."

When he was seated I told him I feared that the matter had assumed alarming proportions and briefly stated the facts of the situation.

Olivier Lachance is a man of wonderful mental energy. He is, if anything, prompt in forming a right conclusion; consequently he had soon resolved upon a course of action.

"Pierriche," said he, addressing a young chap who was the cook's assistant, "you are to go to the well. Don't be afraid. I will see that nothing hurts you."

Little Pierriche, with terror depicted in every line of his face, sat irresolute, giving no indication of obeying orders with any sort of alacrity.

"Look here, youngster," said Olivier, "you need not be frightened. I know exactly what it is, and I promise you will not be touched. Now take this jug and put on the largest cap you can lay your hands on; now mind, the very largest; this is quite important." Turning to me he asked me if I would oversee the men, as he did not want them to know what was going on and wished them to remain where they were. After these injunctions he departed, taking Pierriche with him.

For ten minutes there was a dead

silence. Every one seemed to be afflicted with an indescribable sort of uncomfortable feeling, when cries of distress were heard from Pierriche and a great hearty laugh from Lachance. In a few minutes they both came back—Lachance holding the lad by the hand.

The mystery had been solved. Olivier had seen the goblin. We could not find sufficient words to ask all the questions that would have satisfied our curiosity, which, however, would have been useless trouble, as Lachance had determined to keep his own counsel until the following day.

The child, on being interrogated, only replied he had seen nothing. "In leaving here," he said, "Mr. Lachance hid himself and I went on to the spring. It was very dark. All at once I heard Mr. Lachance call me and I got frightened and screamed, and when I found Mr. Lachance he was laughing as hard as he could." This was all the child could tell. It was impossible to know anything further. I attempted to sound Olivier, but unsuccessfully. To all my queries he replied, "Just be patient, wait until to-morrow."

The next day bright and early before seven the work in the forest recommenced, and continued during the course of the day until evening.

Lachance, Pierriche and myself remained at home. Towards eight o'clock that morning the foreman-in-chief put on his snow-shoes and went out. We following him were surprised to see him go from one tree to another, always choosing the largest and tapping them with the end of a hatchet he had taken with him, and then glancing upwards with a patient, expectant look. At the fifth tree he sounded he ejaculated with triumph, "Here we are."

"What?" cried Pierriche.

"Why, the devil, the witch, the goblin; take a look in the hollow of that tree; up farther."

We looked and lo, there installed was a living creature with huge, angry eyes. It was a great grey owl.

Lachance with his gun soon laid low his game, which proved, upon examination, to be of prodigious strength, a king of its kind. "Last night," he remarked, "I greatly feared when I saw this strapping monster that he would carry off Pierriche bodily, but the sound of my voice recalling the child startled him and prevented the accomplishment of his evil designs. From what I heard of the rumours of this place I had a firm conviction that there must be owls or something of the sort here. These birds are very daring, and when they get as large as this they have a surprising amount of strength. Look at these claws and wings. These fangs are the means by which most of the caps have been stolen. The owl, like the eagle, with a double flap of his wings can stun the strongest man."

Every one on their return from the forest eagerly inquired what were the results of the investigation which had been made during the day.

"Be patient," said Lachance, with imperturbable composure. "After supper the mystery will be solved."

The art with which the foreman-in-chief made the most of his secret defies wording. His usually apparent tranquility of mind was more than ever marked, and his position and power of authority held in check men on the verge of a strike through sheer fright.

After supper, Lachance, ordering some of the wood-cutters to take axes with them, led the whole force to the tree where the owl had made its home. When the tree was cut down, the numerous caps which had been lost were plainly visible in the goblin's nest.

Amid exclamations of surprise and boisterous mirth the men recognized that the devil, so long dreaded, was no other than an owl, and that it had, at their expense, built for itself a niche well filled in and properly upholstered.

On arriving at the camp, there in front of the caboose lay the great grey owl, the source of all their terror and discomfort.

All grounds for fear being now removed, the men's spirits rose with a bound, and with one accord they gave three cheers for Lachance, who placidly lit his pipe and looked on.

# EMILY'S HUSBAND

*By L. M. Montgomery*

EMILY FAIR got out of Hiram Jameson's waggon at the gate. She took her satchel and parasol and, in her clear, musical tones, thanked him for bringing her home. Emily had a very distinctive voice. It was very sweet always and very cold generally; sometimes it softened to tenderness with those she loved, but in it there was always an undertone of inflexibility and reserve. Nobody had ever heard Emily Fair's voice tremble.

"You are more than welcome, Mrs. Fair," said Hiram Jameson, with a glance of bold admiration. Emily met it with an unflinching indifference. She disliked Hiram Jameson. She had been furious under all her external composure because he had been at the station when she left the train.

Jameson perceived her scorn, but chose to disregard it.

"Proud as Lucifer," he thought as he drove away. "Well, she's none the worse of that. I don't like your weak women—they're always sly. If Stephen Fair don't get better she'll be free and then—"

He did not round out the thought, but he gloated over the memory of Emily, standing by the gate in the harsh, crude light of the autumn sunset, with her tawny, brown hair curling about her pale, oval face and the scornful glint in her large, dark-grey eyes.

Emily stood at the gate for some time after Jameson's waggon had disappeared. When the brief burst of sunset splendour had faded out she turned and went into the garden where late asters and chysanthemums still bloomed. She gathered some of the more perfect ones here and there. She loved flowers, but to-night the asters seemed to hurt her, for she presently dropped those she had gathered and deliberately set her foot on them.

A sudden gust of wind came over the brown, sodden fields and the ragged maples around the garden writhed and wailed. The air was raw and chill. The rain that had threatened all day was very near. Emily shivered and went into the house.

Amelia Phillips was bending over the fire. She came forward and took Emily's parcels and wraps with a certain gentleness that sat oddly on her grim personality.

"Are you tired? I'm glad you're back. Did you walk from the station?"

"No. Hiram Jameson was there and offered to drive me home. I'd rather have walked. It's going to be a storm, I think. Where is John?"

"He went to the village after supper," answered Amelia, lighting a lamp. "We needed some things from the store."

The light flared up as she spoke and brought out her strong, almost harsh features and deep-set black eyes. Amelia Phillips looked like an overdone sketch in charcoal.

"Has anything happened in Woodford while I've been away?" asked Emily indifferently. Plainly she did not expect an affirmative answer. Woodford life was not eventful.

Amelia glanced at her sharply. So she had not heard! Amelia had expected that Hiram Jameson would have told her. She wished that he had, for she never felt sure of Emily. The older sister knew that beneath that surface reserve was a passionate nature, brooking no restraint when once it overleaped the bounds of her Puritan self-control. Amelia Phillips, with all her naturally keen insight and her acquired knowledge of Emily's character, had never been able to fathom the latter's attitude of mind towards her husband. From the time that Emily had come back to her girlhood's home, five years before, Stephen Fair's name had never crossed her lips.

"I suppose you haven't heard that Stephen is very ill," said Amelia slowly.

Not a feature of Emily's face changed. Only in her voice when she spoke was a curious jarring, as if a false note had been struck in a silver melody.

"What is the matter with him?"

"Typhoid," answered Amelia briefly. She felt relieved that Emily had taken it so calmly. Amelia hated Stephen Fair with all the intensity of her nature because she believed that he had treated Emily ill, but she had always been distrustful that Emily in her heart of hearts loved her husband still. That, in Amelia Phillips' opinion, would have betrayed a weakness not to be tolerated.

Emily looked at the lamp unwinkingly.

"That wick needs trimming," she said. Then, with a sudden recurrence of the untuneful note:

"Is he dangerously ill?"

"We haven't heard for three days. The doctors were not anxious about him Monday, though they said it was a pretty severe case."

A faint, wraith-like change of expression drifted over Emily's beautiful face and was gone in a moment. What was it—relief? Regret? It would have been impossible to say. When she next spoke her vibrant voice was as perfectly melodious as usual.

"I think I will go to bed, Amelia. John will not be back until late I suppose, and I am very tired. There comes the rain. I suppose it will spoil all the flowers. They will be beaten to pieces."

In the dark hall Emily paused for a moment and opened the front door to be cut in the face with a whip-like dash of rain. She peered out into the thickly gathering gloom. Beyond, in the garden, she saw the asters tossed about, phantom-like. The wind around the many-cornered old farmhouse was full of wails and sobs.

The clock in the sitting-room struck eight. Emily shivered and shut the door. She remembered that she had been married at eight o'clock that very morning seven years ago. She thought she could see herself coming down the stairs in her white dress with her bouquet of asters. For a moment she was glad that those mocking flowers in the garden would be all beaten to death before morning by the lash of wind and rain.

Then she recovered her mental poise and put the hateful memories away from her as she went steadily up the narrow stairs and along the hall with its curious slant as the house had settled, to her own room under the northwestern eaves.

When she had put out her light and gone to bed she found that she could not sleep. She pretended to believe that it was the noise of the storm that kept her awake. Not even to herself would Emily confess that she was waiting and listening nervously for John's return home. That would have been to admit a weakness, and Emily Fair, like Amelia, despised weakness.

Every few minutes a gust of wind smote the house, with a roar as of a wild beast, and bombarded Emily's window with a volley of rattling drops. In the silences that came between the gusts she heard the soft, steady pouring of the rain on the garden paths below, mingled with a faint murmur that came up from the creek beyond the barns where the pine boughs were thrashing in the storm. Emily suddenly thought of a weird story she had once read years before and long forgotten—a story of a soul that went out in a night of storm and blackness and lost its way between earth and heaven. She shuddered and drew the counterpane over her face.

"Of all things I hate a fall storm most," she muttered. "It frightens me."

Somewhat to her surprise—for even her thoughts were generally well under the control of her unbending will—she could not help thinking of Stephen—thinking of him not tenderly or remorsefully, but impersonally, as of a man who counted for nothing in her life. It was so strange to think of Stephen being ill. She had never known him to have a day's sickness in

his life before. She looked back over her life much as if she were glancing with a chill interest at a series of pictures which in no way concerned her. Scene after scene, face after face, flashed out on the background of the darkness.

Emily's mother had died at her birth, but Amelia Phillips, twenty years older than the baby sister, had filled the vacant place so well and with such intuitive tenderness that Emily had never been conscious of missing a mother. John Phillips, too, the grave, silent, elder brother, loved and petted the child. Woodford people were fond of saying that John and Amelia spoiled Emily shamefully.

Emily Phillips had never been like the other Woodford girls and had no friends of her own age among them. Her uncommon beauty won her many lovers, but she had never cared for any of them until Stephen Fair, fifteen years her senior, had come a-wooing to the old, gray, willow-girdled Phillips homestead.

Amelia and John Phillips never liked him. There was an ancient feud between the families that had died out among the younger generation, but was still potent with the older.

From the first Emily had loved Stephen. Indeed, deep down in her strange, wayward heart, she had cared for him long before the memorable day when he had first looked at her with seeing eyes and realized that the quiet, unthought-of child who had been growing up at the old Phillips place had blossomed out into a woman of strange, seraph-like beauty and deep grey eyes whose expression was nevermore to go out of Stephen Fair's remembrance from then till the day of his death.

John and Amelia Phillips put their own unjustifiable dislike of Stephen aside when they found that Emily's heart was set on him. The two were married after a brief courtship and Emily went out from her girlhood's home to the Fair homestead, two miles away.

Stephen's mother lived with them. Janet Fair had never liked Emily. She had not been willing for Stephen to marry her. But, apart from this, the woman had a natural, eradicable love of making mischief and took a keen pleasure in it. She loved her son and she had loved her husband, but nevertheless, when Thomas Fair had been alive she had fomented continual strife and discontent between him and Stephen. Now it became her pleasure to make what trouble she could between Stephen and his wife.

She had the advantage of Emily in that she was always sweet-spoken and, on the surface, sweet-tempered. Emily, hurt and galled in a score of petty ways, so subtle that they were beyond a man's coarser comprehension, astonished her husband by her fierce outbursts of anger, that seemed to him for the most part without reason or excuse. He tried his best to preserve the peace between his wife and mother; and when he failed, not understanding all that Emily really endured at the elder woman's merciless hands, he grew to think her capricious and easily irritated—a spoiled child whose whims must not be taken too seriously.

To a certain extent he was right. Emily had been spoiled. The unbroken indulgence which her brother and sister had always accorded her had fitted her but poorly to cope with the trials of her new life. True, Mrs. Fair was an unpleasant woman to live with, but if Emily had chosen to be more patient under petty insults, and less resentful of her husband's well-meant though clumsy efforts for harmony, the older woman could have effected real little mischief. But this Emily refused to be, and the breach between husband and wife widened insidiously.

The final rupture came two years after their marriage. Emily, in rebellious anger, told her husband that she would no longer live in the same house with his mother.

"You must choose between us," she said, her splendid voice vibrating with all the unleashed emotion of her being,

yet with no faltering in it. "If she stays I go."

Stephen Fair, harassed and bewildered, was angry with the relentless anger of a patient man roused at last.

"Go, then," he said sternly, "I'll never turn my mother from my door for any woman's whim."

The stormy red went out of Emily's face, leaving it like a marble wash.

"You mean that!" she said calmly. "Think well. If I go I'll never return."

"I do mean it," said Stephen. "Leave my house if you will—if you hold your marriage vow so lightly. When your senses return you are welcome to come back to me. I will never ask you to."

Without another word Emily turned away. That night she went back to John and Amelia. They, on their part, welcomed her back gladly, believing her to be a wronged and ill-used woman. They hated Stephen Fair with a new and personal rancour. The one thing they could hardly have forgiven Emily would have been the fact of her relenting towards him.

But she did not relent. In her soul she knew that, with all her just grievances, she had been in the wrong, and for that she could not forgive him!

Two years after she had left Stephen Mrs. Fair died, and his widowed sister-in-law went to keep house for him. If he thought of Emily he made no sign. Stephen Fair never broke a word once passed.

Since their separation no greeting or look had ever passed between husband and wife. When they met, as they occasionally did, neither impassive face changed. Emily Fair had buried her love deeply. In her pride and anger she would not let herself remember even where she had dug its grave.

And now Stephen was ill. The strange woman felt a certain pride in her own inflexibility because the fact did not affect her. She told herself that she could not have felt more unconcerned had he been the merest stranger. Nevertheless she waited and watched for John Phillips' home-coming.

At ten o'clock she heard his voice in the kitchen. She leaned out of the bed and pulled open her door. She heard voices below, but could not distinguish the words, so she rose and went noiselessly out into the hall, knelt down by the stair railing and listened. The door of the kitchen was open below her and a narrow shaft of light struck on her white, intent face. She looked like a woman waiting for the decree of doom.

At first John and Amelia talked of trivial matters. Then the latter said abruptly:

"Did you hear how Stephen Fair was?"

"He's dying," was the brief response.

Emily heard Amelia's startled exclamation. She gripped the square rails with her hands until the sharp edges dinted deep into her fingers. John's voice came up to her again, harsh and expressionless:

"He took a bad turn the day before yesterday and has been getting worse ever since. The doctors don't expect him to live till morning."

Amelia began to talk rapidly in low tones. Emily heard nothing further. She got up and went blindly back into her room with such agony tearing at her heartstrings that she dully wondered why she could not shriek aloud.

Stephen—her husband—dying! In the burning anguish of that moment her own soul was as an open book before her. The love she had buried rose from the deeps of her being in an awful, accusing resurrection.

Out of her stupor and pain a purpose formed itself clearly. She must go to Stephen—she must beg and win his forgiveness before it was too late. She dared not go down to John and ask him to take her to her husband. He might refuse. The Phillipses had been known to do even harder things than that. At the best there would be a storm of protest and objection on her brother's and sister's part, and Emily felt that she could not encounter that in her present mood. It would drive her mad.

She lit a lamp and dressed herself noiselessly, but with feverish haste. Then she listened. The house was very still. Amelia and John had gone to bed. She wrapped herself in a heavy woollen shawl hanging in the hall and crept downstairs. With numbed fingers she fumbled at the key of the hall door, turned it and slipped out into the night.

The storm seemed to reach out and clutch her and swallow her up. She went through the garden, where the flowers already were crushed to earth; she crossed the long field beyond, where the rain cut her face like a whip and the wind almost twisted her in its grasp like a broken reed. Somehow or other, more by blind instinct than anything else, she found the path that led through commons and woods and waste valleys to her lost home.

In after years that frenzied walk through the storm and blackness seemed as an unbroken nightmare to Emily Fair's recollection. Often she fell. Once as she did so a jagged, dead limb of fir struck her forehead and cut in it a gash that marked her for life. As she struggled to her feet and found her way again the blood trickled down over her face.

"Oh God, don't let him die before I get to him—don't—don't—don't!" she prayed desperately with more of defiance than entreaty in her voice. Then, realizing this, she cried out in horror. Surely some fearsome punishment would come upon her for her wickedness—she would find her husband lying dead.

When Emily opened the kitchen door of the Fair homestead Almira Sentner cried out in her alarm, who or what was this creature with the white face and wild eyes, with her torn and dripping garments and dishevelled, wind-writhen hair and the big drops of blood slowly trickling from her brow?

The next moment she recognized Emily and her face hardened. This woman, Stephen's sister-in-law, had always hated Emily Fair.

"What do you want here?" she said harshly.

"Where is my husband?" asked Emily.

"You can't see him," said Mrs. Sentner defiantly. "The doctors won't allow anyone in the room but those he's used to. Strangers excite him."

The insolence and cruelty of her speech fell on unheeding ears. Emily, understanding only that her husband yet lived, turned to the hall door.

"Stand back!" she said in a voice that was little more than a thrilling whisper, but which yet had in it something that cowed Almira Sentner's malice. Sullenly she stood aside and Emily went unhindered up the stairs to the room where the sick man lay.

The two doctors in attendance were there, together with the trained nurse from the city. Emily pushed them aside and fell on her knees by the bed. One of the doctors made a hasty motion as if to draw her back, but the other checked him.

"It doesn't matter now," he said significantly.

Stephen Fair turned his languid, unshorn head on the pillow. His dull, fevered eyes met Emily's. He had not recognized anyone all day, but he knew his wife.

"Emily!" he whispered.

Emily drew his head close to her face and kissed his lips passionately.

"Stephen, I've come back to you. Forgive me—forgive me—say that you forgive me."

"It's all right, my girl," he said feebly.

She buried her face in the pillow beside his with a sob.

In the wan, grey light of the autumn dawn the old doctor came to the bedside and lifted Emily to her feet. She had not stirred the whole night. Now she raised her white face with dumb pleading in her eyes. The doctor glanced at the sleeping form on the bed.

"Your husband will live, Mrs. Fair," he said gently. "I think your coming saved him. His joy turned the ebbing tide in favour of life."

"Thank God!" said Emily.

And for the first time in her life her beautiful voice trembled.

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

INDIAN SUMMER

The old grey year is near his term in sooth,
And now with backward eye and soft-laid palm
Awakens to a golden dream of youth,
A second childhood lovely and most calm,
And the smooth hour about his misty head
An awning of enchanted splendour weaves
Of maples, amber, purple, and rose-red,
And droop-limbed elms down-dropping golden leaves.
With still half-fallen lids he sits and dreams
Far in a hollow of the sunlit wood,
Lulled by the murmur of thin-threading streams,
Nor sees the polar armies over-flood
The darkening barriers of the hills, nor hears
The north-wind ringing with a thousand spears.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

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BY this time the various societies and organizations dear to the hearts of feminine Canada have settled down to the winter's work or amusement. October is the month for gathering together, for hurriedly-called committee meetings, inaugural teas and sorrowful sessions of distracted programme makers; but by November the season's work should not only be fully mapped out, but fairly under way.

Perhaps, then, it is a trifle late to offer any suggestions now regarding reading clubs or literary circles. Yet a little programme which has just come to me, impels me to venture a few remarks on the use and abuse of literary societies. This programme, which outlines the work to be done this winter by one of Ontario's most energetic little towns, is printed in green and gold in the form of a tiny booklet and is quite the daintiest thing of the kind I have ever seen; but when I glanced through its contents I was simply appalled by the ground which the ladies of the club contemplate covering in six short months. The programme announces that the club, which meets one afternoon each week from the beginning of October until the end of March, devotes itself to "Studies in American Literature, Music and Art." Surely the most ambitious society could scarce hope to do more in one season than obtain a comprehensive and intelligent *general* idea of any *one* of the subjects comprising this formidable trilogy.

Let us see how this club proposes to dispose of all three.

Here is the programme for one meeting: The Bigelow Papers; the Vision of Sir Launfal; the Search for the Holy Grail in Song, Story and Art; Lowell as a Prose Writer; John Sargent; Music; Current Events. Now, to get all that into one afternoon, certainly not more than fifteen minutes could be allowed to each of the five papers, else no time would remain for Music and Current Events. What could be done with any one of these subjects in fifteen minutes? Why, "The Search for the Holy Grail in Song, Story and Art"—a fascinating subject for research and discussion—could scarcely be exhausted in an entire afternoon!

Then take this outline for a "Canadian Day": Gilbert Parker, Charles G. D. Roberts, Sara Jeanette Duncan, Agnes Maule Machar, Archibald

Lampman, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Homer Watson and F. Bell-Smith—eight of them!—to be followed by Canadian Music by members of the club. Not more than ten minutes certainly could be spared out of two or even three short hours to each of these celebrities, and what can one do in ten minutes but hastily fling together a few biographical facts or salient characteristics which she who runs may read any day in current periodicals or a reference library. To really study the poems of Archibald Lampman, let us say, would take more than one brief afternoon.

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Now, I have mentioned these programmes particularly not by any means in the spirit of the captious critic, but because they illustrate so clearly the danger that threatens the programme makers of nearly all literary clubs—the temptation to let one's zeal and enthusiasm urge one to attempt achievements far beyond ordinary limitations.

I do not think there is any kind of a literary society to which I have not at some time belonged, and I know only too well the agony and despair that fastens upon the hapless members of the Special Programme Committee. Between their desire to make the programme both definite and comprehensive and their laudable wish to consider the individual tastes and preferences of their fellow-members, their task is a sad and sorry one. To please every one they usually end by putting down everything that the various members have been thoughtful enough to suggest, the result being often a curious, nondescript mixture that satisfies no one. In drawing up the programme for a literary club there are several important points to be constantly borne in mind. In the first place the club should not be expected to take the place of one's ordinary reading, nor should it be merely a meeting together of people to hear each other read little biographies which everyone can and should look up for herself. It is well, perhaps, to know when and where an author was born, went to school, married and died; and it is undoubtedly interesting to learn something of his friends and of the circumstances and environment that developed his character and moulded his mental powers; but the important thing to us is simply that he lived, and living so wrought, that when he passed hence he left a legacy of rich thought and rare expression, free for our enjoyment.

To take the work of one poet, nay, to take one poem and really *study* it and assimilate it until it becomes a very part of one, making one forever stronger and richer for it, is surely better than to grasp feverishly at a little of all and find at last that one has acquired only a superficial smattering, valueless as chaff.

Experience has proved that the ideal programme is that which consists of one thoughtful, well-written paper, followed by an intelligent discussion in which every member of the club takes part.

The club whose watchwords are simplicity and thoroughness, and whose members, each and all, fully realizing the responsibility which their membership involves, take an enthusiastic and active interest in every meeting, cannot fail to be most helpful and stimulating.

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Wandering recently through one of our city parks, my attention was attracted by a particularly healthy, happy-looking baby and his unusually bright-faced, attentive nurse. I seated myself on a bench beside the nurse and, using the baby as an introduction, entered into conversation with her.

She declared that she was a graduate of a Training School for Nursery Maids in New York State, and what she told me of the institution so interested me that upon reaching home I at once wrote to the superintendent for full particulars. The course of instruction covers a period of eight months, and includes besides nursery hygiene, technique, etc., the rudiments of kinder-

garten work; graduates having successfully passed their examination receive diplomas and are qualified to fill positions in private families. The wages usually paid in the States are twenty dollars a month, and the Nursery Maid, who wears a special uniform, is capable of full charge of the baby committed to her care, in sickness and in health, having received instruction in nursery emergencies and the treatment of all minor infantile ailments.

The children in the Training School to which I wrote are by no means charity babies, many wealthy American parents preferring—incredible as it sounds—to board their children where they will be well looked after than to be bothered with them at home.

The graduates of the School are eagerly sought after by both Americans and Canadians, and the superintendent wrote: "Many of our girls have come from Canada, and we have always found them our most satisfactory pupils." There are similar training schools in England, and I know of many ladies, particularly in Quebec, who send across for nurses who they know will be experienced and absolutely trustworthy.

Now, why cannot we in Canada have a Training School for Nursery Maids of our own? The cry of the children—the young, young children—is always with us, only too frequently called forth by careless, incompetent nurse maids, or anxious mothers, equally incapable, despite their devotion.

I feel quite confident that if someone would only found such an institution here it would be most enthusiastically supported.

Surely here is an interesting and hitherto untried field for the Canadian philanthropist who is really anxious to work his or her country lasting good, for the well-cared-for babies of to-day are going to be the strong, powerful men and women of to-morrow.

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To Hamilton, Ontario, belongs the honour of being the first city in the Dominion to hold an all-Canadian Exhibition. Moreover, of this laudable enterprise we can cry exultingly *Dux Femina Facta*, for the idea which originated at a general meeting of the Executive Committee of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire held in Toronto about a year ago, was taken up and carried through with brilliant success by the Hamilton Municipal Chapter of the Order, under its able regent, Mrs. P. D. Crerar.

The Exhibition was held in the Hamilton Armoury, which was turned into a veritable fairyland, the forty-eight booths which lined its walls being designed and laid out after the style of an old English village; with roofs terra cotta in colour, and most of the fronts white and pale green. Lemonade and flower booths brightened the scene, and the Garden of Canada, where ice cream, tea, etc., were served, converted the middle of the hall into a miniature park, all hedges, palms and trees.

The manufacturers entered very heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and though few cities or towns outside of Ontario were represented, the articles exhibited covered, as one of the local papers expressed it, everything "the thrifty housewife requires in everyday life, from a cake of soap to a handsome costume."

The Exhibition was formally opened by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, who, with Mrs. Clark, The Hon. G. W. Ross, and Mrs. Nordheimer and other members of the Executive Committee of the Imperial Order went up from Toronto for the purpose.

Besides the Lieutenant-Governor's address, speeches were made by the Mayor of Hamilton, Mrs. Crerar, Mr. Cyrus A. Birge, President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association; the Hon. G. M. Gibson and the Hon. G. W. Ross. All of these speakers dwelt upon the necessity for appreciating and encouraging home industries, for, as the Premier of Ontario tersely put it: "What Canadians most lack is not skill, but self-confidence. Every year over $100,000,000 worth of goods are imported into Canada. If half of that amount were spent in wages for converting raw material into manufactured

THE HAMILTON LADIES WHO PLANNED AND SUCCESSFULLY HELD A "MADE-IN-CANADA" EXHIBITION

goods, a large amount of labour would be employed."

Amongst the articles exhibited were: Cocoa and Chocolate, Boots and Shoes, Cotton, Salad Dressing, Baking and Jelly Powders, Underwear, Tweeds, Golf Sweaters, Marmalade, Jam, Shirt-Waists, Brushes, Brooms, Beef Tea, Travelling Rugs, Tartans, Electric Light Fittings, Brass Work, Tobacco, Soap, Coffee, Blinds, Tonics, Boys' Clothes, Flannel Gowns, Silk Fancy Work, Prints, Furs, Blankets, Condensed Milk, Cut Glass, Bread, Cookies, Gramophones and Kid Gloves.

During the Exhibition the representatives of the exhibiters presented an address to the Hamilton Chapter thanking the ladies for advertising Canadian-made goods, congratulating them upon the success of their undertaking, and expressing the hope that it would be an annual affair.

Certainly we have all the material we require in Canada, and plenty of workpeople to convert it into marketable merchandise. All we need are men and women possessed of a real, practical patriotism which will inspire them to insist upon wearing and using only articles of home-manufacture.

It is, indeed, devoutly to be hoped that the original idea of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire—that similar exhibitions should be held in various cities and towns throughout Canada—will be put into effect before many months, as such exhibitions cannot fail to centralize public attention upon Canada and Canadian reproductions, and to awaken Canadians to a realization of the fact that we ourselves can grow, make, design and manufacture just as well as any country under the sun.

Self-dependence, self-reliance and self-confidence are three qualities that Canadians individually and collectively should strive to cultivate, for successful achievement is only possible through a knowledge of and belief in one's own powers and resources.

# Current Events Abroad

By John A. Ewan

THE fiscal struggle in Great Britain occupies the attention of the world to the exclusion of almost every other topic. The preparations of Russia and Japan for war, and the pleasanter and more civilizing spectacle of the two chief nations of the world, France and Britain, entering on an era of arbitration and peace, are almost unheeded in presence of the burning topic which one man has forced on the attention of his fellow-countrymen. It would be difficult to overestimate the extraordinary feat Mr. Chamberlain has accomplished. He would have been a rash person who would have prophesied on the first day of the new century that before it was two years old Great Britain would be in a political ferment on what is virtually a question of protection versus free trade. Indeed a few months ago the most sanguine protectionist would not have expected that before the end of the year Mr. Chamberlain would be out of the Cabinet and be stumping the country for customs duties on some of the chief necessaries of life.

Whatever one's views may be about the main question there can scarcely be two about the consistency of Mr. Chamberlain's course. When the Salisbury Government was formed in 1889 Mr. Chamberlain was recognized as scarcely inferior in political importance to its chief, or to the recognized chief of the Liberal-Unionists, the Duke of Devonshire. It was expected that one of the highest posts in the Cabinet would be conferred upon him. What was the astonishment, then, when it was announced that he had accepted that of Colonial Secretary. The first feeling was that he had been slighted, but gradually it transpired that the position was of his own choosing. Shortly after there followed his speech in which he declared that it was the duty of the Mother Country to develop the estates of the Empire, the "estates" meaning the colonies. How they were to be developed was left somewhat vague, and when, subsequently, the sugar-growing islands of the West Indies made wail of the ruin which had overspread them because of the competition of continental bounty-fed beet-root sugar, the energetic Colonial Secretary found himself helpless to come to their aid in the face of British fiscal traditions.

South Africa then drew his attention from every other lesser problem. No one who has kept his eyes and ears open in South Africa can fail to be aware that the late war was, under the conditions which prevailed, an unavoidable event. The question, "What business have the British in this part of the world?" had got itself into the Boer mind and could not be eradicated without the drastic operation which the war supplied. That all South Africa should be Boerland was becoming firmly fixed as an article of belief. As an earnest of the belief Transvaal secret service money was employed in the Cape Colony elections for securing a Dutch majority in the Legislature. The liberal policy of conferring the

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

Leader of the Liberal Free-Traders in England and a statesman bitterly opposed to every measure which tends to bind the Empire together by any other means than mutual regard and common ideals. His policy is almost the same as that of Lord Rosebery, the other leader of the Liberal Free-Traders, only the latter is perhaps less given to clear-cut assertions.

franchise on certain classes of the natives was taken advantage of by the men who would as soon give a vote to the monkeys. The negro vote was purchased wholesale with Transvaal gold, and the Dutch idea was enthroned in the Parliament at Capetown. There can be no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain became convinced by even stronger evidence than we have access to now that if any part of South Africa was to be preserved to the British crown the question of which was the dominant race there must be settled at once. The fact that it took the whole might of the Empire to secure a favourable decision shows that the Boer pretensions were not so hare-brained after all.

When the struggle was at its height Mr. Chamberlain showed himself in all the strength, resoluteness and confidence that are the basis of his equipment as a public man. From beginning to end he never faltered. There was a period when even the nation would have been satisfied to compromise. The disparity of the forces of the contestants, the gallantry of the conduct of the handful of Boers who kept the field for a year after their country was in ruins, the paralysing expenditures of the war—were each and all an incentive to accept anything like a respectable compromise. But the soul of the immovable Colonial Secretary was proof against all such considerations. He had adopted the word if not the policy of Strafford, "Thorough," and he relentlessly held on till the end, aided by two men of similarly resolute fibre, Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener. The Empire felt that three such men were capable of facing the greatest perils that might beset it. The net result of the war was the strengthening and perpetuation of British power in South Africa and a great increase in colonial territory.

This having been accomplished, Mr. Chamberlain turns to another project which he deems to be equally vital to the consolidation and preservation of Great Britain and her colonies. He has undoubtedly reached it as the result of steady and earnest study of the

problems that came under his notice as Colonial Secretary and has not hesitated to make enormous personal sacrifices for his convictions. With his customary intellectual independence and courage he has followed them, and the people have made the response that they always do when they descry a leader who not only knows which way he is going, but who has made a careful study, according to his lights, of the road. When we read of the popular favour which greets him as he starts out on his crusade, the enthusiasm of his audiences and the general ferment he has created, we may well rub our eyes and ask, is this Cobden's England? This is altogether apart from one's personal judgment of the probabilities of his inducing the majority of the electors to try the experiment which he commends to them. The wonder is that in a country which has so long resisted all appeals to change the fiscal policy, a man who expresses his desire to revolutionize it should be treated as a popular hero, while some of those who have clung to the old faith can scarce get a hearing. Mr. Chamberlain's followers, if not the most numerous, are certainly the most vociferous part of the community.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

Leader of the Unionist Free-Traders, and head of the new "Free Food League." He resigned his position as President of the Privy Council shortly after Mr. Chamberlain ceased to be Colonial Secretary. As Lord Hartington, the Duke was War Secretary and a leading figure. His change of title did not alter his character or his position among that stable element which is so distinguishing a characteristic of Britain's governing class.

It must be said, too, that his opponents so far have not shone in the controversy. Mr. Ritchie, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, warned his hearers that one of the effects of Mr. Chamberlain's policy would be to anger the United States and instigate them to reprisals against Canada. A more malapropos and ill-informed line of argument could scarcely be conceived of, and the audience acted in a very human way when it sang Rule Britannia. It contains two ludicrous ideas; the one that any self-respecting nation should refrain from adopting whatever internal policy seems best for it for fear of offending its neighbours; the other, that the United States has not long ago exhausted its arsenal of peaceful reprisals on this country. If the progress and happiness of Canada depended on the United States we would have been extinct long ago. The great demonstration of the past few years has been that Canada cannot be

deflected an inch from her path by any economic injury the American people may choose to attempt upon her.

Mr. Ritchie's subsequent explanation, namely: that he had reference to the possibility that the United States would forbid the export of Canadian grain from American ports, only makes his position worse. The whole trend of Canadian endeavour is to accomplish the very thing that Mr. Ritchie fears the United States will force upon us. Many people believe that the time is fast approaching when the prohibition of the use of Canadian channels would be a severer blow to American producers than anything they can possibly do to us. Mr. Ritchie does not appear to know that the northern tier of Western States are finding their most economic way to the ocean through Canadian waterways and over Canadian territory. Of course, neither country is likely to indulge in any such reprisals. The interests of both demand that commerce and transportation shall not be arbitrarily disarranged. The threats we used to hear about abrogating the bonding privilege were all bluff. They could not be abrogated without injuring large American interests and half-ruining American towns. Uncle Sam would have to be very angry before he would consent to slap his own face in that manner, especially when he was not at all sure that the other party would feel any inconvenience over it. The most bitter revenge that a Chinaman can take of his enemy is to go to the house of the hated one and commit suicide on his doorstep. This is not the American idea of revenge. Lord Rosebery has taken Mr. Ritchie's line in this respect and darkly pictures the enmity that Britain will awaken if she takes Mr. Chamberlain's advice. The ex-Colonial Secretary could scarcely hope that his opponents would do him a greater service than to arouse the combative instincts of the British people.

So far as the Colonies are concerned, the Chamberlain policy is surrounded with difficulties. All the Colonies, but Canada more especially, have become manufacturing communities. Our industrial life is, to a great extent, founded on that fact. Abandoning the duties entirely is impossible under our present system of public finance, while a scaling down would undoubtedly produce widespread losses of capital and disorganization of employment throughout the Dominion. Mr. Chamberlain recognizes this and confines his suggestions to the proposition that the Colonies should, at least, refrain from encouraging those secondary industries that have not as yet been established amongst them. It need hardly be said that in some quarters even this proposition will not be well received. There will be a strong indisposition to enter into any engagement which would limit the people of Canada from developing along any line that promised to diversify their employments and afford scope for their labour and enterprise. What can be said with perfect confidence is that the desire to make a return for any favour the British Parliament may make towards the Colonies would be a very strong sentiment in the hearts of Canadians, and any Canadian administration would have to find substantial ways of making a return that would not be regarded as inadequate or shabby.

In England the fiscal upheaval has been largely a one-man movement. Whether for good or evil the agitation has been almost wholly created by Mr. Chamberlain. At the same time it cannot be overlooked that Canada gave it the original impetus. Our insistence on the denunication of the German and Belgian treaties to make room for the preference; Germany's discrimination against us in consequence, with our retort in the way of a surtax on German goods has precipitated the whole controversy and converted the British Premier into a retaliationist. It is still more worthy of remark that at least one Canadian has been among the pioneers on the English side of the movement.

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

## ATTRACTIVE FACTORIES

THE other day a Haligonian journalist visiting the industrial section of Toronto, drew the writer's attention to a carpet factory with a narrow green lawn running around it on two sides and with Boston ivy creeping up to its second story windows. "There is a wise man; trying to keep his employees cheerful and contented," was the remark. "The other day I visited a factory in Montreal—dark, low-ceilinged, musty. A splendid place to breed socialists and anarchists. But this is different."

The burr stuck. It is quite evident when you come to think about it, that the employee of a well-ventilated, well-painted, home-like factory should be healthy and contented. He should be willing to work for less wages and be able to give more efficient attention to his labour.

The factories of Montreal are not all evil-smelling, but certainly Toronto has an advantage in this regard. Land is cheaper and more abundant, and the streets are wider. The owners of the factories seem to take a pride in erecting buildings which are beautiful and cheerful and in making their surroundings bright and attractive.

Of course, no person ever heard of a trades-union that went on strike because the ceilings were low and the ventilation bad. Neither is it known that a trades-union ever voluntarily undertook to keep the lawns, flower-beds, window-boxes and vines in a flourishing condition. Perhaps no one ever heard of a trades-union that accepted a lower rate of wages because the factory was a splendid place for preservation of health during toil. Yet the narrowness of the trades-unions should not breed narrowness in the employer. The latter is supposed to be endowed with superior sense, knowledge and taste. He should be a leader among men as well as an employer. Life is not all dividends.

## CITY vs. COUNTRY

Then there is the broader question of the evils which are to flow from the great concentration of the people in the cities. Canada is only beginning to face a problem which is acute in Great Britain.

During the past decade (1891-1901) the rural population of England increased only 2.94 per cent., while the urban population advanced in numbers to the extent of 15.22 per cent. The cities of England contain twenty-five million; the counties contain only seven and a half. During this same period the rural population of Scotland actually declined 4.60 per cent. This is industrial development with a vengeance. Will the people who live in crowded factories, small houses, narrow streets, on canned vegetables and preserved foods, be as strong as those who for generations struggled with Nature, in field and forest, in garden and farm? Those who saw or heard about the difference between the colonials and the other British soldiers in

South Africa will know how the question was answered there. The colonials were superior in individual resourcefulness and ability to look after themselves, and they were certainly superior in physical endurance.

The Canadian manufacturers are endeavouring to make this people a nation of factory workers. The people of England are more than one-half that now. The people of the United States boast of their growing factories and their growing bands of white-faced employees. Is Canada to follow the lead of these two countries? Great Britain is small and factories seem the only solution for the problem of employing her growing population, although agriculture might certainly receive more encouragement. The United States has much less excuse, but she had adopted and maintained high and higher tariffs in order to build up crowded cities. Germany is pursuing the same policy. Is Canada to be swept along in the wake of this great tide?

Certainly here is room for thought. The man who tills the soil has necessarily a sentiment of reverence and love for Nature which makes for other than a sordid desire for money. Even the town labourer who finds a pleasure in rearing flowers and vegetables is coming close to Nature and is preserving the sentimental and religious side of his life. The Canadian farmer is not, perhaps, always an ideal man, but his virtues far outweigh his vices. The same compliment cannot always be paid the factory workers of many of the larger industrial centres of Europe. The children raised in the cities of Canada, moreover, cannot compare in ability, physical strength and clear mentality with the children of the towns, villages and townships.

There is no reason why Canada, while encouraging her industrial development, should lose sleep because a great percentage of the people is not crowded into the cities. Further, those who are engaged in factory work should be given every advantage in the way of the best light, heat, ventilation, food, surroundings, companionships and homes. If the employer of labour becomes selfish in these matters the nation will be compelled to take steps to discourage further growth of manufacturing enterprises. A strong, healthy, vigorous manhood is the prime requisite in national success.

## THE CITIZEN AND ART

Then there is the further question of the art side of the citizen's life. The houses of the people are too much alike, both the exteriors and the interiors. Architecture in the better sense is almost unknown except in a few districts in the cities and at some of the summer resorts. Ornamentation is usually heavy tragedy. The more money a man has to spend on a house the more ornamentation he tries to secure and the greater the confusion that reigns. It is so with the interiors. The wood is painted and grained by universal custom; the wallpaper is put on in the same way; the carpets are all alike; the furniture of Mr. Smith's house is the same as that of Mr. Jones; the pictures and the bric-a-brac are the same; lace curtains are omnipresent; the lamps and candelabra are of the one type. There is no individuality. One gets the impression that every citizen had bought his house-furnishings at the same departmental store. One house-furnisher in Toronto advertises: "You get married; we furnish the home." Heaven help the young couple who start housekeeping on that plan! Far better the rude benches and tables and beds which our fathers hewed out with the axe.

Less furniture and better should be our motto. Our houses are overloaded with machine-made trash. Better a bare floor and a few home-made rugs than the low-grade atrocity which the farmer calls "boughten carpet." Better a pine box covered with chintz than the inartistic thing found in most bedrooms and labelled "a dresser."

The accumulation of housefurnishings should be the accumulation of

treasures, of articles which represent ideas, of ornaments which have associations and lessons, of rooms which hold blessed and hallowing recollections for those who furnished them and live in them. Surely the home is more than a place where eating and sleeping are the chief occupations. Forty-nine cent pictures and twenty-four cent books cannot gather halos.

## A POLITICAL MYSTERY

In his Budget speech last spring, the Hon. Mr. Fielding pointed out that if Great Britain did not remove the duty then levied on Colonial wheat and thus give it a preference, "they cannot complain if we see fit to modify or change that preferential tariff." This was on April 16th. These words were hardly across the cables when the British Government announced that the duty on wheat was to be removed immediately and no preference was to be afforded Colonial foodstuffs.

This looked serious. Mr. Fielding was haughty; the British Government was haughty. Mr. Fielding had put the chip on his shoulder; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had knocked it off. Would the battle begin?

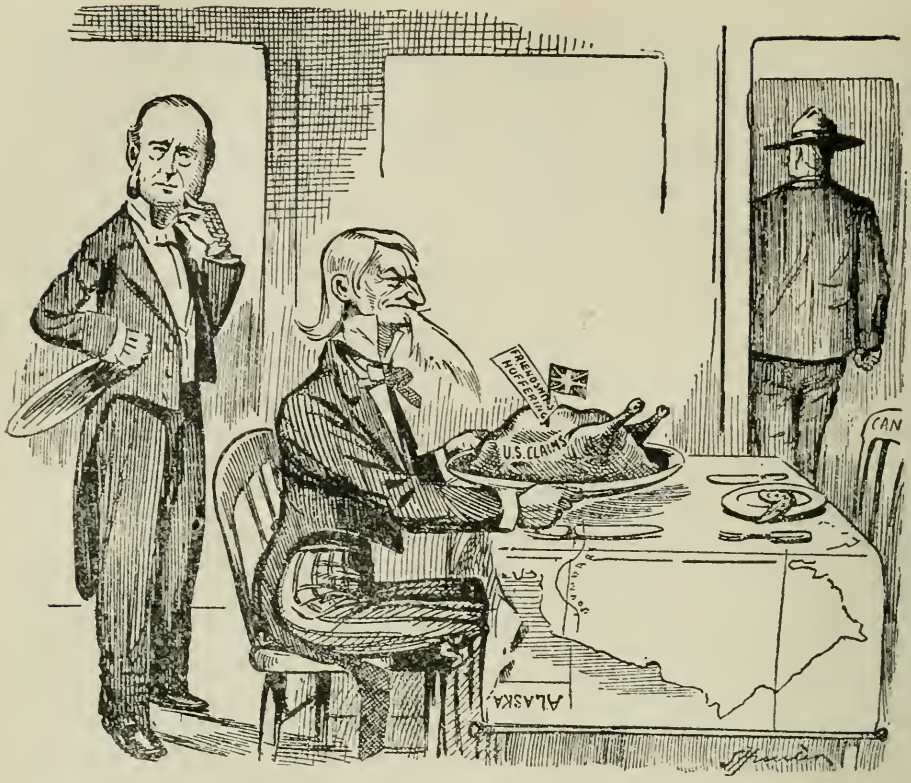
It did not begin and many wondered why. Now comes a despatch from London which states that a Bill was actually drafted by the Canadian Government for the repeal of the preference and that it would have been introduced into the Canadian Parliament had not Mr. Chamberlain made a speech which included a promise to consider the whole question of preferential tariffs. This is an interesting statement and a still more interesting explanation. It sounds plausible, but it cannot be confirmed at present.

If it is a true story, the Canadian Government is lending considerable support to Mr. Chamberlain. Apparently they consider that the time for preferential tariffs is at hand. That is one explanation. Another is that the Canadian Government would be glad of an excuse to withdraw or reduce the preference to please a certain section of Canadian manufacturers. This latter explanation is not so reasonable as the former. Time and official leakages will no doubt clear up the mystery.

## THE ALASKAN AWARD

There is much disappointment in Canada over the award by the Alaskan Boundary Commission. This feeling is induced, less by the fact that Canada has definitely lost territory to which it was thought she had some claim, than by the audacity of Lord Alverstone in going in direct opposition to the two Canadian members of the Commission. If his Lordship had been able to carry one Canadian Commissioner with him, there would have been no bitter feeling in this country. Messrs. Jetté and Aylesworth, however, have not only failed to approve of Lord Alverstone's position, but they have most distinctly and forcibly stated that they have been compelled to witness the sacrifice of the interests of Canada and were powerless to prevent it. They claim that it is not a judicial judgment and, inferentially, that it is a diplomatic settlement. In other words, they intimate that Great Britain sacrificed Canadian rights for some other Imperial advantage, supposed or real.

In almost all the treaties negotiated by Great Britain and the United States in which Canadian boundary questions were up for settlement, Canadian territory has been given in exchange for other Imperial advantages. These advantages have never commended themselves to the good judgment of the Canadian people, and therefore the territorial sacrifices have been strongly condemned. If the Canadian Government had thought for a moment that in this case the decision would have been diplomatic not judicial, it is safe to say that they would never have agreed to this reference to six jurists. They were confident that the British representative would side with the Canadian representative and that, in the final instance, the worst that could happen would be an equal division of




HOW CANADA IS ALWAYS SERVED

WAITER ALVERSTONE (of the Fat-head Diplomacy Café): "'Oping you'll pardon, sir, the mutilation of your horder, sir. I took the liberty of cutting hoff a wing for that colonial feller that's just gone hout."—Toronto *World*.

the tribunal. The more considerate feeling recently displayed by the British people towards their brother citizens in Canada led the Canadian Government to take that view. That they were deceived is a serious matter for British connection.

While the award has led to no severe comment on the United States and has brought out no new evidence of a dislike for the Republic, it is equally patent that the award will not lead to a desire for annexation as was the case during the discontent of 1849. Canadians are proud of Canada; they are anxious to build up a strong nationality which will differ from that of the United States; they are convinced of the possibilities of the country as a separate entity. The present anti-British feeling, if it is a permanent one, will lead to independence rather than to annexation.

It is too soon to predict the political result. Until the Canadian Government and Parliament state their attitude and the officials connected with the Commission return to Canada, the position of a large portion of thinking men will be judicial in its character. The matter is too grave to be made a subject for hasty judgment. Besides, Canadians are not a hasty people. Their sympathies and prejudices are of slow growth and abiding quality. If their British feelings break down, it will not be the result of the Alaskan fiasco alone, but of an ancient and persistent feeling that the Britisher in London does not regard the Britisher in Canada as his intellectual and political equal.

*John A. Cooper*

# BOOK REVIEWS

## COLONIAL SPEECHES

MR. H. E. EGERTON has made himself known to all studious Canadians by his excellent volume, "A Short History of British Colonial Policy." In editing a selection from the speeches of Sir William Molesworth,* he has again produced a volume of great interest in this country. As early as 1837 Sir William was a leading member of the school of Colonial reformers, and the first speech quoted in the book is one on Lord Glenelg's administration, delivered in March, 1838. The first utterance in that speech is a protest against the opinion "that the best thing that a mother country can do with her colonies is to get rid of them." It was a vehement protest for the emancipation of the colonies — the emancipation which would give them self-government and retain them by the bonds of self-interest and affection. "Sir, for my part I can see no necessary evil, but do see vast and inevitable good, in the possession of the colonies." These were Molesworth's remarks when such men as Lord John Russell and Lord Stanley were declaring that responsible government in a colony was outside the range of possibility—at a time when a few colonial reformers in Upper and Lower Canada were struggling against autocratic governors and executives, against the Family Compact. These were his remarks before Lord Durham had made his report, and several years before it became famous. How far Molesworth's utterances are due to his own prescience, we do not know, nor does Mr. Egerton enlighten us with an opinion. Yet we know that he was intimate with Gibbon Wakefield, Charles Buller, Lord Durham and the other reformers of the period. He may have been influenced by these men; he may have influenced them more than they affected him. What we do know is that he was one of the first in the present century to revive the teachings of Pitt and Pownall and to preach that colonials should be treated as equals and fellow-subjects. Others have preached since and more preaching is required.

This volume contains fifteen speeches, delivered between 1838 and 1853, and covering most of the phases of Colonial policy then under discussion. The last speech quoted is "On The Clergy Reserves of Canada Bill," and is most interesting. The volume is handsomely printed and bound and contains two illustrations, a portrait-frontispiece and a picture of the bust which occupies a prominent position in the library at Ottawa. Mr. Egerton's introduction fills twenty pages, but it is all too short. There are many historical facts omitted from this part of the work which might have been wisely admitted. Mr. Egerton, however, was not in his usual state of mind when he penned his eulogy of Mr. Chamberlain, for wisdom would have dictated a more conservative es-

*Selected Speeches of Sir William Molesworth, Bart., on Questions Relating to Colonial Policy. London: John Murray. 15 shillings.

timate until the history now making has had time to cool and crystallize.

### A FORGOTTEN POET

In 1807 there appeared in England a volume containing some ambitious poems something along the line of "The Deserted Village" and other works of the period. This contained "The Parish Register," "The Village" and other poems. Four editions were issued in a year and a half, and the reviewers were unanimous in their approval. The reputation of this poet reached its height in 1819, when Mr. John Murray, the publisher, paid him three thousand pounds for the copyright of "Tales From the Hills" and its predecessors. From that date the name of George Crabbe faded before those of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley. One quotation must suffice; it is one of the strongest passages in *The Register*, and describes the marriage of a "compelled bridegroom":

"Next at our altar stood a luckless pair,
Brought by strong passions and a warrant there;
By long rent cloak, hung loosely, strove the bride
From every eye, what all perceived, to hide.
While the boy-bridegroom, shuffling in his pace,
Now hid awhile, and then exposed his face;
As shame alternately with anger strove
The brain, confused with muddy ale, to move,
In haste and stammering he perform'd his part,
And looked the rage that rankled in his heart:
(So will each lover only curse his fate,
Too soon made happy, and made wise too late:)
I saw his features take a savage gloom,
And deeply threaten for the days to come.
. . . . . .
Then to her father's hut the pair withdrew,
And bade to love and comfort long adieu!
Ah! fly temptation, youth, refrain! refrain!
I preach for ever; but I preach in vain!"

### A CANADIAN POET

In Arthur Stringer's latest volume of poems* there is an entirely new note. For a Canadian poet he has broken away from the standard design of volume. There are no poems on Spring or March or October, none on The Rose or Music, none on Pan, The Frog, or Pine Needles, not one entitled Reveries or My Beloved. His work in this volume is confined to three classical subjects which recall Heavyseage's Saul, Campbell's Sir Lancelot, and other dramatic pieces. Hephæstus is a monologue uttered by the husband of Aphrodite on surrendering her to his brother Ares:

As the dark pine forgoes the pilgrim thrush
I, sad of heart, yet unimpassioned, yield
To you this surging bosom soft with dreams,
This body fashioned of Ægean foam
And languorous moonlight. But I give you not
The eluding soul that in her broods and sleeps,
And ne'er was mine of old, nor can be yours.

Sappho in Leucadia is a duologue between Sappho and Phaon, in which the former explains why she cannot return to his hearth and love:

It is too late, my Phaon. Your light hand
Has crushed the silver goblet of my heart
And all the wine is spilt; the page is read,
And from the tale the olden glory gone;
The lamp has failed amid the glimmering dusk
Of midnight; and now even music sounds
Mournful as evening bells on seas unknown.

Persephone is another monologue containing an address to her mother, Demeter, who is Queen of Hades. Persephone was the first of all the gods who walked with Aspiration and fathomed Love. She states these facts and offers her explanation exultingly:

So unreluctantly the long years went,
Though I had all that we, the gods, have asked,
Drunk with life's wine, I could not sing the grape,
And knew not once, till Hades touched my hand
And made me wise, how good the world could be.
Now, now I know the solace and the thrill
Of passing Autumns and awakening Springs;
I know and love the Darkness, many-voiced,
Since Night it was that taught me to be strong.

There are few poets writing in the English language to-day who have the taste, the rhythm, the philosophy, the exaltation possessed by Arthur Stringer. The work of some much-vaunted

*Hephæstus, by Arthur Stringer. London: Grant Richards; Toronto: William Briggs, Boards, 43 pp.

English poets is thin and common-place compared with that of this volume, and it is pleasant to know that this little collection has been praised all over the Anglo-Saxon world.

## NEW NOVELS

"Monsigny," by Justus Miles Forman,* is a pleasant story, but by no means clever. It is a second-class novel in a handsome cover with excellent illustrations. Those who buy from cover and illustrations will be likely to pick it up, and will surely miss the weak spots in the wooden characters.

"Our Neighbours," by Ian Maclaren,† is a collection of short tales and reminiscences of an ephemeral character. Some are good, some better and most worse. As sidelights on the Scots character a few are worthy of being treasured. The volume is dedicated to Andrew Carnegie, and it is difficult to decide whether Mr. Carnegie or the book is thus honoured.

"A Flame of Fire," by Joseph Hocking‡ is designed to teach again, under the guise of fiction, that the Church of Rome has always been the enemy of England. This is the story of three young men who, in the time of Elizabeth, went to Spain to rescue two English women who were in danger of the Inquisition. It describes that country during the time Philip was preparing his great Armada which was to make Britain Spanish territory, depose the Protestant she-wolf, and compel the British people to re-enter the fold of the one true Church. The characters of Philip, John Parsons, Cardinal Allen, Senor Toledo, Medina Sidonia, and the general priesthood, are described minutely, but not sympathetically, and the Church is portrayed as honeycombed with cruelty, deceit, wickedness and worldly ambitions. The story is a most stirring one, aside from its Protestant prejudices, while the descriptions of scenery and cities are apparently based on personal knowledge and careful historical study. The battle with the Armada is the last of the stirring events described. In spite of his strong Protestantism, Joseph Hocking is a clever novelist.

ARTHUR STRINGER

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated by Karl Anderson.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated.

"The Story of the Foss River Ranch,"* by Ridgewell Cullum, is supposed to be a Canadian ranching story. It is a pernicious travesty of the life in the West, full of slanders about the early ranchers and the half-breeds, and absolutely without a redeeming feature. There are better stories than this in the "dime novel" series which are so widely condemned. It does not contain one noble character, even the heroine being passionate, revengeful and wilful. It is to be hoped that this book will not find its way into the public libraries of the country. Even the publishers can give no information as to the author and his authority for painting this gruesome picture.

"Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," is a romance of the Spanish Main by Cyrus Townsend Brady.† It is a wholesome tale, though the scenes are laid in bloody times, when might was right and international law was unknown. Mr. Brady works well in this field.

## ACTIVITY AT McGILL

Many of the Professors of McGill are busily engaged in literary work. Principal Peterson has been revising some of the Latin texts by comparison with the originals. Dr. Porter is following up some mining investigations in connection with ore-crushing, and has some valuable material ready for publication. Professor Cox is publishing a work on Mechanics, and has written an article on Comets' Tails, the Corona and the Aurora Borealis for the *Popular Science Monthly*. Dr. Adams is doing a geological report for the Dominion Government. Dr. Wilson has been exploring the Labrador coast, and is publishing a paper entitled "The Laurentian Pereplain," describing that region. Dr. Barnes has in preparation a book on Ice Formation. Professor Durley has written a work on Kinematics. Dr. Walker is contributing chemical articles to the Journal of the Chemical Society, London. Dr. Stanfield has published an article on Burning and Overheating of Steel. Professor Walton has just published an Introduction to Roman Law. Dr. Moyse is preparing a manual on the Poets of the Nineteenth Century, and Dr. Cunliffe has finished a similar one on the Prose of the same period. Dr. Penhallow will publish a botanical volume next spring. Dr. Colby has written a book on the Sources of English History, and has two others in preparation. Professor Flux will shortly issue a popular economic manual, and Professor MacBride is enlarging his work on Biology. McGill is fortunate is having so many able men on her staff.

## NOTES

A useful volume for householders has been compiled by T. M. Clark, a United States architect. It explains the elementary principles of construction, plumbing, heating, and care of woodwork, and tells how to keep a house in repair. Every man who has a house which he desires to keep wholesome and in good condition will find in "The Care of a House" numerous suggestions of an economical and important character.*

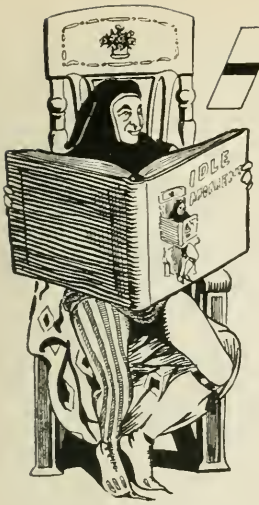
*Acadiensis* for October (St. John, N.B.) is a creditable issue with some excellent historical articles relating to men and events in the Maritime Provinces.

*Queen's Quarterly* for October (Kingston, Ont.), contains some articles of first importance. W. B. Baker writes of "Radium and Radio activity," and Principal Hutton of "The Cynicism of Herodotus." The Book Reviews and Current Events are the products of comprehensive scholarship.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated in colour by J. N. Marchand and Will Crawford.

*Toronto: The George N. Morang Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. Cloth, 283 pp., illustrated.




A CANADIAN University man is enlivening his home circle with the following story. He was touring in Scotland last summer. One Sunday morning he put his little hammer in his pocket (he is an amateur geologist) and, strolling out upon the hills, began to chip off such specimens of rock as interested him. A native passing by looked on with a frown. "Sir," he said, "do ye ken yer breakin' more than stones there?" "Breakin' the Sabbath, eh?" said the young Canadian with a laugh, and, to appease the Scot, he put away the hammer and walked onward a little way with him. A turn of the road revealed the ruins of a castle. "What castle is that?" said the stranger. "It's noo the day," was the severe reply, "to be speirin' sic things."—London *Outlook*.

■

### A DEVONSHIRE ANECDOTE

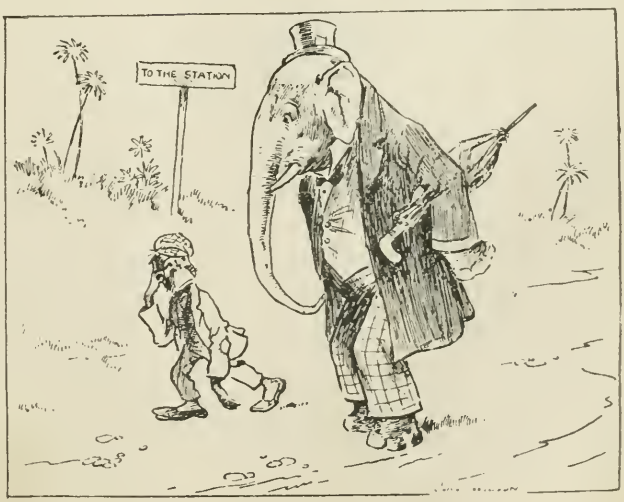
The Duke of Devonshire is noted for his habit of publicly napping on the front bench in the House of Lords as in former days he napped in the Commons. Gladstone and Disraeli both had the habit, although Gladstone's was an acquisition of his later years. The Duke, when Lord Hartington and War Secretary, once paused in the midst of his annual Army statement to emit a gigantic yawn. The wits have added to this true story that when the House tittered he turned to a colleague and remarked, "Why should they laugh? It is such a dull speech that I wonder they don't yawn too."

■

### A SCIENTIFIC SALLY

Dr. Joseph Le Conte was an authority, recognized by the world at large, on the science of vision. One day he was showing a class how to detect the blind spot in the human eye. He took two coins and held them, one in each hand, before him on the table.

"Look at both of these steadily," said he, "and gradually move them in




"CARRY YOUR TRUNK, SIR?"—*Punch*

BABBY: "Mamma, would it make any difference if the Baby took all his medicine at once?"
THE BABY'S MOTHER: "Heavens! Yes!"
BABBY: "But it hasn't made any difference!" —*Life*

opposite directions. Presently they will pass beyond the range of vision. That is due to the blind spot. Continue the movement, and the coins will again emerge to view."

Then the philosopher and naturalist had his little joke. "You can experiment for yourself at home," said he. "But if you are unsuccessful, try some other object instead of a coin. Some people have no blind spot for money." —*Selected.*

■

## THE SHORTER COURSE

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man;
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school; cram him with talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate;
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy;
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.
—*Selected.*

■

## HUMOUR

One of the humours of the day is Andrew Carnegie advising Britons not to adopt a protective policy.—*Mexican Herald.*

A tariff in the country where his mills are enables Mr. Carnegie to sell goods to his compatriots for twice or thrice what they are worth.

But a tariff in any other country would be right in his way.

Mr. Carnegie is at once a philanthropist and a Scotchman. The imputation of humour is grotesque.—*N. Y. Life.*

■

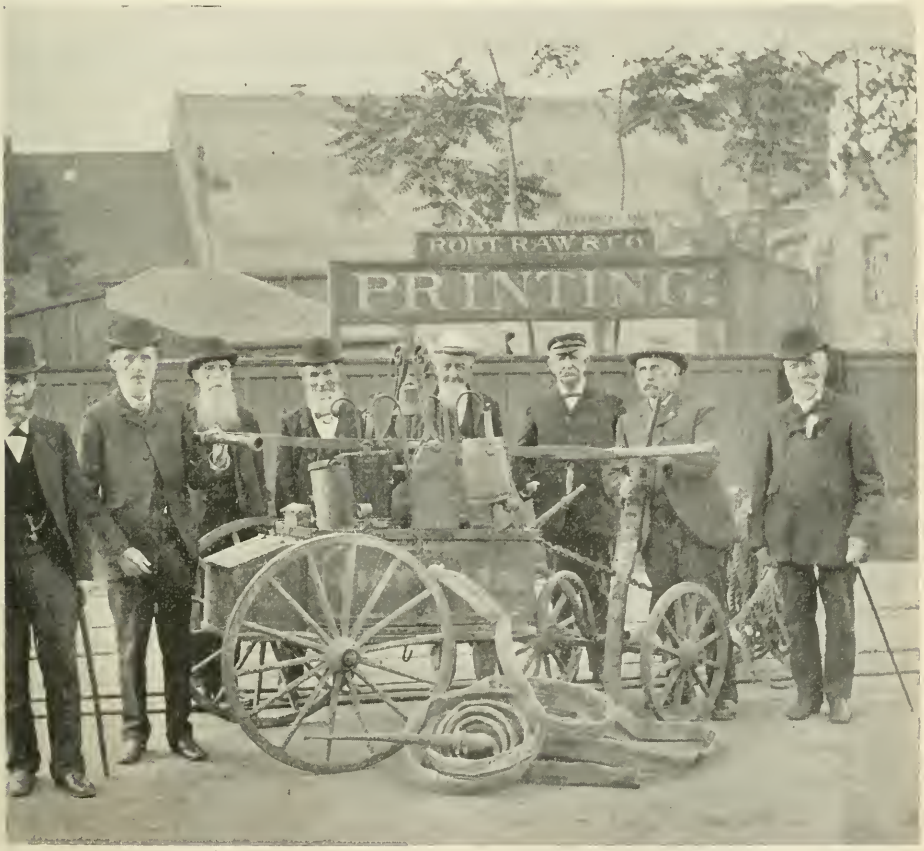
Young Doctor: "Did you diagnose his case as appendicitis, or merely the cramps?"

Old Doctor: "Cramps. He didn't have money enough for appendicitis."

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

## FIRE ENGINES, OLD AND NEW

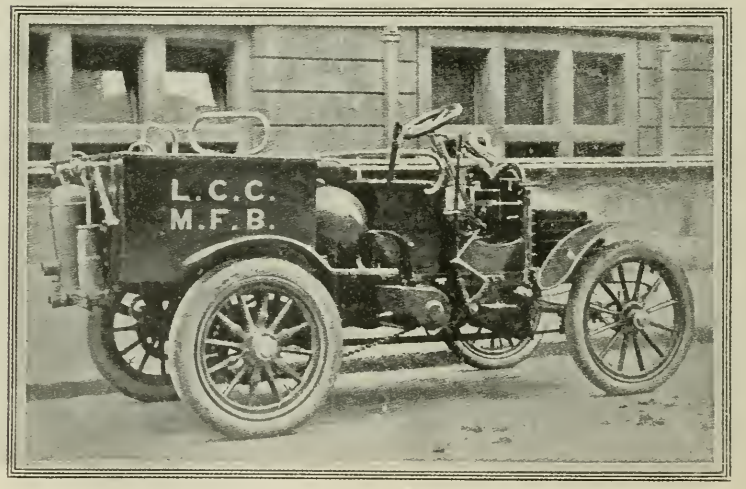
LIKE everything else in this swift age, the fire engine is the subject of considerable evolution. The three accompanying pictures illustrate this fact. The first picture was taken recently in Hamilton on the occasion of the gathering of the "Old Boys." These are some of the old firemen with a machine which did duty in the sixties. No doubt it was valuable in its day and was worked on occasions with much pride and satisfaction. The second picture shows the chemical engine of to-day, such as has been used




AN ANCIENT FIRE ENGINE USED IN HAMILTON, ONT., SOME FORTY YEARS AGO

A CHEMICAL ENGINE USED BY THE TORONTO FIRE BRIGADE

in Canadian cities for the past five years. It is useful in subduing small blazes with small damage to the contents of stores and warehouses. The "chemical" is evolved from large brass cylinders which are placed low in the body of the waggon. The third illustration shows a new type of chemical engine, a motor chemical engine which was shown at the recent annual display of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade on Clapham Common, London, England. The inventor described it as a "first-aid" fire engine. When in general use he said it would be despatched to a fire immediately on a call being received. It would outstrip either escape or engine, and on arriving at a fire, being equipped with ladders, would begin rescue work, and carrying its own supply of water or "chemical" in a tank could begin the extinction of the fire before the larger engines connected up and started pumping. The motor engine is not adapted for the streets of cities which are covered with snow for four months of the year. Nevertheless in the cities of Ontario, and in all other Canadian cities for a portion of the year, the motor engine would be a satisfactory addition to the equipment. At present the automobile is found only in Ontario cities.




"FIRST-AID" FIRE MOTOR RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN LONDON, ENG.

## PROSPEROUS WINNIPEG

THE building season has been extraordinarily brisk in Winnipeg. Up to the end of September permits for over 1,100 buildings have been issued, involving an expenditure of nearly five and a quarter million dollars. During the same period in 1902, nearly 900 buildings were started, involving the spending of over $2,200,000. In 1901 the number of new buildings was over 700, and the cost nearly $1,600,000. In 1900 over 500 permits were issued, and the outlay was $1,200,000.

## FREIGHT RATES ON WHEAT

When Premier Roblin made his famous "deal" with the Canadian Northern Railway, people declared that he was piling a debt on Manitoba which would eventually crush the little Province into bankruptcy. It has since been clearly shown that the debt is an obligation which, in all human probability, will never cause the Province any trouble, since the railway which the Province stood sponsor for is making a steadily increasing profit. But the fates have been even kinder to Mr. Roblin. His "deal" resulted in reducing the freight rate on grain from Winnipeg to Fort William from 14 to 12 cents per hundred, when carried over the Canadian Northern. That was in 1902. On September 1st, 1903, the rate was further reduced to 10 cents per hundred. The Canadian Pacific did not meet the cut in 1902, nor did it meet the cut in September, 1903. Therefore there was a difference of four cents per hundred on these two rival roads. However, that could not last long. Therefore, in the first week of October an arrangement was made whereby the Canadian Northern rate went up one cent, and the Canadian Pacific went down three cents. The rate is now 11 cents over both roads, instead of 14 when Mr. Roblin's "deal" occurred. In addition to the reduction of 3 cents per hundred on wheat, flour, bran and shorts, there is a reduction of 2 cents on oats, oatmeal, barley, rye and spelz. These reductions apply to Manitoba. The Territories get a similar favour amounting to 2 cents on wheat and 1 cent on coarse grains. Mr. Roblin claims that these reductions mean a million dollars a year to the producers of the West.

The rate before 1888 was 24 cents a hundred or 13 cents more than it is now. About that time the Northern Pacific entered Manitoba and the rate fell to 21 cents. Two or three years later it dropped to 17 cents. When the Dominion Government arranged the subsidy for the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, the rate was forced down to 14 cents, where it stood until last year. If the Grand Trunk can haul grain from Chicago to Montreal, 900 miles, for seven cents a hundred, the Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific will not likely lose money hauling grain from Winnipeg to Fort William, 426 miles, at 11 cents. This 11-cent rate ought in time to come down to 5 cents, at least. It will certainly be lowered materially when the Grand Trunk Pacific is built from Winnipeg to Lake Superior, which event should occur not later than 1906.

The great question to be examined by the prospective settler or investor

is: If farmers made a profit growing wheat in the West when the freight rate was 24 cents a hundred, how much will that profit be increased when the freight rate is 11 cents a hundred as it is now? And how much will that profit be increased when the rate is again cut in two? The answers to these questions explain the rush of farmers into the West and the great rise in the value of Western lands.

For all this reduction Canada has to thank three men: J. J. Hill, who took the Northern Pacific into Manitoba; Mr. Sifton, who made the bonus to the Crow's Nest a lever for another reduction, and Mr. Roblin for his skilful playing of the Canadian Northern against the Canadian Pacific.

## A PROSPEROUS COMPANY

The Montreal *Gazette* (Conservative) says:

The Government has resolved to guarantee the bonds of the Quebec Bridge Company. The facts about this company are fairly well known. Their published reports indicate that the men who constitute it have put of their own money into their enterprise in the neighborhood of 1 per cent. of its probable cost. On a paid-up capital of between sixty and seventy thousand dollars, they have got from the Parliament of Canada, the Legislature, and the city of Quebec, subsidies of a million and a half of dollars; and now they stand to have their company debts guaranteed and paid by the country. The political boys at the Ancient Capital, who are let into the projects of the party, must feel as if the merry Mercier days had returned.

## THE LABOUR TRUSTS

New York *Life* has the following remarks to offer on the labour troubles in the United States:

The truth is that we are all getting very tired of labour bosses, and their rules and their whims and their crimes. They have wantonly throttled the building industry here and kept their men in idleness all summer, when wages were high and jobs pressing. Some unions expel members who join the militia. The printers' union in Albany lately demanded that only union-label schoolbooks should be used in the Albany public schools, and a pusillanimous Common Council voted to urge the Board of Education to acquiesce. That's going much too far. When trades-unions outlaw the State militia, dictate to Uncle Sam whom he shall employ, dictate to cities what books children shall use in the public schools, prescribe all workers who will not submit to them, and glorify convicted felons in their conventions and parades, it is time they were stood up to. In whatever they do within the law they are entitled to protection. But when their acts transcend the law, and when their bosses dictate what the law shall be, then the rest of us are entitled to protection. We want terrorism, blackmail and extortion to stop. We want the law, the police, the militia, the President, the whole people to stand by the honest workman who is ready to work, and the honest employer who is ready to employ him. There are no trusts now that are so arrogant, so despotic, and so scornful of law and human rights as some of the labour trusts.

## THE PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN

It is becoming more and more evident that Canadian business men must lay aside their partizanship and study politics from the business standpoint only. The present long session at Ottawa was designed by professional politicians and grafters to scare business men out of Parliament. These wily individuals desire to keep the business men and independents at home so that the professionals will have entire control of the country's revenues. They know that there are few business men who can afford to spend eight months of the year in Ottawa and that a few eight-month sessions will drive the business men out of Parliament. The attempt should be frustrated. This can only be done by business men using their influence with the newspapers and the electors to frown down this contemptible trickery. The majority of the next House should be business men pledged to shorter sessions — business men of both Conservative and Liberal leanings. The battle must begin in the conventions. These will soon be held all over Canada, and now is the time to plan the reform. The professional politicians, men with no special calling, no visible means of support, should be beaten in the conventions. Only thus can the House of Commons be kept wholesome and efficient. It is a duty which lies upon every merchant and manufacturer in the country.

LA VERGINE COL BAMBINO GESÙ

ST. GUISEPPE AND TWO ANGELS IN ADORATION—FROM THE PAINTING BY HONTHORST (GHERARDO DELLE NOTTI) IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1903 No. 2

## A TYPICAL CANADIAN CITY

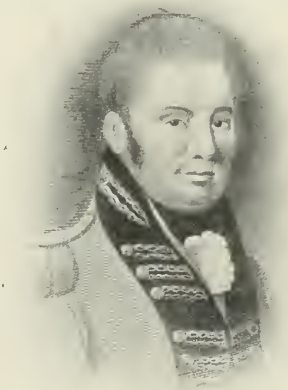
HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CITY OF TORONTO

*By Norman Patterson*

TO a considerable extent, the progress of Canada is written in the founding and the growth of her cities. To the French was given the honour of discovering and colonizing this country, and the cities which they founded, Quebec and Montreal, are still French in their characteristics. This was in the seventeenth century, for Quebec was founded in 1608 and Montreal in 1642. Then came the British settlements. At first these were contemporaneous with French development and produced the city of Halifax in 1749 and a trading post at St. John in 1758. The conquest of Canada by the British and the Revolution of the colonies now known as the United States led to another British settlement, superimposed to some extent upon the French settlements. The U.E. Loyalists refounded St. John in 1783, settled Ontario and caused the birth of Toronto in 1794, and the building of Bytown, now Ottawa, in 1826. The British colonization knew no bounds but the Pacific Ocean, and Victoria came into being in 1850, Winnipeg in 1870 and Vancouver, because of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in 1886. The founding of these great cities furnish the rallying points in Canadian history.

So far as incorporation is an index of importance, the order is slightly different. St. John was incorporated in 1785, Quebec and Montreal in 1833, Toronto in 1834, Halifax in 1841, Ottawa in 1850, and the three western cities at later dates. This is interesting to the student of municipal institutions, but has little bearing upon the general history of the country.

To-day Toronto is the second city of importance in Canada and possesses a romantic past. Old Fort Rouille, a French trading post, carries that romantic past back to 1749; but the city's history proper does not go beyond August, 1793, when Governor



JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE
THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF UPPER CANADA AND THE FOUNDER OF TORONTO, WHICH HE NAMED YORK

John Graves Simcoe with his Queen's Rangers left Niagara, sailed across the lake and took up his residence in a temporary canvas house, close to Fort Rouille. Here in the wilderness he set his engineers to lay out a city which should have a magnificent natural harbour and a not-too-close proximity to the United States frontier. Here he decided to raise the British flag, to create another centre of British authority and government, to again prove to the world that the British were the strongest people that had been evolved from the race-changes of the centuries. His enthusiasm created visions of a great city and a great colony, but even these children of his brain must have fallen short of the magnificent tangible visions of wealth, prosperity, industry and intelligence to be seen to-day in Toronto and Ontario. This Province owes much to the fact that Governor Simcoe, besides being a brave soldier and an experienced governor, was not a pessimist but an enthusiast. There was no settlement on Toronto Bay, but he planned to change the bush and marsh into a seat of government; there were no docks, but he set his engineers to survey the harbour and arrange for their building; there were no roads, east, west or north, but he ordered a highway to be surveyed from Lake Ontario northward to Lake Simcoe, and the Queen's Rangers felled the first trees on Yonge Street, as the new roadway was designated; there were no houses or public buildings, but he soon had the broad-axe, the adze and the whip-saw at work making planks, boards, rafters and shingles for Castle Frank, his own residence overlooking the Don, and for the first Parliament buildings almost directly south and close to the water-front. Such was the founder and his work. To-day the city of Toronto contains over two hundred thousand inhabitants and the Province of Ontario a a population of over two millions.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE
THE FIRST MAYOR OF TORONTO—1834

The growth of the city was not speedy. In 1803, ten years after Simcoe reached it, there were only 456 inhabitants within its borders. In that year the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, visited Kingston, Niagara and Toronto, and he must have marvelled at the boundless enthusiasm of the citizens who hoped to create in "Muddy York" a city of world-importance. The first election for town and public offices occurred three years later.

What Simcoe created another held. There is no doubt that only the prompt action and intrepid daring of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock saved Upper Canada and Toronto in 1812. When war was declared he called the Legislature together and found a small portion of it inclined to sacrifice their British allegiance and join the invad-

TORONTO—ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS

ers. They hesitated and delayed the passing of the Acts which Brock thought necessary in the emergency. The militia became insubordinate and began deserting. The Indians wavered: there was a crisis. Brock met it by proroguing the Legislature and proclaiming Martial Law. This was on August 5th. On August 16th he captured Detroit and General Hull's army of 2,500 men. From that moment the disloyalty in Upper Canada was at an end, and all classes joined together in the defence of their homes and their allegiance. They succeeded in meeting Brock's desire, as expressed in his animated address on the opening of the Assembly, that "we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by free men, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and constitution, cannot be conquered."

In 1813 Toronto was garrisoned by General Sheaffe with 600 men, one-half of whom were regulars, when Commodore Chauncey with his fourteen ships of war, conveyed General Dearborn and his 2,000 United States soldiers across the lake from Sackett's Harbour. The enemy landed to the west of the little town with slight opposition from Major Givins and his little band of Indians. The garrison pushed forward, but too late to interfere with the landing. The defenders fought gallantly and gave up their ground only under necessity. Gradually, however, the enemy captured point after point. A stand was to

TORONTO—OSGOODE HALL

WHERE THE HIGHER COURTS OF ONTARIO ARE HELD. IT CONTAINS A FINE LAW LIBRARY AND SOME VALUABLE PORTRAITS OF EARLY JUDGES

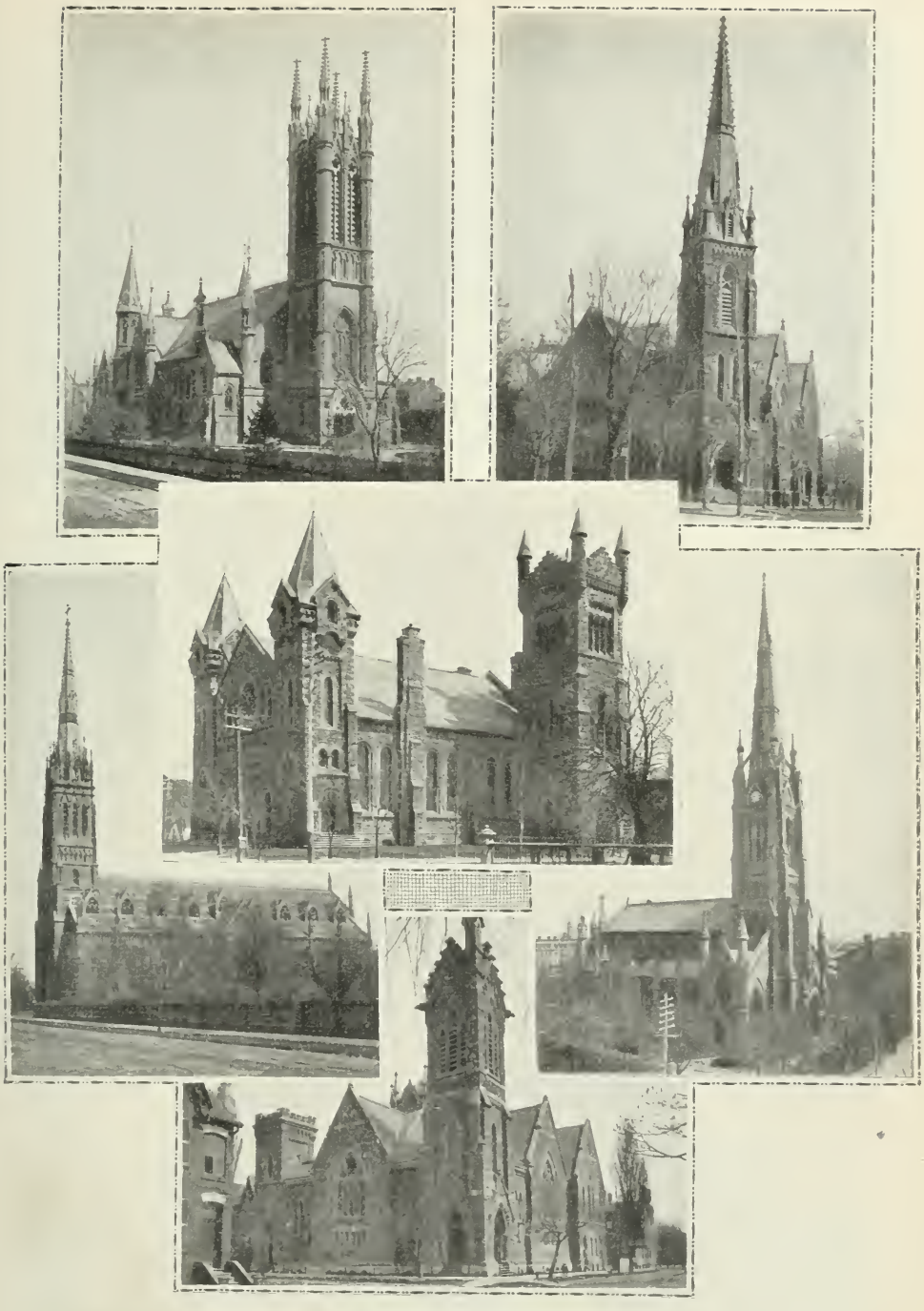
TORONTO—THE CITY HALL

IT HAS A FRONTAGE OF 290 FEET AND A DEPTH OF 275 FEET. IT IS 87 FEET HIGH, WHILE THE TOWER IS 300 FEET. IT COST OVER $3,000,000

have been made at the Western Battery, but carelessness in leaving the magazine open caused an explosion which wrought worse havoc among the defenders than even United States bullets. General Sheaffe soon found himself forced to abandon the town. The regulars retreated towards Kingston, and 292 militia surrendered. The regulars lost 154 in killed, wounded and prisoners, and the militia about 50. The United States army lost 286 in killed and wounded. The Parliament buildings were burned and all the early records of the Province were lost. The enemy abandoned the town—it was not worth holding—after destroying the shipping and stores, and sailed for Niagara.

On the 31st of July in the same year, the little town was again made the object of a raid. Colonel Winfield Scott landed a few hundred men; as there were no regulars and as the militia were under parole there was no opposition. The gaol was opened and the prisoners liberated; much private property was destroyed or carried off. It was a mean raid on a defenceless village, but such things must be when-

TORONTO—TRINITY COLLEGE



TORONTO CHURCHES

THIS CITY IS SOMETIMES CALLED "THE CITY OF CHURCHES"

TORONTO—NORMAL SCHOOL

ever civilized nations go to war. Never since has Toronto been disturbed by the visit of a foreign foe.

In 1825 the town had only 3,000 inhabitants, but from that date it grew more rapidly. In 1834 the number of people had trebled and the city of Toronto was incorporated with William Lyon Mackenzie as the first Mayor.

That Mackenzie should have been the first to occupy that office is one of the few favourable points in his wonderful and painful career. Born of humble parentage in a lowly Scotch home, losing his father within a few days, he was nursed by poverty and adversity — companions which followed him to Canada and remained with him until the day of his death. He began life as a storekeeper in Forfarshire, but soon failed. He emigrated to America and again essayed a mercantile life in Toronto and Niagara. Always unstable, he soon became a newspaper editor, then a bookseller, then a druggist, then a member of Parliament, then the leader of the rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada, and for eleven years a banished man upon whose head a price was set. When he returned from banishment in 1851 to take up again the role of prominent citizen, he found it uncongenial. He died ten years later

TORONTO—UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

TORONTO—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

in a house, on Bond Street, presented to him by his political friends. His instability and intolerance had robbed him of the glorious fruits which his patriotism and ability might have been expected to produce. Such was the first Mayor of Toronto, the man who designed the city arms and selected the motto: "Industry, Intelligence, Integrity."

For thirty-one years the Mayor was elected by the Council, but since 1873 he has been the choice of the citizens at large. At the same time the office of Common Councilman was abolished and the number of Aldermen increased. Recently a Board of Control was added, and next year the members of this will be elected by the citizens at large instead of by the Aldermen. Among the famous Mayors of the city were the following: Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan, Hon. Henry Sherwood, William Henry Boulton, Hon. Geo. W. Allan, Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Sir Adam Wilson, Alexander Manning, Angus Morrison, James Beatty, Jr., and William H. Howland.

Through all these years Toronto has retained her character as the legislative centre of the Province. As "York" she was the capital of Upper Canada, and the change of name to the original "Toronto" did not change her relation to the Province. However, under the Union Act of 1841, when Upper and Lower Canada were made one Province, Kingston was chosen as the capital. The honour soon passed to Montreal which, in 1849, by reason of

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LIBRARY

LORETTO ABBEY

the famous riots and the burning of the Parliament buildings, again lost the honour to Toronto and Quebec. Since 1867, of course, Toronto has been the permanent capital of Ontario. The old Parliament buildings on Front Street were discarded a few years ago and a more commodious, if inartistic, building erected in Queen's Park. The old buildings were pulled down this year to make room for new freight sheds—such is the advance of materialism in an industrial age. The roar of the locomotive and the rumble of the heavy lorry will effectually drown any oratorical contests in which the parliamentary ghosts may engage.

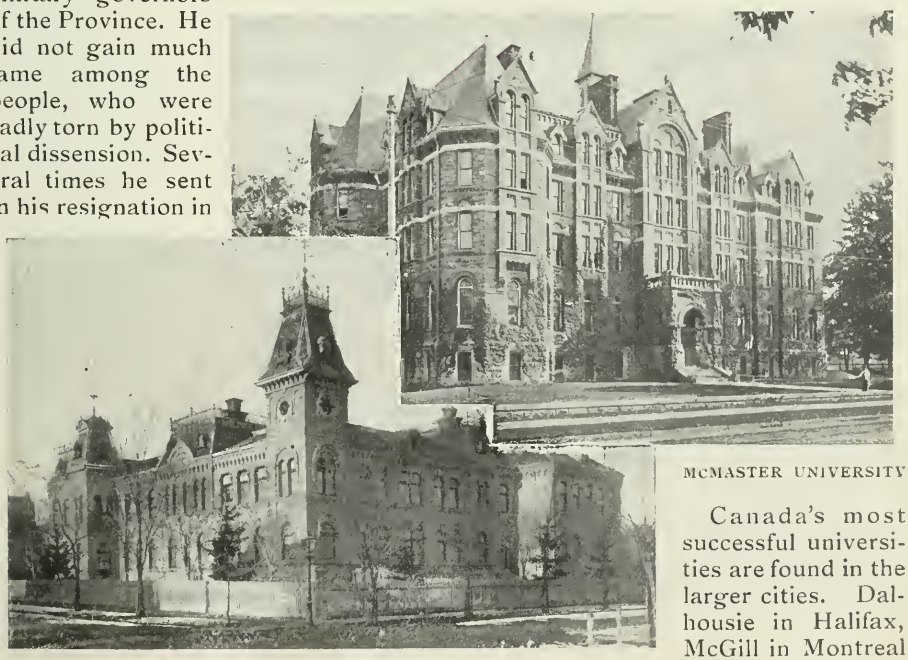
The first Parliament buildings were erected close to the water-front at the foot of Berkeley Street. There were two one-story, small frame buildings, a hundred feet apart. The assembly met in one and the Legislative Council in the other for the first time in 1797, under the presidency of the famous Peter Russell. These buildings were destroyed in 1812.

Beside Simcoe, Brock and Russell, there were other famous Lieutenant-Governors who made Toronto their home for a time. During the war and after the death of Brock, the office was held by Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe, Sir Francis de Rottenburg, Sir Gordon Drummond, Sir George Murray and Sir Frederick Phipps Robinson. At that time the Lieutenant-Governor was necessarily a soldier, for those were the days of strong, active men. Following them came Sir Francis Gore, who in his first address to the Legislature, said: "The gallant defence of this colony by its own militia, supported during the early period of the war by a very small portion of His Majesty's regular force, has acquired for it a high distinction for loyalty and bravery." Under this governor the first common schools were established, and an annual grant of six thousand pounds was made by the Legislature for their maintenance. It was also enacted that the teachers were to be British subjects. The fear of the United States emissary was still acute. Sir Peregrine Maitland was another military governor; he received the office through the influence of the Duke of Richmond, whose wife gave the famous ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Sir Peregrine, then Major, was present at that notable function, and so was the young lady afterwards known as Lady Maitland. He built a

country home for his bride at Stamford, three miles west of Niagara Falls. Robert Gourlay and William Lyon Mackenzie were not willing, however, that his life should be a peaceful one. Even the banishment of Gourlay had little effect. Maitland's dislike of Mackenzie was shown by his orders to have the copy of Mackenzie's paper removed from the corner-stone of Brock's monument, in which it had been placed during his absence. During his incumbency of the office the "Family Compact" rose to considerable oligarchical prominence.

Under Sir John Colborne, who succeeded to the office in 1828, Upper Canada College was founded and new Parliament buildings erected on Front St., west of Simcoe. In 1836 he retired from office, but remained in America. When the rebellion broke out he was given charge of the military operations in Lower Canada and defeated the rebels at St. Charles and St. Denis. His successor in Upper Canada, Sir Francis Bond Head, was another Waterloo veteran, and the last of the great military governors of the Province. He did not gain much fame among the people, who were sadly torn by political dissension. Several times he sent in his resignation in disgust. He and the Adjutant-General, Colonel Fitzgibbon, organized the militia force which on December 5th, 1837, marched against the rebels at Montgomery's tavern, defeated them, and sent their leaders in headlong flight over the border. Sir George Arthur and William Poulett Thomson were Lieutenant-Governors during the short space which elapsed between 1838 and the union of 1840.

From 1841 to 1867 there were no Lieutenant-Governors. In 1867 the ancient office was restored, and Toronto again had a governor as a resident. Major-General Stisted was the provisional governor owing to his position as commander of the Imperial forces in Canada, but he was soon succeeded by Sir William Pearce Howland, the first of the native officers of the Province. His successors have been: Hon. J. W. Crawford, Hon. D. A. Macdonald, Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Sir Alexander Campbell, Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick and Sir Oliver Mowat.



WELLESLEY PUBLIC SCHOOL

MCMASTER UNIVERSITY

Canada's most successful universities are found in the larger cities. Dalhousie in Halifax, McGill in Montreal and the University

GLIMPSES IN TORONTO PARKS

of Toronto in Toronto are the proofs of this statement. The University of Toronto makes the city a great educational centre. Its origin goes back to the closing years of last century, when a half million acres of Crown Lands were set apart to support grammar schools at Kingston, Newark, Cornwall and Sandwich and a University in York (Toronto). A charter was not obtained until 1827, and this was granted in the name of "The University of King's College," but a religious controversy prevented the laying of the corner-stone until fourteen years had elapsed. Much legislation was required to satisfy the reformers of the period, who demanded a purely non-sectarian institution. Finally in 1853, the present examining "University of Toronto" was constituted, to be controlled by a Senate, and a teaching body with the name of "University College," controlled by the President and the professors. All appointments to the staff were to be in the hands of the Government of the Province.

The university has since grown in many ways and become a first-class institution, though at the present time it is suffering somewhat from a plethora of mediocre professors. The following institutions are federated or affiliated with it at the present time :

| | Date |
|---|---|
| Victoria University (Meth.) | 1890 |
| St. Michael's College (R.C.) | 1890 |
| Wycliffe College (Epis.) | 1890 |
| Knox College (Pres.) | 1890 |
| Trinity College (Epis.) | 1903 |
| School of Practical Science | 1889 |
| Medical College for Women | 1890 |
| Ontario Dental College | 1888 |
| Ontario College of Pharmacy | 1891 |
| Ontario Agricultural College (Guelph) | 1888 |
| Toronto College of Music | 1890 |
| Toronto Conservatory of Music | 1896 |
| Ontario Veterinary College | 1897 |

Besides the teaching in arts and the work done in the affiliated colleges, there is a self-supporting Medical Faculty, which has been in existence since 1887, and which has this year been enlarged and strengthened by having merged in it the faculty of Trinity Medical College. A few weeks ago new and larger medical laboratories and lecture rooms were opened. From the present moment the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Toronto should be the strongest and most successful in Canada. There are some 700 medical students in attendance this year.

The presidents of the university have been men notable in the educational life of Toronto and of the Province. Bishop Strachan held the office from 1827 until 1848, and a remarkable fighting divine he was. He strove to keep the institution under the wing of the Church of England and, when unsuccessful, he proceeded to found Trinity University. This latter institution waged a stern battle up to the present year; but the spirit of the age has conquered and it is now affiliated with the University of Toronto. The Rev. John McCaul was president from 1849 to 1880, Sir Daniel Wilson from 1880 to 1892, and Dr. James Loudon, the present incumbent, since the death of Sir Daniel. Provost Macklem is head of Trinity College, Chancellor Burwash of Victoria, Principal Sheraton of Wycliffe, Principal Caven of Knox, Principal Hutton of University College, Dean Reeve of the Medical Faculty, Father Teefey of St. Michael's College, and Prin-

VICTORIA COLLEGE

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

cipal Galbraith of the School of Practical Science.

There is only one institution of higher education in Toronto not affiliated with the University of Toronto. Chancellor Wallace still successfully guides the McMaster University, the Baptist institution. It is comparatively young, having begun work in the year 1890.

SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

The city, of course, has its complement of collegiate institutes and public schools, working under the Education Department of Ontario and the provincial legislation. These schools have been under the control of two separate boards; but, beginning with 1904, they will be under the control of one —a Board of Education of twelve members elected by the citizens. Formerly the members of the high school board were appointed, and the members of the public school board elected on the ward system. These methods were found unsatisfactory. Two boards instead of one tended to hostility instead of co-operation, and the ward system did not place the proper kind of citizen on the public school board. The new system is part of a general tendency in Toronto to reduce the number of members in elected bodies —the number of aldermen having been reduced this year from twenty-four to eighteen.

In addition to the schools already mentioned, there are twenty Roman Catholic "Separate" schools under a special Board and two large private schools

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL

for boys, modelled on the plan of the public schools of England, Upper Canada College and St. Andrew's College. There are a number of private schools for girls; St. Margaret's, Miss Veals', Havergal, Bishop Strachan, St. Monica's, Branksome Hall and Westbourne are worth special mention. The leading musical college is the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which Dr. Edward Fisher has brought to a high state of efficiency. The Toronto College of Music is another well-established institution.

It is claimed that Toronto was the second city in America to make the Kindergarten an organic part of its school system. In any case, this feature of educational work is given special attention and has added much to the efficiency of the public schools.

The Toronto Technical School is the only one of its kind in Canada, another proof of the superiority of the civic provision for education. It was established in 1891 with evening classes only. In 1900 a new building was purchased by the city and the work enlarged to provide for both day and evening classes. In the day classes there are about two hundred students, and in the evening classes about 1,800. The idea is to provide scientific and artistic training for men and women who work with their hands. There are six departments: Drafting and Design, Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, Domestic Science and Commerce and Finance. The day classes cost $15 to $30 a year, but the evening classes are absolutely free.

THE KING EDWARD—TORONTO'S LARGEST HOTEL

Toronto's experiences with her municipal monopolies is interesting. The waterworks system is owned and operated by the municipality; the street railway franchise is leased for operation to a private company, while the lighting and telephonic franchises were given away before their value was known.

The first street cars in Canada ran in Toronto in 1861. These, of course, were horse-cars. In 1891, just thirty years later, this franchise fell in to the city and arrangements were made to take over the plant at a valuation. Tenders were asked for the franchise on the basis of an absolute monopoly for thirty years. The arrangement made with a syndicate composed of G. W. Kiely, William Mackenzie and H. A. Everett was favourable, the company agreeing to pay $800 per annum per mile of single track for maintenance of roadways, eight per cent. of all gross receipts up to one million dollars per annum; this percentage to increase until three million dollars per annum was reached, when it was to be twenty per cent. on all gross receipts over that sum. It was also agreed that ordinary tickets should be sold at the rate of six for a quarter and special tickets to be used between 5.30 and 8 a.m. and 5 and 6.30 p.m. at the rate of eight for a quarter; also that school children should have a special rate,

THE CITY OF TORONTO, LOOKING FROM THE CENTRE TOWARDS THE BAY AND THE ISLAND

and that transfers should be allowed. The successful tenderers then formed the Toronto Railway Company, which paid $1,453,788 for the tracks, plant and equipment. The line was at once changed from a horse to an electric railway, at a cost of about one and a half millions. Stock and bonds were issued by the company and realized about seven millions of dollars, so that the profits to the successful tenderers must have been large. The city gained in cheaper fares, better service and transfers, and also secured a reasonable income. The latter amounts during the twelve years that have already elapsed, to considerably over a million dollars. The saving in fares and transfers is probably worth $250,000 a year to the citizens. In May, 1897, after several votes on the question, it was decided to allow the cars to be operated on Sunday, tickets being at the rate of seven for a quarter.

Soon after the railway franchise was disposed of, the telephone monopoly was considered. The Bell Telephone Company was supplying telephones at $50 and $30. To prevent opposition, it agreed to make the charges $45 and $25 and five per cent. of gross earnings for a five years' franchise. This was accepted. When the five years had expired, the agreement was not renewed, but the Bell Telephone Company continues to have a monopoly without any payment to the city.

The Consumers Gas Co. has a perpetual charter, limited only by a provision that if the dividends reach ten per cent., the surplus is to go to the city or to a reduction in the price of gas. The situation has always been complex, and legal difficulties have prevented the city getting what was thought to be its due under the original agreement. The price of gas has, however, been reduced from $1.12½ to 90 cents per thousand feet.

The electric lighting franchise is in the hands of two companies, nominally separate but virtually the same. The franchise is limited to thirty years.

The waterworks are owned and operated by the city. Manufacturers get water at a nominal price, large consumers at a low meter rate, and householders at a rate per tap and head. The cost per average household is about $5 per annum. The municipal management seems quite satisfactory to the citizens.

# A PAIR OF GRAY GLOVES

*By Kathleen Blake Coleman*

"The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love."
—Bailey Festus.

SHE was leaning back in her chair very tired. The day was a hot one, and the room, the highest in a tall building, was stuffy and close. It was a bare-looking room, furnished with a mean desk, a chair or two and a piece of matting. There were no blinds on the tall windows, which were covered with dust and looked over a long and narrow court up which at intervals waggons lumbered to the side-doors of warehouses. The woman walked wearily to the windows and looked out. Far below the sun shone on a heap of lumber that lay along the wall, and a gray cat picked her way among the planks. Dirty papers swirled and eddied in the hot wind. A woman with a mop and pail crossed the yard and entered an opposite building. Presently she reappeared standing on the sill of a window and sending the mop up and down the dusty panes. The other woman watched her at her work, and a faint envy was expressed in her eyes. "I wish I were she," she said tiredly. "How she must sleep at night! Oh! to be really tired, really worn out, the way women are who wash and scrub and work with their hands, and have no time for hoping and fearing. Oh! to be dog-tired. What a sleep I would have." Then she laughed. "And she, if she looks up, will be envying me here idling at the window," she said. She looked back at her desk, at the disorder of loose sheets covered with narrow writing which lay about the floor, at the little stack of white, blank pages. "I must get back to it," she murmured, stepping to her swing chair and resting a moment against its uneasy back. A bell rang. "Five o'clock," she cried out aloud, "and that article on Platonic Love to be finished by seven. What on earth made Plato start a theory of his own when love is the same to-day as it was in the garden of Eden." She sat down and dipped her pen into the inkpot. She thought quietly for a moment, then began to write—

"Platonic love is not possible between men and women who have brains and sex—"

A short, hard step coming sturdily along the passage stopped her. Her office door was half of muffed glass, and she heard distinctly. She threw the pen from her and listened. It was a long passage, and her room was the last in the row. Her face flushed slowly, and into her eyes there came a deeper, clearer light; but she never stirred. The footfall halted, and there was a second's wait.

Then came a rap, quick, sharp, decisive.

The woman rose slowly, walked to the door and unlocked it.

"Come in," she said gently, and the man entered.

He looked perturbed. He was a tall, sunburnt man of about thirty-five, with massive shoulders and a great, gaunt frame, indicating immense strength. His head was peculiar; narrow at it base, it widened out above the ears, attaining generous proportions. A noble forehead, square, and with great temples, rose above eyes that were gray-blue in colour and shrewd in expression. The face was narrow at the chin, falling into a perfect oval, which was enhanced by the short brown beard that he wore trimmed down to a point. His nose and mouth were nondescript. A great shrewdness, combined with much intellectual force, and some acquired cynicism, brooded in face and head. He had a peculiar, but undoubted, attractiveness. At heart there seemed to be much that was tender and graceful. This he had done his best to hide under an affectation that could only be called disagreeable. He rather liked the title of disagreeable man. He had a knack of saying disagreeable things in a nice way. This piqued women. And when you excite women to the degree of piquancy they become dangerous. Women ran after David Strang. They professed to abhor him—they secretly adored him, and played their prettiest tricks for his benefit. He remained unmoved. He found it amusing.

The woman to whose office he came this hot July day had long ago fathomed, or thought she fathomed, his complex nature. She had certainly carefully hidden the clay feet of her god, enveloping them in draperies of purple and gold, and denying their existence to her own soul. But this was after she had found the tender places in his deep nature. At first she had seen the clay feet; gradually her imagination—which was royal—had covered them, and a film had grown over the eyes of her soul, a silver film, through which he loomed gracious and tender. For a long time she had been growing in upon herself. A great restlessness consumed her. Then came a feeling abroad for sympathy. This gathered around her work. For a time she wrote brilliantly, pouring her soul out in quaint imagery. All the human nature in her, and the spiritual, cried aloud. Her work satisfied for a time, but hers was a stormy soul, given to recklessness and feeling the need of a personal, a human love. Love was a great trinity, she argued. There should be the intellectual, the spiritual, and also the carnal, or rather the human love. (Should the craving that demands protection, caringness, closeness, tenderness, be marred by a name so suggestive of grossness as carnal?)

She used to envy the old ladies whom she saw carefully cloaked and guarded by their old husbands on steamboats or trains. They brought an atmosphere of home with them. She had had a mere glimpse of home in her childish days. Since, it had been a forlorn sort of life, drifting from one "lodgings" to another; living in trunks, making no friends, shrinking from publicity. "Home, Sweet Home" always made her soul shed tears. So did Christmas-time, and the barrel-organ when it played "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." Her brother used to whistle that decayed London refrain all day long, one time; but he never would again, for he was stopped suddenly one day by that in his throat which the doctors had called diphtheria, and he had drifted out on tides eternal, long, long ago.

As to herself, this woman is not to be described, beyond saying that she was past her first youth, and of that sort of attractiveness which people vaguely term fascination, or magnetism, or psychic force. She was not at all beautiful, yet was far from being ugly or commonplace. Passion and grief were both stamped heavily on her face. There was a story in all her attitude. She was one of those women who, while strong as steel, have a look of fragility that is at times very attractive. A certain waxiness of colour, a

deepening shadow about the great eyes, and a growing slenderness of figure, gave this impression. As the man stepped inside the door, which closed quietly upon him, he bent and raised the woman's hand to his lips reverently. A reverence brooded in his eyes, as he looked into her face. When, without a word, he lightly stroked the thick tangle of brown hair that gathered about her forehead, she stood quiet, only smiling at him.

"You must go in a minute," she said, and her voice was exquisite—soft, deep and very tender. "I have a wretched paper to get out before seven o'clock—on love — platonics—and I feel as stupid as an owl—in fact quite woolly. Do you believe in platonic love? Is there such a thing?"

His face grew moody. He walked quickly to a chair and sat down heavily.

"I believe there is," he said—he had a harsh, deep voice—"and what's more, I believe it's the safest kind of love." He pulled at his gloves savagely.

"Oh, indeed!" she said, mocking him playfully, "since when did you come to have an opinion as to love's safeness?"

"Since this long time," he answered sharply. "You yourself taught me. You always said love brought suffering—that it was a thing to be avoided —" He rose and walked to the window, then turned restlessly and strode up and down the room with hands thrust deep in his pockets.

The woman watched him quietly. He was in a mood and she would humour it.

"Look at this," she said, pulling a volume from under a pile of papers. "It's the last *Yellow Book*, and there is an appreciation of Yvette Guilbert in it that will delight you."

"Yvette Guilbert." He stopped his quick walking and looked fixedly at her, "you are very like her—that tall, slender thing all in white, with those long, expressive, black-gloved arms. An ugly woman. *Jolie laide*, as they say in Paris, but the sort of woman who gets to a man's head and intoxicates him. Ah, you women!" He crossed to the chair again, sitting, leaned his arms on the desk and his head against them.

The woman moved to him softly. A great light was in her eyes, a mother-light, serene and holy. She laid a gentle hand on his bright, thick hair.

"Don't!" he cried harshly. Then, in a half whisper, "Help me, Marah."

The woman started back. Her face grew gray with a sudden pallor, bluish shadows crept about her lips. "Help you!" she cried, gaily, for his face was hidden—"How can I help you?"

"Help me to give you up."

A silence fell about the room. Down in the street an organ was grinding out "Paradise Alley." She wondered why it brought her a memory of a crowded race-meet and a sweet girl-face framed in red hair that looked into her's, while a voice sang to the measure. The flies buzzed heavily. A spider dipped from the roof on his slender thread, touched her hair, then ran nimbly up again.

Then the woman called Marah spoke. Her voice was full of laughter. "Is that all?" she asked gaily, "what a to-do about nothing! Why, of course I'll help you. Are you going to tell me such a light thing as this has so completely upset you? *You*, a man of iron?"

He lifted his face and looked at her. The cynic's smile crept about his eyes. The pallor had been swept from her cheeks by a vivid flush. Her eyes burned.

"If I thought you'd take it so lightly," he said grimly, "I'd have spared myself some suffering. Egad, one never understands women. They are about as constant as the winds."

"Maybe they are," she said, cheerily, as his head dropped upon his arms again, "and maybe that is one of our compensations, for we have to suffer much—but never mind these things. Tell me why you have come to this mind. Have I—" her voice broke for the first time, "have I offended you in any way by any solecism? I know how fastidious, how particular you are."

He shrank a little, knowing her for the perfect gentlewoman she was; it shamed him to be thought caddish and unappreciative.

"Not that, not that at all," he said in a muffled voice, "Oh, can't you see? Didn't you see? Won't you help me, Marah?"

I think it was then that her heart broke. Something surely snapped in her being and went from her forever. But still she smiled. It was a stiff smile, as if the muscles had set that way and she could not change them. She still spoke heartily, though her voice took tenderer tones.

"Didn't you know that I only want your happiness," she said, slowly and gently, "and indeed," this quite stoutly, "I was getting a little tired myself. There is so much work in the world that there is not much time left for love. I shall write the article on platonics from a different and more healthy point of view," she added a trifle bitterly.

He said not a word.

In the silence another foot pattered along the passage. There came a knock on the glass door, and the woman walked slowly to it. A boy stood waiting.

"Any copy ready?" he asked hurriedly, "Mr. Brock sent me for some. Said you had an editorial or sumfin'."

"It will be ready in an hour or so, Jim," said the woman, speaking softly. "I'll talk to Mr. Brock down the tube. Don't you come back, you'll only interrupt me. Mr. Brock will give final directions about it."

She walked to the tube and whistled.

"Is that Mr. Brock? Mr. Brock, would you mind putting Mr. Todd or Bert Lisle on to my work to-night? I feel done up with a headache, and I'd like to go home?"

"H'm well, I'll see what I can do, Miss Tennard, but if you could manage that special I'd be glad. We're short-handed just now, you know. Lisle is out west on that murder case, and Todd's on the law courts. Never mind your assignments, but get out that article if you can. Wish you'd told me you were ill sooner, and I'd have kept one of the boys in. Hope you'll be all right to-morrow."

"Thanks—I'll do the best I can," the voice took a weary tone. The woman walked over towards the man. He still sat with his head leaning on his arms. He might have fallen asleep for all sign of life there was about him.

"David," her voice was exquisitely gentle, "didn't you know that I would help, David? Why, it's nothing, I always expected it. I know your nature, know how easily you tire, what vagaries your fancy takes. Poor David! Nice old David! I'll make it as easy for you as I can."

Her voice broke a little, and a great faintness came upon her. She could hardly see him when he lifted his face and laid his head against her breast. Then she recovered. Her heart leaped against his ear.

"I am a brute," he muttered, "but, Marah, how could I go on with it when I found I was caring for her. She is so young, so fresh and guileless and sweet. I hated to take her hand and look into her clear eyes. I ——."

"I know," said the woman, brooding above him softly, "I know it all, David. Intuitively, maybe, but very surely. Will you go now," she added, wearily, "just go without saying anything more. Come to my little house to-night, and we will talk things over, only go, now. I'm going to try to get this special through. They are short-handed below and the work must be done."

She talked so cheerily that the man rose and looked at her amazed. She stood before him in her gray linen gown, a tall and slender creature, beautiful for the moment by reason of the shining light that lay in her deep eyes, and the wild crimson of her cheeks, and the dying sunlight that shifted through her deep brown hair, glorifying it. All the faintness had left her, and she was strangely strong.

The man held out his arms. She shook her head, still smiling stiffly.

"Now, David," she said, "how foolish! Why keep this up? I know you like me and ——."

"Never so tenderly," his voice took a curiously soft cadence, "never so tenderly as now in this moment of parting. Oh, my girl!" he struck out and tramped up and down the room, "why is it that I tire so easily? Why is it that those I love deepest and most tenderly pall on me when I am much with them? Will it be this way with *her?*"

She looked at him. The thought that he was a cad slid into her mind. She beat it back stoutly, for she was made of loyal clay. "Because of your immense vanity," she answered, looking steadfastly at him, "because of the unrest of your soul, the fickleness of your fancy, the vagaries of an imagination that would lead you to insanity were you not saved by the magnificent judgment and will-power in that splendid head. Unfortunate man that you are! from my soul I pity you! I pity this other woman, I pity myself for having loved you. You are a poor thing, after all," she cried, her nature leaping to its full altitude above his, "a poor flimsy, tawdry creature! a half-souled man. Ah, go away, go away!"

She walked to the window and set her face against the pane. The glory of the dying day encompassed her slender figure, brightened her brown hair. He stood looking at her. A red flush had come to his sun-burnt cheeks. His eyes glistened.

"Say what you like to me, Marah," he spoke, "but say a kindly good-bye."

"Won't you go?" Her entreating voice was fast breaking.

"Not until you say good-bye, Marah," he said softly.

The woman turned and fled to him. He opened wide his arms and caught her. All the poor soul of her broke into sighs and sobs and wild crying, as she leaned against his breast for the last time—for always.

"Good-bye, David, my David, 'naebody's mon but mine,'—that's what I used to call you, David—my strong sweetheart, my own big man! Good-bye, David. I was very fond of you, David."

So she whispered against his breast.

His eyes lost their brightness. "I'll be coming back, Marah," he said, "I'll be coming back."

But she said, "Good-bye, David,"—and "Poor David!" and at last, lifting her poor blurred face—"Kiss me, good-bye, as if you were kissing little old Marah in her coffin."

Then she pushed him from the room.

. . . . . .

At ten minutes to six Johnny Dillon, the elevator boy, knocked upon her door—after his custom—to tell her he was making his last trip. A faint voice called out cheerily enough, "don't wait for me, Johnny, I'm working late to-night."

"All right." The footsteps clattered away. She heard the "cage," as she used to call it, clap doors and go rushing down, the printers shouting to one another, and whistling and laughing as they left work. Then, as she settled to her writing, a pair of gray gloves caught her eye. She took them up and looked at them, turning them softly in her fingers.

"Nice hands David has," she murmured, "and nice gloves. Always those soft gray ones. I don't think I ever saw David in any other but gray doeskin gloves."

Then broke a wild cry, "David gone! David gone out of my life for ever! Oh, heavens!"

Marah sat back in her chair. A dreadful look had crept into her face. It was wax-white, and again those bluish shadows lurked around her lips. Her fingers fastened about the gray gloves. Then she smiled, and slowly drew them over her little thin hands.

The sun died out of the room.

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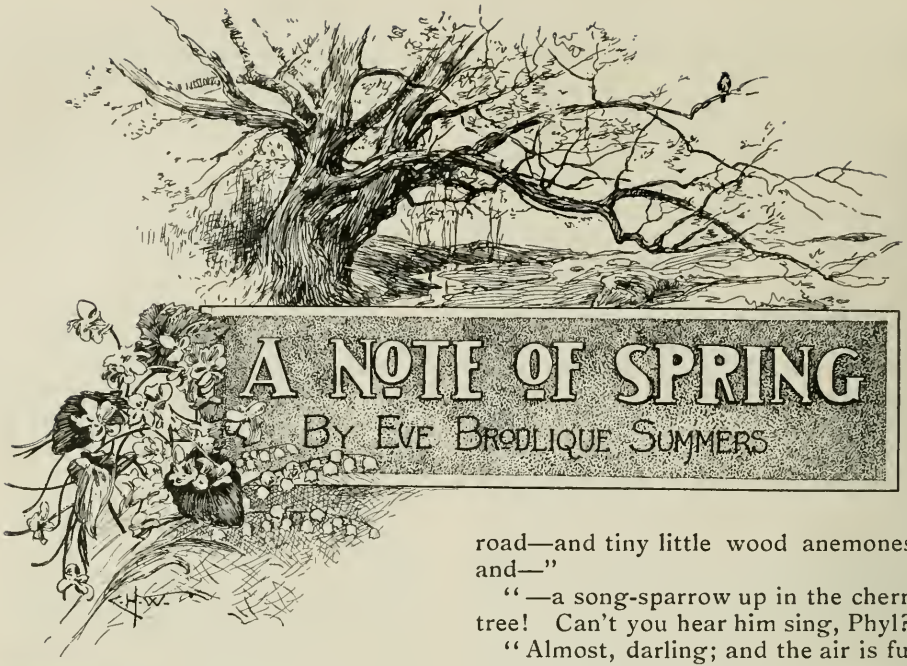
Some hours later, a woman crept down the steep, dark stairs that led to the street. At the foot of the last step, below the bunch of lights that threw a radiance over the entrance, a little man was standing looking intently at the figure that was so slowly descending.

"Why, it's you, Miss Tennard," said the night editor. "I didn't know you. I thought it was an old woman."



# A NOTE OF SPRING

By Eve Brodlique Summers

"WHAT are you doing, Jamie?"

"Just smelling at them with my eyes shut, Phyllis, and playing it is Spring! They do make the room like Spring, don't they, Phyl?"

"Yes, dearie."

"Say! Phyl, the violets make me think of your eyes, only they aren't so blue. They are so kind and sweet—"

"—the violets, dear?"

"I meant your eyes, but they are a real lot alike. Oh, it's quite Spring now if you keep looking at the violets real close, so that you can't see anything else, and smell 'em —o—o—o—! Just you try."

"I know, Jamie; isn't it lovely? The violets are hiding their faces in the new grass, and around the roots of the budding trees—"

"—an' up by the fences?"

"Yes, dear, and there is a wild cherry tree in bloom — pink and white—"

"—there are white violets too, Phyl, I smell 'em!"

"Oh, yes, lots and lots of white violets, and a lilac bush across the road—and tiny little wood anemones, and—"

"—a song-sparrow up in the cherry tree! Can't you hear him sing, Phyl?"

"Almost, darling; and the air is full of sunshine, and so soft—"

"—not like what it was here today, Phyl, so dark and dull. It was awful hard to breathe sometimes. I couldn't lie back, sister, it hurt so."

The girl's tender face shadowed with a look of hard pain, but she smiled bravely as she bent over the sick lad, and turned his pillows into a more comfortable nestling-place.

"Never mind, Jamie, you must play it is a real Spring, you know, and it is so easy to breathe then."

"Last Spring wasn't nice, Phyl, here in the city. It was wet, and cold, and shivery. I got my cold then, don't you 'member?"

"Yes, yes; but think of the lovely Springs at home! If you are very good and patient, sister will try to take you back again!"

"You'll have to sell your play first, won't you, Phyl? And you ain't even got it finished yet."

"Critical little brotherie! I must hurry up and work, musn't I? Well, there! shut your bonny eyes and smell at the posies. Shut the little talkative mouth too, and dream of the Spring while sister goes back to her writing!"

"Yes, Phyl, but I get tired some-

DRAWN BY C. H. WARREN

"They do make the room like Spring, don't they, Phyl?"

times, and forget to be good. There's such a funny old pulling at my chest—right on the inside—and it hurts!"

"Try not to think of it, dear. It's only the horrid old cold sitting up on your chest, and kicking with its hot little heels!"

"Those heels must have pins in 'em, sister!"

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, how can sister write?"

The child murmured a little note of penitence, then took the basket of flowers in his thin hands, and laid his face against the bloom of it in mute enjoyment. There was no sound in the little room except the scratching of the pen, the ticking of the common little alarm clock, and the hard breathing of the boy. Phyllis Weston was tearing at the iron door of success with no stronger weapon than the fine point of her pen, and her brother was drawing nearer and nearer to the great unknown. Poverty may not even keep loving watch, but that it must also work!

Still Phyllis was accounted lucky, and more than lucky, to have constant work to do in these times of panic. So many were helplessly, hopelessly idle. Besides, she would have told you, people were really very kind. Just that morning a big, important looking box had come to the newspaper office addressed to "Phyl."

"The messenger boy who brought it wandered through half the rooms looking for 'Mr. Phyl,'" said the Exchange Editor, "and was most careful to hold his package right side up. It must be dynamite, or some cheerful little offering like that. Whom have you been roasting in your column? Oh, I say! look out there! When the pie was opened—!"

"Don't be alarmed! I promise not to sing!" laughed Phyllis, with that unfailing good humour which made her such a favourite among reporters and editors alike. Then she lifted the cover of the box carefully, "and as for my absurd name—Oh! Oh! look there!"

"By ginger!" said the Exchange Editor, "violets and lilies-of-the-valley in December! Done up in a jim-dandy basket with yards and yards of ribbon, too! Our Phyllis must have made a grand crush!"

"Nonsense! It comes from a woman, the beautiful thing does, of that I am sure!" smiled Phyllis. "You see," (roguishly), "I never knew any man who had more than two dollars to his name—"

"—and that basket wasn't bought for ten, not with violets at a dollar a bunch, and lilies at fifty cents a sniff," said the practical Exchange Editor.

The brow of Phyllis clouded. She was touched to the heart by the beauty of the exquisite gift, but—there was little Jamie at home—dying because there was no money to send him to a warmer, drier climate—while there were people in the world who could give gifts like these! Her heart was heavy as she threaded the busy streets with the box in her arms, trying to make herself believe that taking deep breaths in the cold air was as good as a winter coat—a sorry deception that did not deceive.

"Phyl," said Jamie, "when it's so cold here, isn't there some place where the Spring is, and the violets grow all the time?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'd like to go, Phyl."

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, if you were a rich man's son you could go. It is cruel, cruel, cruel—!"

"I didn't mean to make you feel bad—Phyllis; I reckon I'm too tired to go anyway, and it's real nice to have the Spring come to me like this—ain't it, sis?"

"I—I don't know, Jamie."

"Oh, yes you do, Phyl. Say! don't you suppose the nice lady who was so pleased with what you wrote that she sent these flowers, thought we had a pretty house to set 'em in?"

"Yes," said Phyllis, bitterly, "I expect she made up a little story about me, Jamie. Made me a prosperous 'bachelor girl' living in picturesque rooms, and setting this basket on the piano when a lot of charming artists

DRAWN BY C. H. WARREN

"Her heart was heavy, as she threaded the streets"

and literary people come in to dawdle over a specially delicious afternoon tea—"

"Phyl," said the child, wistfully, "you would just as soon they came here for me to smell of, as to have 'em on a piano for the artis—es, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, yes, little brother of me!"

"I thought so. You don't ever seem to want things just for yourself. You cried because you hadn't any flowers when Mrs. Hill's little girl died. If anybody died now you would have these, wouldn't you, Phyl?"

"Don't, don't, darling. Big sister wants to write."

The scratching of the pen for several minutes, then the child's weak treble again:

"Sister, don't you think these lilies must be like Elaine, the lily-maid you read about the other night?"

"Very likely."

"I wonder if they gave her lilies when she died? Do you know, Phyl?"

"No, dear."

"I wish I knew. Sister, is it very hard to write a play?"

"Very, darling."

"I wish I could help you write yours. When it is done you will have all the money you want, won't you?"

"If anyone cares to buy the piece, dear."

"Oh, they'll buy it. I'll go and ask 'em. And it will just come in time."

"God send that it may, my Jamie."

"I'm going to keep quiet now, and let you write, but first—kiss me, Phyl —There! now I shall shut my eyes, and smell of the violets until I drift right into the Springland."

The ticking of the cheap and noisy little clock, the scratching of the eager pen. Silence! The pen falls from the tired hand and the completed task. The clock has stopped The breathing—

"Oh! Jamie! Jamie!"

Still silence.

. . . . . .

Oh, the Springland, the Springland, where the flowers bloom eternal, and the bitter winter cannot enter in! The Springland, you rich of the earth, who flit south with the swallows! The Springland, you favoured ones who spend your wealth to make artificial summer in your homes. The Springland for us all—the dear Ultima Thule of every soul—that no poverty may cheat us of, no niggardness deny! The violets and the lilies are beginning to droop—so droops the frail flower of a little life, to re-blossom in the land of eternal Spring! For every one, rich and poor, beggar and king, happy and sad, though soft winds blow or a tempest rage, at last the burgeoning and bloom of the Springland!

Deo Gratia!

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# CANADA AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN

## A SYMPOSIUM

*Introduction—By the Editor*

IN the minds of most observers, there is some doubt as to Canadian sentiment with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's latest political proposals. Up to a quite recent date, Mr. Chamberlain was the beau ideal of nearly all Canadians—with the possible exception of some anti-imperialists in the Province of Quebec. He was the one statesman in England to whom the colonists looked for just and sympathetic treatment. He represented the Empire, as distinguished from Great Britain. He embodied all that was best in the new movement looking towards a more distinct recognition of the colonies—a movement which dates back to the speeches made in London in the fifties and sixties by the Hon. Joseph Howe and the Hon. (afterwards Sir) John A. Macdonald.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech in May last aroused all the usual enthusiasm in this country. When he visited Glasgow in October, his words were eagerly awaited. But slowly and almost imperceptibly, the mood has changed. There is less enthusiasm, more serious thought. The proposals mean something and a decision is soon to be made; the question has passed the theory stage; will the price demanded by the other parties to the Imperial bargain, be more than Canada cares to pay—these and similar thoughts have sobered Canadian feeling. Whether the sober feeling is as favourable to Mr. Chamberlain, remains to be seen. The Alaska Award came in to complicate the Canadian situation;

but, as in previous instances, this irritation will soon pass. In the meantime THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE presents to its readers the opinions of some of those who are qualified to discuss the subject. Other opinions will appear in later issues.

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### *I—By John Charlton, M.P.*

CANADIAN feeling towards Great Britain has almost universally been one of intense loyalty. It prompted the sending of contingents to South Africa and the spending of liberal sums for the maintenance of the British Empire upon the dark continent. It prompted the granting of a preference in duty upon British imports, first of 12½ per cent., then of 25 per cent., and then of 33⅓ per cent. This preference was made without the slightest return to us in kind on the part of Great Britain. Our cattle continued to be scheduled, and when a moderate grain tax was imposed by the British Government no preferential treatment was extended to us. The value of our preference was belittled by Mr. Chamberlain when addressing the Imperial Conference at London last year, in the following language:

> "I have to say to you that while I cannot but gratefully acknowledge the intention of this proposal and its sentimental value as a proof of good-will and affection, yet its substantial results have been altogether disappointing to us, and I think they must have been equally disappointing to its promoters."

Notwithstanding this expression of opinion our preference had arrested the rapid decline of British exports to Canada, which had gone down from $68,522,000 in 1873 to $29,412,000 in 1897. In the very year Mr. Chamberlain spoke Canadian exports from Britain, under the influence of our preference, had risen to $49,206,000 in 1902, and they have further increased to $59,068,000 in 1903. Clearly Mr. Chamberlain was not well informed upon the question he was discussing, and unfortunately it was not an isolated instance of lack of thorough knowledge of Canadian affairs on the part of British statesmen.

So far as Mr. Chamberlain's proposals relate to Britain's fiscal policy towards foreign nations, they will be considered by the majority of Canadians as a domestic matter with which we have nothing to do. In the proposal for preference to the colonies we are interested, and this should receive fair consideration, but with careful avoidance of judgment warped by high-sounding and empty phrase. Mr. Chamberlain's Glasgow speech, in which he first gave definite statement as to the amount of preference he proposed, named 2s. per quarter on wheat, a corresponding preference on flour, and five per cent. on dairy products and eggs, as the maximum amounts. From the tenor of Mr. Chamberlain's statement it is evident that in return the colonies would be expected to make themselves a preserve for British manufacturers in lines not already developed, and to give Great Britain decided advantages in other respects. No mention is made of the preference already given by Canada, and we are led to suppose that it will not be considered as of importance. The truth is that the present Canadian preference is fully a *quid pro quo* for the preference Mr. Chamberlain proposes to give. The Canadian duties collected upon imports from Britain in 1903 were $9,841,000. Of this amount $5,395,000 was collected upon the preferential list. The full duty on this list would have been $8,092,000, and the saving to Britain was $2,697,000. On the basis of our exports to Britain in 1902 the preference proposed by Mr. Chamberlain would amount to $3,488,000, but it is doubtful if results would bear out the assumption that the Canadian producer would receive advantages to the full

extent of the duty, as compared with the prices he would receive if no policy of colonial preference were adopted, and our own preference would no doubt prove more than an equivalent.

That the adoption of preferential trade arrangements with the colonies will invite unfriendly action on the part of foreign powers seems probable, and when we consider that Britain's total foreign export trade in 1902 was $1,771,000,000, of which $510,000,000 went to all British possessions, and $45,293,000, according to British returns, to Canada; or 2½ per cent. to Canada, 29 per cent. to all British possessions, and 71 per cent. to foreign countries, we may reasonably doubt whether it will be politic to provoke hostile fiscal measures on the part of foreign states, by adopting a policy discriminating against them. The history of the Alaskan Boundary dispute may possibly give some suggestions in this connection. On the whole the working out of a scheme of colonial preference is beset with many serious practical difficulties, and it seems extremely doubtful whether Imperial and colonial statesmen can be brought to agree upon an adjustment of details that will meet British expectations, and at the same time avoid the sacrifice of Canadian interests.

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*II—By Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University*

TWO obstacles to Imperial unity and progress need to be removed—the Englishman's ignorance of the Canadian view-point, and the Canadian's impatient resentment against that ignorance. The Englishman will not understand our country or our countrymen until he has learned how vast are the resources of Canada. Not until then will he give proper weight in his thinking to the national dimension of this mighty and vast Dominion. Not until then will he think it profitless and perilous to win United States favour at the cost of sacrificing the interests of Canada. And as long as the Englishman shows more regard for United States than for Canadian opinion, and an easy willingness to alienate Canadian interest for the sake of removing "occasions of friction" between the Empire and the Republic, so long will the Canadian feel an indignant sense of injustice. And such a feeling, whether justified or unjustified, is dangerous to the Empire. The present situation is somewhat anomalous. The Englishman who would be shocked at the thought of ceding a part of English soil to a foreign government in order to remove an "occasion of friction," sees no impropriety in reaching diplomatic compromises by alienating from Canada territory which Canadians believe is as much a part of Canada as Kent is a part of England. This makes the Canadian angry. Perhaps it is unreasonable for him to be angry. Perhaps he should be more humbly aware that Canada is only a dependency. Certain it is that the Englishman needs to know and respect the Canadian view-point, or that ardent devotion to the Empire which has been characteristic of Canada will lose something of vigour and warmth. And at this point there is a gleam of hope from the present agitation in England. The aim of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign is to bring the different parts of the Empire into closer relation to each other by giving them common interests and differentiating those interests from the interests of other nations. Other nations have profited by browsing in English meadows: he would have the dependencies gain this profit, in so far as possible. Other nations have gathered strength from their relations to the dependencies; he would have this strength given in increasing measure to Great Britain. The ideal is certainly worth cherishing. And a discussion of it will make the Englishman know Canada better. The British Empire was never face to face with a crisis so great as that which faces it to-day. Neither optimism nor Imperial self-con-

ceit should make us blind to this fact. Unless the several parts of the Empire are drawn closer together they will certainly drift farther apart. Canada will grow with extraordinary rapidity for the next twenty-five or fifty years. Great Britain will grow but little during that period. Chamberlain is sufficiently sagacious and daring to make an iconoclastic effort to remove the forms and traditions that prevent Canada's coming strength from becoming a recognized part of British strength in a narrow and specific sense as well as in a broad and Imperial sense. He is the only statesman living who could hope to accomplish an end so great. In spite of the academic objections which may be urged against his scheme, in its general aim and method it deserves well of Great Britain and Canada.

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*III—By Professor Shortt, of Queen's University*

IN dealing with the significance of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, it is impossible, within the brief space allotted, to do more than touch upon the central ideas which underlie his scheme. Elsewhere I have treated the general subject at greater length, and indicated the grounds upon which the various conclusions are based.

It is quite evident, I think, from Mr. Chamberlain's recent utterances, and especially from his important speech in Glasgow, that he quite misunderstands the forces which are at work in the modern economic world, and that, in particular, he fails to comprehend the nature of British foreign and colonial trade and their relation to British investments.

In the first place, Mr. Chamberlain evidently considers that Britain ought always to have maintained that relative leadership in the export of manufactured goods which she enjoyed for many years as the pioneer in mechanical invention and industrial enterprise. But neither the natural resources of the British Islands, nor the industrial capacity of the British people, entitled them to so conspicuously lead the world in industry and commerce. The fact is that Britain's advantage was largely due to the self-repression of her rivals. As compared with her neighbours, Britain had managed to maintain practical ideals and free institutions. These permitted the development of the freest economic enterprise which the world had yet known. But, where Britain had led the way and proved the possibilities of industrial development, other nations could follow, and even improve upon their model in certain particulars, if not in general freedom. By dint of greater industry, closer application to details, and contentment with smaller profits, the more capable peoples of Europe were able to overcome the relative disadvantages of their imperfect institutions, heavier burdens of taxation and crippled freedom. Within the last thirty years, in particular, they have managed to work up their resources and produce in increasing measure their own manufactured goods. Now this is a matter neither of free trade nor protection, but simply of awakening and realizing capacity. Once this movement had begun it was as impossible for England to maintain, under any conceivable system, the relative industrial lead which she once held in Europe, as it was for Massachusetts to maintain its relative lead over the newer Western States. Yet it is perfectly clear that both England and Massachusetts have greatly benefited by the prosperity of their neighbours, though their relations to them have greatly changed. The new States of the Union have developed extensive manfacturing industries of their own, despite free trade; the older countries of Europe have done the same, despite protection.

Similarly, in the case of the colonies. It was impossible for Britain to continue to maintain towards them the attitude of general director and furnisher of manufactured goods, while they were restricted to supplying her with raw

materials. It was far better, alike for Britain and the colonies, that they should, with the aid of British capital, as in the case of foreign countries, develop their natural resources in the manufacturing line, even though that meant the taking of a relatively smaller amount, per head, of goods from the Mother Country. The advantage to Britain takes another form. In virtue of her investments abroad, colonial and foreign, she is able to import increasing quantities of goods and raw materials, the latter of which, after being worked up by her own population, may be largely consumed at home. Thus her people are at once given employment, and enjoy the fruits of their labour. But this means those large imports without corresponding exports which so much alarm Mr. Chamberlain, who looks no further than the superficial balance of trade.

On the other hand, if Canada, with the aid of British and American capital, can manufacture for her own market, from her own materials and with her own labour, at reasonable prices, this is surely much better than merely sending her raw materials to Britain in return for finished goods. This, again, is not necessarily a question of free trade or protection, but is essentially a question of Canadian enterprise and skill. In the end, of course, there must always remain a large total of trade with the world for goods and materials not advantageously supplied at home.

Now, both for Britain and for the colonies, the results which I have indicated are those which Mr. Chamberlain is most anxious to prevent. He takes the remarkable ground that foreign trade is much more important than domestic trade, and that export trade in particular is of transcendant importance. From his point of view, it is essential that Britain should export more and that the colonies and foreign countries should manufacture less. He is particularly alarmed at the extent to which Canadians produce their own goods. They take from the Mother Country, as he points out, less per head of population than any other colony in the Empire. In this dangerous colonial tendency he sees a force which will dissolve the Empire. What, then, is the remedy? Mr. Chamberlain professes to believe that by retaliatory tariffs manufacturing may be checked in foreign countries, and by preferential tariffs arrested in the British colonies. Of this we can only say here that his proposed remedy is as absurd as his diagnosis. It is none other than a blind and fruitless counsel to turn the wheels of progress backward. In fact, what Mr. Chamberlain dreams of, as regards the Empire, is the restoration of the old Colonial System, wherein the colonies occupied the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Mother Country, and received in return for their crude service certain high-priced manufactured goods. Mr. Chamberlain is quite correct in representing the Canadians and the British free traders as chiefly responsible for loosening those Egyptian bonds. Being no longer dependent upon British food-taxes, for the filling up of our vacant lands, or the development of our other resources, Canadians who give the proposals of Mr. Chamberlain serious consideration will hardly encourage the idea of accepting a food-tax upon our fellow-subjects in Britain in exchange for the sacrifice of our industrial future, which, while very far from enriching Britain, would leave us poor indeed.

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*IV—By Sir Thomas Shaughnessy*

PERSONALLY, I lean to the Chamberlain idea, contemplating as it does closer trade relations between the different sections of the Empire to the general advantage of the Empire and each of its component parts. If, however, in working out the problem, each of the colonies expects and demands distinct and unmistakable compensation from each of the other colonies, as

well as from Great Britain, for any concession made, Mr. Chamberlain's plan will be difficult of accomplishment.

For instance, if Canada could secure from the Australian Commonwealth a preferential tariff, it would enable her to provide Australia with a large percentage of the manufactured goods now purchased in the United States, but the natural products of the two countries being of the same character, it is apparent that the Commonwealth would profit little, if at all, from any preference that Canada might accord.

But, in the general scheme, the Australian Commonwealth would receive its benefits from a preference on its exports to Great Britain as against foreign countries producing the same articles, and then there would be the advantage of a larger British fleet engaged in inter-colonial trade on the Pacific Ocean and the closer communion that would necessarily result.

Unless all signs fail, Canada will have for export within the next few years largely increased quantities of grain, flour, cattle, dairy products and other articles, for which a market must be found. At present about sixty per cent. of Canada's exports go to Great Britain, and it is manifestly desirable that this excellent market should be retained when her products for export have doubled or more. In the ordinary course of events, and without any closer fiscal arrangement, the market may remain unchanged, and Canada with the other colonies may continue to furnish year by year an increasing percentage of the food supplies of Great Britain, but the United States, Russia, the Argentine Republic, and other countries, whose products are similar, will remain formidable competitors, against whom a mere sentimental preference will be of little avail.

So that if, by an internal arrangement, involving a tariff against foreign countries and a preference within the Empire, Canada can be assured, as she certainly would be, of an unfailing market, there will be encouragement to the Canadian producer beyond anything else that could be devised. Great Britain, on her part, will have rapidly developed within British territory an ample and reliable source of food supply, at all times and under all conditions a national advantage of enormous value. But, besides this, Great Britain will naturally require from Canada and the other colonial possessions such a return in the way of trade as they can properly give.

Canada's imports during the last fiscal year were in value a shade more than her exports, and of these imports about eighty per cent. came from countries other than Great Britain. On the face of it this is not fair trade. It is a reproach to Canada that it should have been necessary to import so much. We should manufacture more at home. But to the extent that we cannot profitably provide what we require we should cheerfully give to Great Britain such tariff advantages as will determine beyond peradventure the source from which the largest possible percentage of our requirements will come.

Such an arrangement as Mr. Chamberlain proposes will not cause the British consumer to pay a farthing more for his bread, nor will it increase prices to the colonial importer. It will certainly have the effect of bringing British trade into proper channels and of building up a great Empire, every integral portion of which will be contributing to the progress and prosperity of the other.

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*V—By W. C. Nichol, Editor Vancouver "Province"*

IT is difficult to see how the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's plan of preferential trade could work otherwise than beneficially to either the Mother Country or her colonies. It is probably true that in theory most people are free traders—protectionists for protection's sake being few and far between—but, with human

society constituted as it is, the idea of universal free trade is an Utopian dream and free trade which is not universal, or practically so, is as useful as a cut-glass decanter with holes in it. This is the difficulty with which Great Britain is confronted. While she has clung persistently and whole-heartedly to her beneficent ideals, with the Cobden Club and John Bright as the fixed and glittering stars in the free trade firmament, and with a loyalty which, in the light of the situation as it stands to-day, is more pathetic than admirable, other countries have built up their tariff walls, in some cases, to a tremendous and surely unnecessary height, shutting her products out of their trading places, and, grown great and prosperous through the development of their home industries, are reaching out to wrest her commercial supremacy from her not only in the markets of the world, but in her own markets. She stands to-day neither the manufacturing monarch nor the commercial queen of a half century since, but in reality the dumping ground of the nations. The guns of her rivals are trained on her factories and storehouses, on her workshops and treasure chests, and ugly gaps and breaches show in them on every hand. Instead of shielding herself from the continued bombardment, she has smiled serenely and welcomed and encouraged it. It would seem obvious at the most superficial examination of the situation that, in the very nature of things, such a state of siege cannot continue. Not even the most fantastic devotion to an ideal can withstand the assault. She must do something in her own defence and before it is too late.

The commercial advantages to the colonies to be derived from a rational tariff adopted primarily for defensive purposes, but with preferential treatment of the colonies as an integral feature of it, are so obvious that they indicate themselves. Some difficulty will necessarily be found in tariff adjustment on account of the diverse interests of Britain's widely-scattered colonial possessions and the apparent necessity for having the Imperial fences of a uniform height; but, with a disposition on all sides to sink petty and unimportant differences and interests for the larger well-being, this should prove an easily-surmountable barrier. The result must be a solidification and unification of the Empire so far-reaching in character that, except in broad generalities, the human mind can hardly grasp its significance. So far as Canada herself is concerned, it is not, in my opinion, too much to say that inside of a very few years under preferential trade the great bulk of Britain's imports from the United States would be transferred to the Canadian column of the national ledger.

Such a consummation as preferential trade would unquestionably insure satisfies not only the highest aspiration of the statesman, the widest vision of the seer and the grandest dream of the poet, but offers to practical men of affairs the fullest opportunity for the exercise and gratification of their business gifts; and to the humblest of us all a chance to share in that financial prosperity which is so important a factor in human life. Patriotism is apt to prove a sickly plant when it is forced to feed upon an empty pocket, and it is well to remember that it was promised of old that "Where the heart is there shall the treasure be also."

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*VI—By the Hon. R. P. Roblin, Premier of Manitoba*

THERE can hardly be two opinions about the benefits to Canada of preferential customs treatment in the British import market. In complying with your request, therefore, I regret that we cannot be furnished with the Canadian arguments against the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's proposals, if any exist, so that they might be answered.

Mr. Chamberlain stands easily to-day the most prominent figure before the public eye in the British Empire. He is admittedly a statesman in the best

and truest sense of the term. A long, varied and successful business experience qualifies him, more than any other British politician, to speak on trade or fiscal questions. Hence his propaganda for a preferential tariff in favour of the colonies has created something akin to a sensation in the United Kingdom. His proposals involve the taxation of the food supplies of the Mother Country when drawn from foreign countries, and free entry when brought from any portion of the dominions owning allegiance to His Majesty King Edward VII. It provides for and contemplates each self-governing colony continuing to make such customs laws as self-interest may warrant against the goods of foreign countries, but impliedly looks for reciprocal treatment for British manufactures at the hands of the colonies.

The matter is one of Imperial interest, and stands outside the domain of local or party politics so far as Canada is concerned, for both of these principles have already been accepted in the Dominion by men of every shade of opinion. Canada, therefore, by virtue of her vast agricultural possibilities, is deeply interested, both by sentiment and self-interest, in the success of Mr. Chamberlain's crusade.

The question naturally arises how it will affect us financially, economically and industrially. As a Canadian, although a western man, yet with an intimate knowledge of the east and of the varied interests of our commonwealth, I believe that the future of Canada lies west of Lake Superior. I believe that the zenith of Canada in the east has been reached, unless the future progress and rapid development of Western Canada gives new life and impetus to the commercial interests of the older Provinces and carries them along with it on a flood-tide of prosperity.

To secure the loyal and patriotic future of the population west of Lake Superior we must have something stronger than sentiment to bind them to the British Crown, for the majority of the immigrants who come to this country are foreigners. No sentiment of birth and education restrains them, and without some strong tie of self-interest it will not be long before local leaders will be found who will agitate for a change in our relations with Great Britain. This will certainly not strengthen and may seriously weaken the British connection.

The financial and economic results of Mr. Chamberlain's policy would solve the question. The advantage to the Canadian farmer, of a preferential advantage in the British market over foreign competitors, would attract people to the west. It would lead to such a rapid and extensive development of the vast uncultivated area of rich lands in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories that in five, or at most ten, years we could supply the Mother Country with all the breadstuff and meat she requires to import.

Industrially the accession of wealth to Canada by the expansion in her population and export trade would lead to an equally remarkable development in home manufactures, yet a preferential arrangement with Great Britain would secure to the home consumer the necessary amount of fair competition necessary to protect the individual and to prevent the creation of great trusts.

If the wise and patriotic ideals which the sagacity and foresight of Mr. Chamberlain have evolved are realized, the results in Canada may thus be summarized. In a few years it will make this country not only the most important self-governing colony in the Empire, but also equal in population and in enterprise to the United Kingdom herself. In wealth we may hope to vie with our neighbours to the south, and if the tradition be true that the sceptre of world power has moved steadily westward, starting in China 2,000 years before the Christian era, we may hope to arrest it here, as Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, by tightening the bonds which unite us, will ensure that it remains forever in British hands, under the Crown and Flag we are proud to call our own.

# SANDRINGHAM HOUSE

## Where the King and the Queen Spend Christmas

By Sarah A. Tooley

IT is now forty years since the King took his lovely, young bride home to Sandringham, and still it remains their haven of rest after the toils of state, and is to Queen Alexandra the dearest spot on earth, hallowed by a thousand memories of happy family life passed in the rural quietude and simplicity which she loves. It is an interesting coincidence that it is situated on one of the nearest points on the English coast to Denmark, and, as the crow flies, nothing intervenes at Sandringham between the "sea-king's daughter" and her old fatherland, save the ocean. The surrounding country, too, bears a striking likeness to Denmark. One sees the same level sketches of green pasture and patches of woodland, with red-tiled houses dotting the landscape, and, in spite of modern improvements, an old-world look still lingers about this quaint bit of Norfolk, and many a legend survives of the smuggling days. The Estuary of the Wash, barely three miles distant, can be seen from the heights around Sandringham, and a tortuous path, called the "Smugglers' Road," affords a short cut to the shore for adventurous tourists. Seven miles away is the very ancient market town of King's Linn, and about the same distance in another direction has arisen, within recent years, the fashionable seaside resort of Hunstanton.

The house in which their Majesties originally settled at Sandringham, known as the "Old Hall," was a small and antiquated structure, typical of many other gentlemen's seats in the county of Norfolk. The country around was then wild and desolate, far removed from a railway station, and having little traffic. The Queen, when she came a bride, used to amuse herself by taking long walks, accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting, and the story is still told in the district, how one day the "Princess" wandered too far and, being overcome with fatigue, asked a passing waggoner to give her a lift in his cart.

"I canna," replied Hodge, staring open-mouthed at the charming apparition.

"Please, old man, do!" pleaded the Princess in broken English.

"I tell you I canna," replied the rustic.

"But why?" persisted the suppliant.

"Well, if you must know," said he. "I've been a drawin' dung, and I canna have women bringin' their petticuts into my cart,"

and with a determined smack of the whip he drove off, leaving the Princess and her lady to plod their way back to Sandringham as best they could.

Rural unconventionality surrounded the royal abode on all sides. At the neighbouring village of Dersingham the "parson" was Dr. Bellamy, a mighty personality in the parish and the dread of the ungodly. To the last days of his life he wrote his sermons with a quill pen full charged with ink, and, disdaining the use of blotting paper, sprinkled silver sand over the pages of the MS. to dry the ink and prevent the pages from sticking together. It was the delight of irreverent young people in the high oak pews to peer up at the parson as he turned the pages of his sermon and brushed off the sand, much of which found a lodgment in the hair of the clerk, seated in his desk immediately below the pulpit. One Sunday morning the vicar, having reached the sixth head of his discourse, turned the sheet, brushed away the sand as he eyed the congregation, then, returning to his sermon, said, "And sixthly, my brethren." There was a pause; he brushed the page again if by chance the sand obscured his vision, but could not find the words he wanted.

"Here's sixthly, sir," said the clerk, holding up the missing page which had descended on his head along with the sand.

At the beginning of the royal occupation enlargements were made to the old Hall, and plans were laid for making Sandringham into the model estate which it later became. After the recovery of the King from his almost fatal attack of typhoid fever in 1870 it was decided to build a new house on higher ground, a little removed from the old site, and so the present structure arose and was christened Sandringham House, but old people in the district still call it the "Hall."

GRECIAN WELL PLACED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA ON THE TERRACE LAWN AT SANDRINGHAM

The new structure is picturesquely built of red brick with facings of white stone in the Elizabethan style, with pointed gables. It stands on a gentle rise overlooking a well-stocked deer park of 300 acres. A sunny terrace skirts the garden front, and a lake winds picturesquely through the grounds below. The principal entrance is through the handsome Norwich gates of iron and brass work, the wedding gift of the city of Norwich, and is

approached by a public road, cut through the pine woods, which forms an avenue of half a mile in length. It is bordered by wide stretches of turf. The King is very fond of grass borders, and they have been cultivated on either side of all the roads on the royal estate. The roads are of red gravel, another fancy of the King's, and the entire estate, extending for several miles, is a most refreshing study in green and brown.

At all seasons Sandringham is beautiful. The pine woods, the turf and the red-brown roads give a brightness to the landscape, even in winter; and are rendered more lovely in spring and summer by yellow furze, thickets of rhododendrons and the great expanse of green bracken and heather-clad moorland stretching away to the Wolferton woods. It has aptly been described as a "a bit of Scotland set down on a Norfolk marsh." The woods and hedgerows are full of life—birds singing, squirrels leaping, rabbits and hares darting across one's path. and the beautiful golden pheasants, which are the King's particular pride, showing here and there from out the bracken. It is said that His Majesty finds it difficult to forgive his shooting guests if they hit one of these choice birds. A very gay sight is the Sandringham avenue in the shooting season, when the King's beaters in scarlet blouses and blue slouched hats with red bands make picturesque figures amongst the pines. The village folk come trooping up to see the sport and are allowed to follow the sportsmen through the woods. What is locally known as the "big shoot" or "shooting the avenue," takes place on the 9th of November in honour of the King's birthday. The Queen and Princesses and the ladies of the house party usually drive out and join the sportsmen at luncheon in a tent erected for the occasion, the viands being brought from the House in a luncheon cart with ingenious devices for keeping things hot.

Before entering Sandringham House let us stroll round the estate. First the pretty little parish church, standing on a knoll in the park, surrounded by a graveyard, claims our attention. It was completely restored by the King many years ago, and contains memorials to the Duke of Clarence; Princess Alice, the King's sister; and Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. The handsome lectern was an offering of thanksgiving from the Queen on the King's restoration to health in 1871. A simple marble cross in the graveyard marks the grave of their Majesties' youngest born, Prince Alexander, who only lived a day. The royal pews are in the choir, into which a private door opens. The approach to the church is through a rustic Lych gate, and almost opposite to this, on the other side of a narrow strip of the park, is the termination of a shady path in the Sandringham grounds, known as the "Church Walk"; down this the King invariably walks to church, while the Queen and her daughters drive in the oak omnibus drawn by two bays, "Palmer" and "Tuck." Beyond the churchyard is the rectory of Canon Hervey, domestic chaplain to the King.

Close to the rectory garden is the Technical School for Girls, a low, ivy-covered, picturesque building. It was founded by the Queen many years ago for the purpose of instructing girls on the estate in spinning, weaving and fine needlework. Tapestry and metal work have recently been added. The Queen is a constant visitor to the school and takes a personal interest in all the pupils. Her Majesty has her own spinning wheel and a hand loom for tapestry making. Pursuing our way along the public road past the church, we come to the handsome residence of General, the Rt. Hon. Sir Dighton Probyn, Comptroller of the Household at Sandringham for thirty years, and now Keeper of the King's privy purse. Sir Dighton is a handsome and distinguished man with a long white beard.

Returning to the other side of the park, we come to York Cottage, the small but picturesque country home of the Prince and Princess of Wales, over-

SANDRINGHAM HOUSE FROM THE TERRACE

FOR FORTY YEARS THIS HAS BEEN THE HOME OF THE PRESENT KING AND QUEEN

looking the lake. The Prince has recently purchased a larger house and estate some two miles away, and in the future York Cottage will revert to its original use as an adjunct to Sandringham House. In this part of the park is the pretty house of Mr. Frank Beck, the King's estate agent. Proceeding, we reach the pheasantry, a model game-rearing ground, with its incubator house and neat rows of wooden pens. Here Mr. Jackson, a hale, hearty Norfolk man, who has been head gamekeeper at Sandringham for more than thirty years, has his pretty cottage, kept in a spotless condition by Mrs. Jackson, to whom falls the duty of cutting up the bread and putting it into wicker baskets, and of tying on the Queen's large white apron when Her Majesty comes to feed the dogs. The kennels are close to the Jackson's cottage and are specially under the care of Mr. Brunsdon, who has held the post for seventeen years.

THE QUEEN AND HER DOGS

He has a charming little house near. Next we come to the Queen's stables, where the favourite hacks, hunters and carriage horses lead a luxurious existence in spotless stables, lined with white tiles and having silver-mounted stalls and the most perfect sanitary arrangements. On the other side of the road are the kitchen gardens and forcing houses, covering fourteen acres; and proceeding up a side turning we reach the King's stables where the thoroughbreds are housed. Near by is the Technical School for Boys, where lads from the estate are taught cabinet making, carving and carpentering. Opposite is the Queen's Model Dairy, with a dainty tea room overlooking a little flower garden. Here in days gone by the Queen and her young daughters amused themselves with watching old Mrs. Barker, the dairy woman, making up the golden pats of Norfolk butter, and occasionally worked the churn themselves. The cream pans are lined with egg-shell china and fixed in a marble counter. The walls are of blue tiles, and around are models of prize cows bred on the estate. The tea room adjoining is furnished and ornamented with presents from the Queen's family and friends, and here Her Majesty delights to dispense with servants and formality and preside over a homely tea-table with her family around her. If their Majesties chance to be walking in different parts of the grounds the King never enters this little sanctum until the Queen arrives.

But let us return and enter Sandringham House. As soon as you cross the threshold you feel that you are in a typical English home; cosy, charming, delightful and artistic, but not grand. There are no state apartments at the King's country retreat; every room is designed for family use and is filled with pictures and bric-a-brac which are strictly of family interest. There are many models of deceased pet animals. The halls and corridors are covered with trophies which the King has col-

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SUMMER HOUSE AND ROSARY AT SANDRINGHAM

lected on his travels, more particularly in India. The carved elephant's tusks are particularly noticeable. The King has a room entirely furnished with the furniture used in his rooms on the *Serapis*, the vessel which carried him to India. The Queen's boudoir is a lovely room, all brightness, flowers and sunshine, with a view over the garden terrace. Here her Japanese dogs recline on silken cushions and her pet dove and singing birds have their cages. The drawing-room is below the Queen's boudoir and has the same outlook. Gold and white is the prevailing decoration, and some lovely pieces of statuary show up amongst the palms and flowers. A full length painting of the Queen by Edward Hughes occupies one wall, and near to it are charming studies of her three daughters by the same artist. The ball room and the adjacent supper room form a handsome range of apartments and have been the scene of many balls and festivities for the county and tenantry, and there the Queen gives her tea parties to the school children each year on her birthday, Dec. 1, and again at Christmas, when some 500 little ones make merry with the Queen and Princesses, who devise games for and wait upon them. Sandringham has its shrine of sorrow and love. The room where the Duke of Clarence died is always kept as it was when he occupied it, and no one has used it since.

The gardens are like the house, pretty and unostentatious. They are simply laid out with wide-spreading lawns, shrubs and trees and flower beds, but there is no carpet gardening or anything in the artificial style. An Alpine garden with running water forms a cool retreat in the hot season, as also the Queen's wild-flower garden, a secluded spot surrounded by shrubs and shady trees and planted entirely with the modest flowers which bloom in English hedgerows. Here the Queen can sit in summer evenings and listen to the song of the nightingale. Sandringham House and domain, in spite of the present structure being modern, exhibits the style of an old English mansion, and not even the Bracebridge Hall of Washington Irving excels it in generous hospitality and the observance of the time-honoured national customs.

HON. SIR WILLIAM MULOCK, K.C.M.G., K.C.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL FOR CANADA

# CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

## XLIX—SIR WILLIAM MULOCK

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK is a distinguished collegian, a gold medalist in modern languages, the founder of a scholarship in mathematics, formerly the vice-chancellor of a university, a great patron of learning, himself a Doctor of Laws *honoris causa*. And yet very few people think of him in that light. He stands out as a brilliant man of affairs, a statesman of large designs, a shrewd and successful administrator of national interests.

Sir William Mulock's career is a standing argument for the presence of the university man in politics. There are in the House at Ottawa many professional men, lawyers, doctors, who are known loosely as educated men; but a distinction should be made between men who have merely mastered the technic of a superior kind of trade and men who have absorbed the ideals and learned the easy postures of mind that go with a liberal education liberally entertained and assiduously applied. The lawyer who is merely a lawyer may have common sense, but his common sense will get a little commoner every day, that is if he makes a fetich of it, until at last he has no more breadth of view than a hairpin. When a man is a lawyer and a Master of Arts and a Doctor of Laws besides; when to a professional training is added a liberal education, then it is to have the common sense and the outlook in one person. Napoleon said that one had to be a poet to conceive great ideas and a man of business to carry them out. For poet, read a man of liberal education, and you have Sir William. The combination, though not unique, is a rare one in the House of Commons of Canada. If it were not too large a question for this article, it could be proved that every one in Canadian politics who possesses it, is either a risen or a rising man.

This is not to say that Sir William is a pedant or that he makes any pretence of superior attainments. The Postmaster-General is too much of a man of the world to have ever become a philosopher, a sociologist out of commission, a doctrinaire, or a litterateur in politics. For instance, he could never have been a Goldwin Smith, a John Morley, a Leckie, or a Justin McCarthy. Such tasks as they assume require too long a patience, and demand more or less a habit of quietism. Sir William Mulock is first and last and always a fighter. He is interested in higher education because he is a practical statesman. He is himself highly educated, because that is a good thing in the business of statesmanship. He is, perhaps, no more studious than the ordinary graduate of forty years' standing, and, if he ever looks at his Horace, he probably finds that he has forgotten the meaning of many of the words. The residuary advantage of his university training is that the seeds of culture sown in his nonage, have borne a fine harvest of tolerance, open-mindedness and right attitude toward the problems of life. Sir William fights difficulties because to fight is his nature. He studies the human page because it is the book that most interests him. He would not be content to apply himself to tasks that show no results except to posterity. He must see the work of his own hands. By instinct he is constructive. For a man as thorough in his methods there is a certain radical impatience in his nature which will not permit him to wait long. He turned a deficit of millions in the post office department into a surplus of three hundred thousand dollars in seven years, at the same time doubling the service and reducing the rate of postage by one-third.

There was never any intellectual arrogance about Sir William Mulock.

His bluff, hearty manner, which strangers sometimes mistake for brusquerie, his simple tastes, his characteristic love of the soil—he has a beautiful country-seat at Newmarket—are all summed up in his nickname, Farmer Bill. Farmer Bill he was all through the eighteen years of Liberal opposition, cordial, stalwart, slapping his comrades on the shoulder, cheering the laggards, himself indomitable, a great rock in a weary land. And Farmer Bill he remains to-day, the most popular Cabinet minister at Ottawa, no side, no swagger, as affable and accessible as ever, delighting to hobnob with "the boys" in No. 16, and to share in the good stories and the good fellowship. The Opposition expects no mercy when Sir William Mulock is on his feet—for that eighteen years taught Liberals to be ruthless—but they can't help liking him, for when all is said and done Mulock is a man of strong likes and dislikes—who was ever great that had not a few well-assorted hatreds?—of a gusty temper, perhaps, but a man among men. They acknowledge him a big fellow all round, big in body, big in heart, big in mind. Farmer Bill will be Farmer Bill to the end of the chapter, a plain man that loves his friends, although he wears a title for his services to the empire and is known to be the most powerful man in the Cabinet next to the Premier. Another thing that makes for virtue in Sir William is that he is true to his promises. It is conceded that his word once given is as good as a bond. He is not in that class of politicians known as tomorrow-or-the-day-after.

Sir William Mulock is the best type of public man. He entered public life to make a career. That lust of power, which some people foolishly revile, was, perhaps, his leading motive. His fortune has always been ample. No suspicion of venality could ever attach to him. Nothing compelled him but his own honour and the public good. Canada could well afford to entertain a few more enlightened ambitions like his. May he get all his wishes. Gossip says there are three of them. One of them has the advantage of his country in mind. The other two are personal, harmless, and quite natural in a man whose impulse is to reap honour.

Sir William is a man of the classes, if we have classes in Canada. He has gentle blood in his veins, but man of the classes as he is, he has always been on the side of the masses. In this respect he approaches very nearly the late William Ewart Gladstone. In opposition he was something of a radical. He wanted, once, to cut the Governor-General's salary down to $25,000 a year. As a Cabinet minister he is more conservative of the established order, but he still keeps all the doors of his mind open to new and progressive ideas. He was appropriately chosen Minister of Labour, for it was his idea to erect labour into a political entity in Canada, and to give it a force and prestige it never had before in national affairs. The *Labour Gazette*, which presents dispassionately the statistics of labour in Canada, is his improvement on the United States *Labour Gazette*, which allows comment more or less inflammatory. The idea of arbitration in labour disputes, which he examined on the spot in New Zealand, he has applied in a modified way to conditions in Canada. He believes in conciliation. It will be seen that progressive though he be, he is cautious and hastens slowly.

It has been objected that Sir William is not a great orator. But oratory does not go far in a business age when the affairs of Parliament are mostly despatched in committees. In a clear, straight, official statement, with a few knock-down arguments for the other side, and no flowers, Sir William Mulock can hold his own with the best.

*H. Franklin Gadsby*

# ONE OF THE BOYS

*BY VIRNA SHEARD*

WITH DRAWINGS BY J. E. McBURNEY

IT was Christmas Eve. The almanacs said so, the shops said so, the beladen people hurrying by said so, and the newspapers were headed 24th December, but it didn't look it. A more wretchedly wet, dismal night couldn't have been, or one less suggestive of merriment.

Old Ted Christie stood on his corner of the street with a bundle of papers wrapped in a piece of tattered oilcloth—and he croakingly announced his ability to provide the population with the latest news. Apparently nobody wanted it.

He looked blue, old Ted Christie, all but his fingers and nose, they were red. Down his back small streams of water ran from the edge of his ancient cap; the faded army cape he wore was blown around him, sometimes up over his head, so that he had to fight it down with his right hand, sometimes out straight at his side showing its crimson lining—a pennon of victory, and now and again it drooped about his pole-like figure in melancholy folds—a flag at half mast.

An odd-looking chap he was, and the newsboys themselves held that he must be either a very old boy, or an exceedingly young old man, so peculiarly childlike was the expression of his belined face.

"Evening papers!" he called. "Evening papers! Latest edition Star! till suddenly he was jerked up short by the crashing of a small stout body against his own.

"Hello! I say—Hello! Why don't you look out where you're goin', Christy?" said the boy.

The old man smiled, being used to their ways. "How's business?" he asked.

"Ah! gone an' lost itself; dere ain't nothin' doin'; folks is goin' to be too busy to-morrow huntin' troo dere stockin's an' eatin' turkey an' plum puddin', to want papers."

"News, sir," running up to a heavy, middle-aged man passing at the minute. "Latest intelligence!"

"I say, Ted," coming back hilariously, "he's feeling Christmassy; gimme a quarter, no change. I see a 'orse's head stickin' out of a parcel, an' a lot of lumpy lookin' things in his pockets, fer de kids, I reckon."

"When are you goin' to turn in?" asked the man presently.

The boy grinned. "That's a good un. I ain't got nothin' to turn in with but this quarter, an' I am goin' to save that fer to-morrow. Blew in my last red half an hour ago for onion soup; you bet it was all right. Say, where's dat dog anyhow?" whistling and

looking round. "Ah! here he comes now. See him? He's been in de soup kitchen all this while. Did they kick you out, Smarty?" he said, patting the small yellow animal, who was exhibiting joy at reaching its master by curling its body round in semi-circles and deliriously wagging its piece of a tail.

The man watched them for a minute. "Come along home with me, Billy," he answered. "There's room enough."

"Thank ye, Ted, but I'll linger round a little longer. Luck's on de rise maybe, and anyhow de soup's made me feel pretty gay. I say, Teddy, youse right though—de people *is* gettin' off de street fast. In de houses up town de kids have all hung up der stockin', and by now de grown-up's is doin' de Santa Claus act.

"I say, Christy, onct I hung up mine, honest I did, in front of a chimbly. We had a room with a chimbly place that week. Me mother, she must have put in de things, fer in de mornin' dere were three red candy roosters in de stockin', an' a mouth organ. That day dere was a row in de house, an' me mother she got hit with a chair an' was took to de orspital. She never come out." There was a little click at the end of the sentence like a sob broken off short.

"Don't talk about mothers to me; no, nor women of any sort," answered the man. "Come along, it's twelve striking now. Merry Christmas, Billy!"

"Same to you, old man!" he responded, hopping along beside the tall figure in its drooping army cloak.

The wind and rain drove them onward, from the bright streets to the dark ones, from the wide places to the narrow, till they came to a crazy building on the edge of the town. Up the stairs they went, followed by the yellow dog, and into Christy's room. Across the hall was another room, and under the door of this shone a thread of light.

"Didn't know Mother Rafferty kept no lodgers but you," said Billy.

"They are new comers," he answered, lighting the lamp. "Never saw them." "Now we'll have a fire. Touch it off, lad, it's laid. And some crackers and cheese and a tune and then we'll go to bed."

When the poor little room was bright with firelight and the three chilled creatures got warmed through, the man brought out his refreshments and they fell to.

Billy munched away in great content, staring into the fire thoughtfully. Billy had been on the town for some time, an empty hogshead his habitation, doorsteps his refuge; dilapidation doesn't express his appearance. Smarty, who had ceased to shiver, sat up beside him, watching each mouthful with glittering, bead-like eyes and one ear on the alert. As pieces of biscuit were thrown to him they disappeared, and the watch continued.

Old Christy sat on a soapbox and stared into the fire too. Now and then he rubbed his toasted shins. A soft childlike expression was in his faded eyes.

"This is good, after the streets, Billy?"

OLD TED CHRISTY

"Bet yer life!" he responded.

In silence they enjoyed their impromptu meal. The luxury of warmth was accentuated by the sleet against the rattling window, the jarring of the crazy shutters outside.

Then from across the hall came the sound of a hollow cough, a racking, dismal cough. It disturbed their comfort. They both listened.

"She's got de consumption, *that* one," said the boy. "To de hearse fer hers, I reckon. Say! ain't it a horrid sound, Ted?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "It's as good as anything else to die with, Billy. Maybe she deserved it."

Billy screwed himself around till his back was to the fire and his face to the old soldier.

"Gee! you're a queer dufer, Christy. What makes you so awful down on women? You're soft enough with us boys. I don't bother with women much myself, but I kinder like girls. When they're tough, why, they are tough, but some of 'ems all right. I'm sorry for 'em anyway; it's such cursed bad luck to be born a girl, Ted. But—" returning to the original question and hitching a little nearer—"what does make you so fierce on 'em, old chap?"

Christy leaned forward with his chin on his hand; the soft look in his eyes was quite gone. They gleamed brightly. "Billy," he said, "you shouldn't ask such questions, but as you have, I'll answer. When I was a boy, just a little fellow, I had a stepmother. She made my life a misery. I needn't go into that. I left home afterwards and enlisted. Then I had a sweetheart." He stopped so long Billy thought he had forgotten to go on and jogged his knee.

"A sweetheart," he continued. "She deceived me. I needn't go into that either. Then later I met a woman who made use of me, of my fool nature, my soft-heartedness, to ruin me; I was her dupe and tool, but we needn't go into that either, Billy. Only afterwards I let them alone."

"This is good, after the streets, Billy?"

The boy gave a low whistle and twisted up the side of his face.

"That was fine!" he said, "sounded like a bit of a play at de the-a-ter. Was you ever on de stage, Ted?"

"No; oh, no!" he answered.

"Well, another thing. Was you ever? No, of course, you wasn't—"

"Was I what?"

"No, never mind. Well, all I was goin' to ask you was," confidentially; "was you ever in jail?"

"No," he said, "not exactly."

"I was," said Billy, excitedly. "*Onct.* Run in by an id'gt cop with one eye what mistook me fer another feller, an' the jury examined me, an' I got mixed, an' fust said I didn't do nuthin', an' then I said I did do sumpin', an' got sent down for four days. But what did you mean by 'not exactly?'"

"I was once a prisoner of war in the South."

"Was you?" cried the boy. "Was you, honest? Tell me about it, and how you got de wooden arm!"

He smiled at the eagerness of the lad, but said nothing.

"Was it shot off with a cannon?" continued Billy.

The fire had burned low, the lamp gone out. There were rosy lights in the corners and over the stained walls. The poverty of the place was hidden. To-morrow morning things would look wretchedly damp and cold, let them make the most of to-night.

"Go on," said the boy.

"There isn't much to tell, Billy. It wasn't shot off by a cannon ball. I lost it when I was in a prison down South. There was a boy there, about nineteen he was, and he was almost dead of homesickness. Well, one day he got word from outside that there would be a chance for him to escape. If he could manage to pass the guard and pickets, his brother would be beyond at a certain time with a horse and a disguise. Then, Billy, that boy went off his head—plumb crazy. He told me about it. I was a sort of friend to him, and I said I'd engage the attention of the guard at the time set, and outside he'd have to run the pickets. If they saw him—well—there was a chance—and he got off."

"But the arm!" said the boy breathlessly. "The arm, Christy?"

"Oh, that engaged the attention of the guard, Billy. It was a little more than dusk. We swung out of the window, got down to the ground, then I went first, the guard fired, and in the smoke, before he let fly again, Morton got away."

"The coward!" said the boy. "The coward!"

"No, he wasn't a coward; just a boy mad with imprisonment and wild with being caged. He thought I might get away too. I told him there was a chance. I was fond of him, a pretty, curly-haired lad, gentle, good-hearted. It's time to turn in, Billy."

"All right," said he, stretching with such unsophisticated abandon that each separate joint of his anatomy went to the verge of dislocation. "All right, I'll stop on de rug for I ain't rich enough to trow away none of de fire, but don't youse go sayin' that dere fellow was good-hearted; good-hearted, nothin'," sarcastically, "Why I wouldn't let no chap get his arm bust off fer me. I jest bet he's clean forgot about it too, an' y' might be dead fer all of him."

The old man didn't answer.

Presently Billy spoke again, sitting bolt upright with a start, "Say, Christy!"

"Yes."

"I never told youse about dat dinner to-morrow, did I? De one de Press is givin' de boys. Did y' get a ticket?"

"Oh, yes!" he said smiling, "but I gave it away to Maloney, the cross-eyed one."

"Facey Maloney!" ejaculated the other, "you give it to him! Dat slippery duck! I reckon he told you he didn't get none when they was dealt out, an' I saw him swipe t'ree. Now say, is youse goin' to dat dinner or ain't youse?

"As I said, Billy, I havn't a ticket."

"I taught y' wouldn't," he answered, screwing up his mouth, "an' so I got another fer me little brother at home, —See? It's goin' to be a bang up dinner, a high flyer, an' a Fift' Avenoo one too. Now, is youse goin'?"

"I don't know," said the man dubiously. "I don't know, Billy, hardly."

"Well I wouldn't be so stiff about it," he said scornfully. "I reckon de fellers 'll tink youse too much of a swell fer dem after dis." Then he rolled up in a ball on the rug.

A troubled look came into Christy's eyes.

"If you think that, I'll go, Billy."

"Now yer talkin'," he responded briefly and curled round a bit more.

The old fellow sat beside him for a while, and fell to whistling softly ancient tunes of much melody. Now and then came the sound of the racking cough. It disturbed him and the music died away. The boy, with the wretched little yellow dog beside him, was sleeping blissfully, so he covered

them over with the old army cloak and went to his rest.

Billy was on the wing at daybreak, but before he went the two agreed to meet in the afternoon. Thus it was they went in together and were given places side by side. The old soldier made an odd contrast to his companions. Boys of the town they were, the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, and motley was their only wear. Yet, though most of them were hard and rough enough on the outside, their hearts were like the kernel of a nut, sweet and sound.

They ate their Christmas dinner with uproarious mirth and jollity, with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," and turkeys disappeared as though they had flapped their little crisp, brown roasted wings and flown away. And when it all came to a satisfying end and the ice-cream had performed it's happy vanishing act, they had music of much variety.

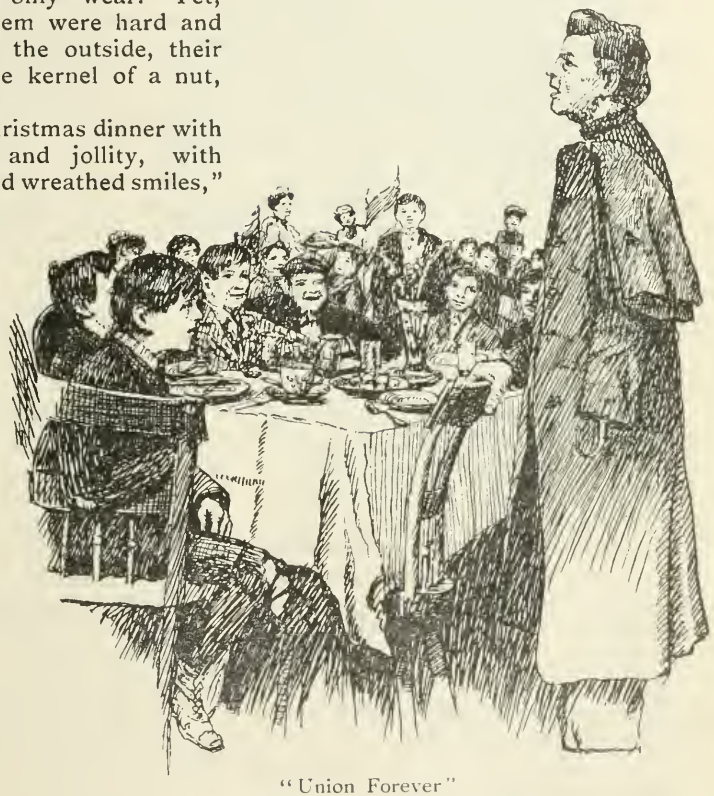
Afterwards there were hymns, "Hark! the Herald Angels," "Onward Christian Soldiers!" and others in which the chorus was swinging and strong.

Then they called vociferously and with much beating upon the table for a song from the old soldier, so he rose, and in his worn voice, that had broken with much advertising of his papers in all kinds of weather, gave them the war song, "Union Forever," and they joined triumphantly in the chorus.

The mouth-organ band played the "Washington Post," and Facey Maloney wound up the programme by playing at universal request "The Mocking Bird" on his jewsharp.

"Billy," said the man, as they stepped into the street and the frosty wind caught them, "I guess you'd better come along with me."

"Thanks," he said, skipping beside him, with Smarty at his heels, "but I know where I can make a nickel or two. I'll drop in on you bim'by."



"Union Forever"

The old man went to his home and up to the little room. After the glittering hall he had so lately left, the long table surrounded by rollicking boys, the noise and laughter, it seemed horribly lonesome.

He built a fire and sat down before it. That was better, but he wished Billy would come; Christmas was no day to be alone. Billy, with his incessant chatter, his wide smile, his contortions, was something to divert the mind from thought.

The door creaked, opened. "There he was now," thought Christy, turning. But no, it wasn't Billy who stood upon the threshold. It was a small child with china blue eyes, smiling and friendly, and a mass of yellow curls that made a glimmer in the dusky doorway. She held a ragged doll against her pinafore.

They stared at each other in silence. Then the man spoke.

"If you're a boy, you may come in, but if you're a girl, and I suppose you are, you'd better run away."

She didn't understand, for she only nodded and smiled at him the more. He looked kind; she liked him. "I'm a dirl," she said, "dis," holding out the wretched object of her affection, "dis am my dolly." Then she came over to him.

"Pretty fire," she said, cooingly, patting his arm with one lovely wee hand, "pretty fire."

"Run away," he said rather feebly. "Run away."

"No," she answered, "no, me stay long, long time. Me stay very much." So he was conquered, and the next thing he knew she was on his knee and he was listening to her sweet baby voice. She was of the entertaining variety and made the time fly. Then Billy and his faithful follower came stumbling up the dark stair, and so found them.

The little lass curled up in the old soldier's arms, her yellow head like a daffodil against his coat.

"Go on, you old fraud, I thought you didn't like girls," he cried. "Why dat's one sure, a bloomin' pretty kid, too. Wher'd she drop from?"

"I suppose she belongs across the hall," he answered.

"To de party wid de cough?" said Billy. "Well, I'll just take her back. Here's an orange fer you, baby."

She took the golden ball and nestled closer to the old man.

"Me stay," she remarked firmly, "me stay."

"No you don't," answered Billy. "Come right along home with me—to yer mammy."

"Mammy's asleep," she said.

"I'll see if she belongs there," said Christy, rising. "Keep her till I come back."

Across the hall he went and knocked at the door. There was no answer. So he knocked louder; then, as it was ajar, pushed it open and looked in. A woman lay on the bed; the light from a street lamp struck her outlined figure and her face. He went over to her and spoke softly. As she did not move he touched her hand.

The iciness of it struck to his heart, he bent down and listened. No breath, no sound. He struck a match and looked closer. Yes, it was so. She must have been dead some time.

In one hand was a letter—held so fast he could hardly move it. He stood still and thought. Should he call Mrs. Rafferty? No, she was not one to have here; a half-drunken woman usually, probably more than that to-day, as it was a holiday. The police?

Sounds of mirth came from his side of the hall. Billy and the baby were friends.

Oh! the letter, that might tell something. There was a candle on the stand by the bed. He lit it. He saw a tiny bottle—laudanum! Ah! Then he unfolded the letter.

"331 —— St., New York," he read; there was a space, no further heading, afterwards the lines:

"I will give you nothing, nor do I wish any further communication with you. What was my son's disgrace is mine. If you will bring us the child, promising to withdraw altogether from her, I will do what is right. C. M."

He read it over twice, groping through his mind for a thought to guide him.

Should he then call the police? Give them the letter and the baby? No, he would keep the letter and offer, if they were unable to find any people belonging to her, to keep the child. Then he would take her to the address in New York, and if the man had any claims to offer and was all right, she should stay; if not—again he felt the

soft, small fingers on his hand, the fluffy head against his breast.

"Don't be a fool," he said to himself, roughly, looking down to where the yellow candle light flickered over the woman's still face. "This one's gone wrong too, the letter says so, but the baby is so pretty. I suppose she couldn't make up her mind to give it away. That's the way with them, they'll ruin a man and die for a child. I wonder what she thought would become of it though. She wouldn't take it to him whoever he is; but I will."

He went over to his own place and found Billy and the baby and the small dog of the streets warm aad happy together.

There was a pauper funeral from the old house next day, Christy and the child and Billy following it on foot. When she grew tired they carried her gladly.

Next day the city sent a committee to investigate the case of the destitute infant. But the bird had flown.

"She curled up in the old soldier's arms"

Mrs. Rafferty, who was in her usual befogged condition, could only reiterate the statement that "the owld soldier and the baby had gone out and devil a sthep had they come back—a dacent man who paid his rent."

So the authorities continued their search. Billy made himself scarce, and no one else knew where the two had gone.

A day or two afterwards an old, battered, pole-like figure in army cap and cape, carrying a small child with much betangled golden hair, went up the steps of a house in New York.

The footman who opened the door stared at them in dignified stoniness.

"Is this 331?" asked the man.

"It is," he answered.

"What is your master's name?" he said.

"What are ye after?" said his stateliness.

"I want to see your master, my good man," he repeated with gentle persistency.

And then came one down the hall, tall and straight, with close curly hair. Through the door Christy saw him and knew him.

"Morton!" he called, "Charlie Morton! Ah! the very initials. Let me by!" pushing past the stiffened flunky. "That's the one I want to see!"

"Why, Browning, what's this?" the man called. "An old soldier? Were you hurrying him off? What can I do for you, sir? I was in the war myself; do you know me?"

Christy held out his wooden arm.

"When the guard fired that's where it struck, Morton," he said.

The other grew white to the lips. "Who are you," he cried unsteadily.

"Ah, Christy!"

"You can't be Christy! Ted Christy! The bravest fellow that ever lived—the best comrade!"

"Yes, old Ted Christy," he answered. "A soldier of fortune, a vendor of newspapers. *One of the boys.* But never mind about me—I've brought the child—her mother is dead. I saw her, and in her hand was a letter—your letter, was it not? with this address—so I brought her to you. I don't know whether she belongs to you by right—or who she is—or whether you want her—but if not—I'll keep her—for she doesn't seem to belong to anyone else." His voice trembled and his old eyes had a misty, childlike look.

The one he spoke to laid his strong hand on the shoulder of the worn cape:

"Ah! Christy," he said, "you are the same as ever. The world doesn't know how to treat such men. You have had hard luck, but you shall have it no more. Fortune has turned her wheel, old fellow. Do you think I have forgotten, or ever will, the night we dropped from the high window? I was mad with fear that we would not get away; quite mad. How many times since have I heard the guard fire, and seen you drop!"

He broke off suddenly. "But the child, Christy, you spoke of the child. I didn't understand."

He told him again as best he could.

Morton lifted the little maid and carried her to the light.

"It is true, Christy," he said after a moment, "you have brought me back my own. This is my son's child—and he is dead. I have tried many times to gain possession of her — many, many times."

"What of the mother?" said the old man softly. "She is dead also, you know—but what of her?"

"She is best dead," he answered, his face hardening. "It won't stand talking about, Christy. She was my son's wife— and—left him—after this baby was born. We kept it from the world—as well as we could. But—it was a tragedy." He spoke with a great weariness; "a tragedy." Then his voice changed. "There are other troubles than mine, though—and this may be the end. I have no words to thank you—for my Christmas gift—but I'll not let you go, old man—never."

So he anchored in a harbour of peace—and Billy?

Well, Billy, as he put it himself, "lit on his feet, too."

# The TURRETED HALL

*By Justin Huntley McCarthy*

THE coming Christmas was to be an important event in the life of Marjorie Heathersley. Her birthday was the twenty-fifth of December, and this Christmas was to celebrate her coming of age. Marjorie lived with her mother and step-father at a short distance from a pretty village, growing gradually into a little town, on the southern coast of England. She was born not far from her present residence, which, indeed, the young woman could never be got to look upon as quite her home. The house where she was born stood a little farther from the sea, and on the slope of a gentle hill commanding an exquisite view across the waters towards the shores of France. It was an old-fashioned, peculiar, and picturesque building, this birthplace of Marjorie, and we shall presently have something more to say about it. Marjorie's father was a man endowed with a scientific turn of mind, and especially attached to the study of astronomy. He had been a partner in a London banking house, but retired from the busy world of London when he had made what he considered a competence for his modest ambitions in life.

He then bought the old-fashioned turreted house, which looked as if it might have been originally the residence of some mediæval Baron, and there he settled down to study the stars and to be happy with his wife and daughter. Marjorie was brought up altogether by her parents, and never sent to school. She studied the stars a little, but as she grew into girlhood studied romance and poetry a good deal more. She was a vigorous, healthy girl—could drive and ride and row and swim, and loved the flowers and the fields as well as books and music. When she was fifteen years old her father died, and two years afterwards her mother, who was still a handsome woman, married a London barrister of high position, one on the fair way to the judicial bench, who used to spend most of his holidays on that southern coast and thus became acquainted with the Heathersleys. Then came the first complete break up in the life of Marjorie. Mr. Lamington, her step-father, did not like the old-fashioned, turreted house, and he bought a handsome newly-built villa in the neighbourhood—a villa which looked as if it had been lifted bodily out of one of the streets close to Eaton square and plant-

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ed on the south coast near to the sea. His wife yielded so far to his advice that she sold the mediæval turreted house, which from that time seemed to Marjorie only the tomb of her youth and her happiness.

Other events, however, came up in the life of Marjorie, which, if they did not efface the memory of the past, yet sent gleams of new and inspiring light upon the future. Mr. Lamington had a nephew, Stephen Elgar, the son of parents early dead. This nephew had been brought up under his charge, and was studying law in his chambers. Stephen Elgar came sometimes to visit his uncle and Mrs. Lamington in their sea-coast villa, and as time went on he got into the way of coming there more and more often. Lamington hardly ever left London while the Courts were sitting except for the week-ends, and some even of these he preferred to spend in town. Mrs. Lamington detested London, and never went there unless when her husband particularly desired that she should play the part of hostess at his town house. She did not love society, and was most happy when allowed to spend her days in her sea-coast home with her daughter. She had accepted Lamington not because she was romantically in love with him—for she was merely a quiet, sweet woman, who had no romance in her composition—but because she admired him and trusted him, was pleased by his offer of marriage, and regarded him as a Heaven-sent guardian for her daughter. She was therefore quite willing that Lamington should spend as much time as suited him in London, and thus it happened that young Stephen Elgar was sometimes the only male member of the family in the sea-coast villa.

Now the occasional companionship of Stephen Elgar was a new revelation of life to Marjorie. He brought to her visions of an active, vivid, artistic, many-coloured world with which she had had no previous acquaintance. He was five years older than she, and when their companionship began he seemed to her quite a grown-up young man, and she seemed to him but a little girl. He loved driving, riding and boating as much as she did; he had been on the Continent a good deal, he was a reader of books, he understood music and loved her singing, and was able to help her in the development of her voice. He could tell her much about theatres and art galleries and foreign cities. He had no taste for the law, and had wished to enter the Army; but his uncle would hear nothing of it, and he had not yet risen to any thought of rebellion against the decrees of his natural guardian. If he could not be a soldier he longed to be an explorer, and had wild ideas as to his capacity for making a fortune, if he could only get the chance, in far-off and unknown lands. All these ideas he confided time after time to the delighted Marjorie.

Meanwhile, the years went on; Marjorie was in her nineteenth year, and it never seemed to have occurred to Mrs. Lamington that this youth and maiden might possibly fall in love with each other.

Marjorie and Stephen often allowed their rambles to lead them in the direction of the old turreted Hall which had been the home, and was now the monument, of her childhood. To put the case more correctly it should, perhaps, be said that Marjorie had taken care to lead their rambles that way, and that Stephen had willingly accepted her guidance. At the time which we have now reached the house was untenanted. It was understood in the neighbourhood that the present owner of the place disliked it, and the whole region around it; that he was only too anxious to get rid of it by sale or lease on any reasonable terms, but no one seemed disposed to make any offer. So the house was empty, and bore a dismal aspect of neglect. By degrees all the furniture was removed from it, and a notice-board put up at the front gate announced that it was for sale or lease, and referred any possible competitors to a firm of local agents. But the competitors did not seem to come, and Marjorie and Stephen often walked into

the surrounding garden, and even, when some re-painting and repairs were going on, into the house itself. There Marjorie poured out into Stephen's sympathetic ear the story of her love for that home in the bright days of her childhood.

For a long time the two young people failed to recognise or to foresee the result of these meetings and rambles and confidences. But the result came in its due course, and the youth and maiden discovered one day that they were young man and young woman, and were deeply in love. The disclosure actually came in one of the rooms of the turreted mansion.

"If ever I get money," Stephen Elgar said, "it will be my first delight to buy back this house for you, and get it all done up again according to your taste, and give it to you as a birthday present."

There was a moment's silence. Then she murmured, looking timidly away from him:

"My heart can picture no Christmas gift so welcome to me as that would be—from you."

"But one thing more," he said, "you must take me with my gift, Marjorie."

Then their hands clasped and the love compact was made.

But Mr. Lamington looked on the matter with very different eyes, and his wife had now accustomed herself to see everything just as he saw it. Mr. Lamington looked at the compact of the lovers from the point of view proper to the man of law as business and of steady respectability. He had not a word to say against the natural impulses of the lovers, but he emphasized the fact that the world could not be conducted according to the nonsensical fancies of romantic young people. He reminded Mrs. Lamington that Stephen Elgar's whole earthly property at present amounted to only one hundred a year, that he had but lately been called to the Bar, and did not seem to have much inclination for working his way in the profession. Marjorie, on the other hand, was absolutely dependent upon the generosity of her mother, and Mrs. Lamington's personal resources were not large enough to endow her daughter with anything like a considerable fortune; and then, as Mr. Lamington put it, what could any woman of spirit think of a young fellow who was content to live on his wife's money? "It will never do, my dear, and you can tell these young people so in the most direct and decisive way. Let Stephen go to work and shew himself capable of making a living sufficient to keep a wife in decent conditions, and then, so far as I am concerned, I shall make no objection to the match. Let me see—in two years from next Christmas Marjorie will come of age, and that I hold is quite early enough for any young woman to marry. Let Stephen by that time shew that he is able to keep a wife, and then, my dear, if the young pair still hold to their love-making mood, they shall have my consent, and I am sure you will not refuse them yours."

The young pair had an eventful meeting soon after this, and Stephen made known his resolve. That resolve was just the time-honoured, immemorial resolution of all true lovers since the days of chivalry, and, indeed, since days long before the age of chivalry. He would go out into the far world and seek his fortune, and when he had found his way to that fortune he would then come home and claim the hand now plighted to him and clasped at that moment within his own. He was sick of the law, Stephen said, and he knew that he never could distinguish himself on that prosaic path to success; but he had a love of exploring, and had studied minerals and mining a great deal, and he firmly believed that fortune was beckoning him to those South African regions where the name of Cecil Rhodes was then beginning to make itself famous. This was in the days after Majuba Hill and before there was yet any foreshadowing of a new South African war. Marjorie listened to his words, and while her eyes swelled with tears her heart throbbed high

with hope.. The whole nature of the girl was filled with faith in him she loved. She had a clear brain, a brave heart, and a vivid imagination, and when she believed in a man she believed also in his destiny.

"You must always trust to me," Elgar said. The pair were standing now within the shadow of the old turreted house on a beautiful evening in spring, and the last rays of the sinking sun shed a farewell glow around them. "You shall hear from me whenever I can find means of writing to you. There may be long intervals sometimes, but you must always keep up your courage, and trust that Heaven will save me for you and send me back to you."

"I shall live for you," Marjorie said as she turned her loving eyes on him —"and shall live in the faith that you are destined to come back to me."

That was the burden of their talk. The lovers said much the same thing over and over again in broken sentences and even in broken words, but that was the meaning of their confidences and their vows.

"I shall write to no one but you," Stephen said as they were parting. "I am dead to this home world until I come back to claim you—and I shall come back to claim you, Marjorie, whether I be a failure or a success."

"Come back," she said, "with failure or success. Come back to me, and that is all I ask."

The lovers in the famous ballad took but one kiss, and then tore themselves away. Stephen Elgar and Marjorie may have taken many kisses, but they had to tear themselves away all the same.

When Marjorie returned to her home that night she heard the prosaic version of her lover's resolve to go in quest of fortune. Mr. Lamington was much vexed with his nephew, but thought that on the whole it was about the best thing that could happen to the young man. "It will knock the nonsense out of Stephen," he said, "to learn what a rough business it is to go prospecting for gold and digging for diamonds in some out-of-the-way part of the world, with desperadoes from all regions of the earth, and black fellows and heathen Chinee and such other creatures. It will teach him that real life is not quite like a boy's adventure-book, and when he comes back he may find, perhaps, that the Law Courts have modest mines of their own well worth exploring by even so heroic a personage."

Mrs. Lamington, who always believed that her husband spoke with the voice of an oracle, repeated his ideas again and again to poor Marjorie, although in gentle words and more sympathetic tones; and Marjorie found that she was now absolutely alone with her heart and her memory, her love and her faith. The little living world around her went on its dull course from day to day. Mr. Lamington spent nearly all his time, as usual, in London and his Law Courts. Mrs. Lamington seldom cared to leave her sea-coast villa, for she said the air and the breezes there were magical for the preservation of her health. Marjorie loved her mother, although they had absolutely no ideas in common, and she never repined or put on airs of martyrdom. She occupied herself much in helping the poor of the neighbourhood, teaching the children in the cottages, and making her life as useful as it could well be made within its narrow limitations. Presently a baby, a little boy, was born to the mother, and thenceforward Marjorie found herself less and less necessary to Mrs. Lamington's life. So days and weeks and months went on, and soon a year had passed away since Marjorie's parting from her lover, and she was now in the spring of the year whereof the Christmas Day was to mark her coming of age.

It was not too much to say that during all this dreary time Marjorie lived on her love and her faith—her love for Stephen Elgar, her absolute trust in him, and her self-sustained belief in his return to her. She heard from him often, and knew that he was in South Africa. At first his letters were full of

vague but resolute hope, then he began apparently to see prospects opening upon him. He then became somewhat vague, and wrote about her and about his love for her, and said nothing, or next to nothing, about the practical work of his life and his prospects of a speedy return. Marjorie's courage was in no wise dashed by this reticence on the part of her lover. She had pledged her full faith to him, and that full faith should ever be his; and by virtue of it she felt sure that whatever he was doing was done for the best. So far as she could learn no one but she had any correspondence with Stephen Elgar. Mr. Lamington sometimes spoke of him, but he seldom did more than express his hope that the nonsense must be pretty well knocked out of the young fellow by this time, and that perhaps he would soon come back and behave himself like a sensible man. Marjorie never voluntarily spoke of her lover, and, indeed, Mrs. Lamington seemed by this time to have forgotten all about him.

The spring of the eventful year had come, and the lengthening days and brightening skies began to quicken with new life the heart of Marjorie. Her active work for the poorer cottagers and the education of their children brought her into familiar relations with all her humbler neighbours. She was consulted by them on all manner of domestic subjects, and, as a matter of course, made a recipient of every scrap of local news. Marjorie had the happy faculty of listening with interest to all that seemed to concern those who sought counsel and sympathy from her. She put her heart into their most trivial concerns, and thought nothing uninteresting which had interest for them. One day the wife of a cottager imparted to her a piece of news which sent a peculiar thrill through the breast of Marjorie. The news was that there was a rumour all over the neighbourhood to the effect that Marjorie's old home had at last found a purchaser; that it was to be put in repair, re-decorated, and greatly improved, and thus made fitting for the early reception of its new owner. The good housewife who told Marjorie this story began her tale with the observation that she knew it would interest Miss Heathersley to hear that the old place was not to be allowed to go to rack and ruin any longer. But it presently came out, as Marjorie might have expected from the first, that the woman saw in the renovation of the house some prospect of work for her husband and her two sons. In that quiet little place, where the coming of a new occupant was one of the rarest events, the very idea of a re-decorated and renovated house brought with it, first of all, the happy thought of fresh employment to be divided among the working residents. The good woman, therefore, gently suggested that Marjorie would be likely to know the new owner, and might say a kindly word for an honest father and two honest sons who had lately been a good deal out of work.

Marjorie did not at first quite know whether her inclination was to feel glad or sorry at the prospect of a new owner for the dear old neglected home. It had long been a source of sadness to her to see the deserted house growing to look more and more like a ruin. Yet she shrank instinctively from the thought of its being occupied by some rich new-comer from London and turned into the likeness of a smart modern villa for some family who would fill it in the holidays with visitors from the West End. She entered, however, as well as she could into the woman's personal interests, and promised that if she could do anything to help her that anything should be done, but explained that it was not likely she could have any knowledge of the expected owner.

Marjorie went herself to the local agents—everybody in the place knew and respected her—and recommended the family of her cottager for any employment it might be in their power to give. She had a respectful reception and got a general promise that her recommendation should not be forgotten. But neither the agents nor anyone else

in the neighbourhood had yet been allowed to know the name of the new owner. As Marjorie returned home that night a gleam of melancholy humour flashed through her, and she said to her own soul, "If I were only living in the region of romance I should know already what name to give to that new owner." But she tried to put the thought away—it was too wild, she told herself, even for romance, and could only end in disappointment and in tears.

The summer had come, and was already beginning to fade, when the work at the old turreted mansion began in earnest. Marjorie for a while did not go near the place, because she dreaded seeing a process of complete reconstruction going on for the conversion of the legend-haunted old baronial Hall into a stucco-fronted modern villa. One day, however, she felt impelled by an irresistible impulse to go and look at the place in its present state of alteration, and she found to her surprise and gladness that there seemed to be no intention to change the outward appearance of the antiquated house.

After that she went to visit the place almost every day, and felt a mild delight as she saw that the new owner was clearly resolved to keep the turreted Hall as like its old self as possible. Sometimes she went into the house, when she found the front door open, entered this or that room, and studied the renewed decorations; the men at work allowing her free range, and shewing her the utmost respect and deference. Then there came one day not easily to be forgotten in Marjorie's life. There was a room in the old house, a sort of small library, which in her early days had been allowed by common consent to become her special sanctuary, where she kept her books and her music, her piano, her easel and her drawing materials. The walls of this room had not been papered in those days, but were painted with a delicate, soft greenish tint, refreshing to the eyes and suggestive somehow of romantic atmosphere. When Mr. Lamington came into possession of the house he very much disliked the colour, the paint, and the absence of conventional wall paper, and he prevailed upon his wife to have the room done up all over again in the newest and most approved style of West End decoration. Marjorie from that time lost all personal interest in the room, and felt that her pain of heart was so much the less when she had to abandon it altogether. And now, behold! The decaying paper had all been removed from the walls, and skilled hands were painting them with the old, dearly loved, well remembered tint. Then a flash of conviction illuminating a gladsome certainty lighted up Marjorie's heart.

"There is only one in the world besides myself," she thought, "who could have known and understood my feelings about this room; and it is he who is doing it; he who has bought this house; he who is coming back for me!" Nothing could shake her firm belief. She did not then know where Stephen Elgar was, or what he was doing; she had no other evidence of his success in his far-off enterprise, but she knew he had ordered this, that he must be coming back to claim her love, and to tell her the house was to be her home, and that room her especial sanctuary.

The days and weeks went on, and she still heard nothing of her lover, but her faith in his return and his success remained unshaken. One day she received a letter from him, intense with a lover's feeling, but giving her no distinct account of his doings and his hopes. He told her things were going well, and that the way was opening, but said nothing about the prospect of his early return. Then a new thought came into her mind and possessed it. "He is coming home," she thought, "for Christmas Day, for my birthday; he is coming home to give me a surprise. But I shall let him know that I am not to be surprised and that I am now reading his very heart." From that moment Marjorie began to count the days and even the hours that were passing until the fate-

ful, happy Christmas-time should bring her birthday and her lover.

With this faith sustaining her Marjorie felt something like composure as she saw the weeks go on, until in the deepening winter the approaching Christmas Day might be said to be already above the horizon. Mr. and Mrs. Lamington had made arrangements for a gathering of relatives and friends during the Christmas week, and Marjorie tried to throw her soul into the preparations for a festival in honour of her coming of age.

Christmas Eve came at last, and the new villa was well filled with guests. Marjorie as yet had heard nothing from Stephen to assure her of his coming, and yet she had made up her mind that he would come, and come that very evening, because of her birthday. Full of this thought, and to carry out a purpose of her own, she stole away from her guests while the wintry sun was yet sinking and made her way to the turreted house. She was carrying in her hand a bunch of mistletoe tied with a silken ribbon of her own favourite colour, and this she intended to hang up in that room in the old home which Stephen knew she had at one time regarded as her own retreat. She had an intuitive conviction that whenever he reached the sea-coast village, he would make his way first to the turreted house to satisfy his heart that its restoration was such as to prove his sympathy with the feelings of his love.

There were no workmen in the house when she reached it. The front door was made fast, but she felt sure that in that easy-going place, where no tramps or beggars were lounging about, some entrance to the building would always be found open. Her expectations were justified, for she found a door at the back with no manner of fastening to it. She went in and made her way to the sacred room. The shadows were already beginning to fall darkly, but she could see that the tinting of the walls was nearly complete. "I know he will come," she kept saying to herself, "and I want to be here in advance of his coming, to let him see some evidence that I had faith in him and left him my token of welcome." So she hung her mistletoe by its ribbon to the inner handle of the door, and was preparing to hurry back to the villa and her guests. Suddenly she heard sounds at the outer door, and was aware that a key was turning in the lock, and that footsteps were entering the hall. She stood for a moment bewildered between hope and fear. Was it only some workman returning? Or was it—and then the door of the room in which she stood was opened, and Stephen Elgar himself was there before her.

"I knew you would come," she said, "and I brought this," pointing to the mistletoe, "as a token of welcome, and as a proof that I had faith in you, and was expecting you." Then the lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

For a time their utterances were hardly articulate. Then he said, holding both her hands in his and gazing into her eyes, "I have been doing well, Marjorie. I have not made a fortune, but I have gained much by a happy stroke of fate in the new mining regions, and I see my way to doing fairly well in the coming time. We do not want to be rich, you and I, but I think we shall have enough, and I do not mean to waste too much of my life —of our lives in far-off enterprise. But whether we do much travel or not, Marjorie, this house shall always be our home. I bought it for you, and I was determined to be with you at Christmas, and to make it my offering to you on your birthday."

"I knew it," was all that she could say.

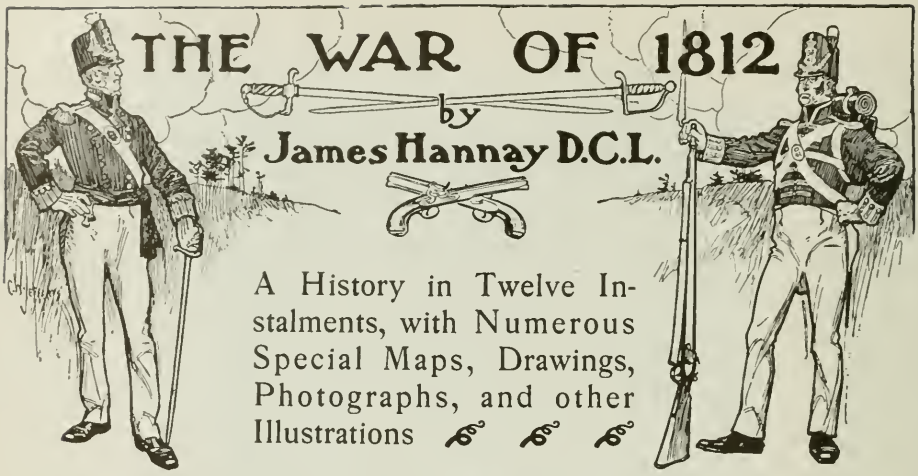
The story is told. Marjorie and her lover went together to the new villa and announced their engagement. Marjorie had a happy Christmas that year, and has since spent more than one happy Christmas in the old turreted Hall with her husband and lover.

A LAKE HURON HARBOUR BY MOONLIGHT—I

PHOTO BY R. R. SALLOWS, GODERICH

A LAKE HURON HARBOUR BY MOONLIGHT—II

PHOTO BY R. R. SALLOWS, GODERICH


THE WAR OF 1812
by
James Hannay D.C.L.
A History in Twelve Instalments, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

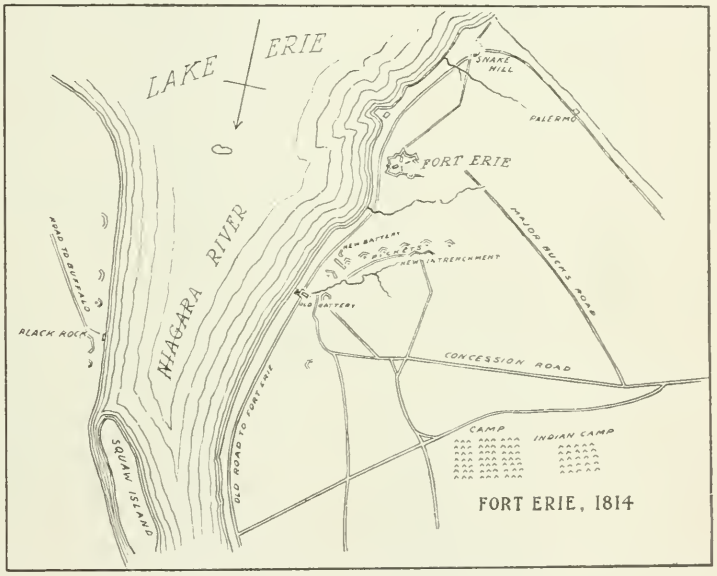
TWELFTH INSTALMENT—ABANDONMENT OF FORT ERIE, BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG, BURNING OF WASHINGTON, BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, AND THE TREATY OF PEACE

AFTER the failure of the assault on Fort Erie, Lieut.-General Drummond continued to besiege that fortress, which was daily being strengthened by the labour of the garrison. The British were reinforced by the arrival of the 6th and 82nd Regts., whose united strength was about 1,100 rank and file, but the departure of the six companies of the 41st Regt. for Fort George and of what was left of the 103rd for Burlington Heights, left him but little stronger in numbers than he had been before the assault, and in effective strength much weaker, owing to the prevalence of typhoid fever among the troops, caused by the heavy and constant rains and the low and swampy nature of the ground on which they were encamped. The Americans had been heavily reinforced and largely outnumbered the British, so that the novel spectacle was presented of a British army besieging a larger Am-

A MEDAL PREPARED ABOUT 1815 BY THE LOYAL AND PATRIOTIC SOCIETY BUT NEVER DISTRIBUTED. THESE MEDALS CAUSED A GREAT DISCUSSION IN THE ASSEMBLY IN 1840. SOME OF THE MEDALS WERE DEFACED SOON AFTER AND SOLD AS BULLION. THE BALANCE DISAPPEARED. THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE MADE FROM A MEDAL LOANED BY A FRIEND OF THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

erican army in a fort which was open to the lake, which the Americans still commanded and which therefore could be reinforced at any time from Buffalo, as fast as troops were collected. The Americans had taken the precaution to protect their flanks after the capture of the *Ohio* and *Somers*, by anchoring four armed brigs of Perry's fleet and a schooner on the lake opposite Fort Erie. Yet with all these advantages General Brown did not consider himself safe and insisted on being reinforced by Izard's command from Lake Champlain.

The impossibility of the British army being readily reinforced from Kingston owing to the command of Lake Ontario having passed for the time to Chauncey, and the weak state to which his force had been reduced by sickness, determined Drummond to remove his troops to a healthier position. Intelligence of this intention of the British general reached Brown by means of deserters, and at the same came the news of the Plattsburg affair. At this juncture Brown was reinforced by the arrival of upwards of 2,000 volunteers under General Porter. All these favourable circumstances occurring at the same time induced the American General, who on the tenth of September had been writing imploring letters to Izard, in which he said "I consider the fate of this army very doubtful unless speedy relief is afforded"—to make a grand sortie against the British works and therefore gain the credit of compelling Drummond to raise the siege. This plan was carried out on the afternoon of the 17th of September, when General Brown knew that De Watteville's Regt. would be doing duty at the batteries. These batteries were distant a mile and a half from the British camp, and situated in the midst of a thick wood. Three of them were armed with cannon, but a fourth which had been commenced, and which was intended to enfilade the western ramparts of the American works, had not been completed owing to the want of guns with which to arm it. The active batteries were numbered one, two and three respectively, beginning at the British left and going towards their right.




FORT ERIE AND THE BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1814

Shortly after noon General Porter with his volunteers, more than 2,000 in number, and parts of four regiments of regular infantry, advanced through the woods by a circuitous route, which had been previously marked and which placed them within pistol shot of the British right battery, No. 3, without their being discovered. About the same time Brigadier-General James Miller, with three regiments of infantry, moved by way of a ravine which

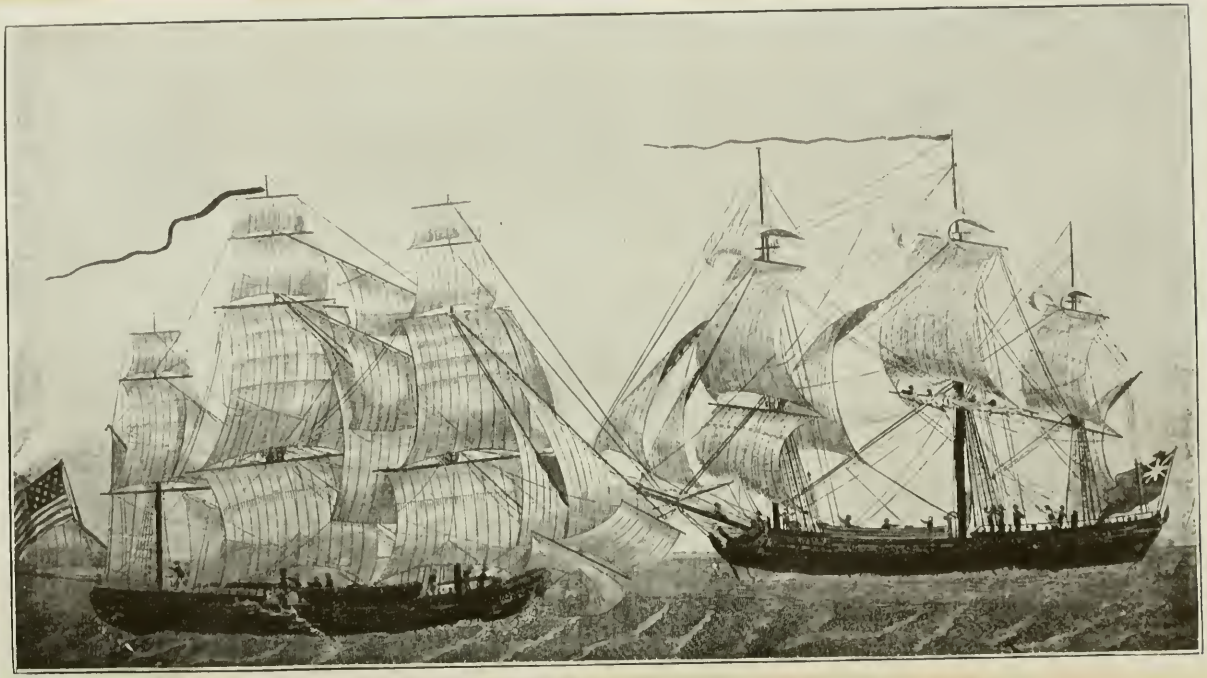
THE FIRST MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL BROCK

THIS WAS BLOWN UP ON APRIL 17TH, 1840, BY BENJAMIN LETT, A RENEGADE CANADIAN. THIS VIEW IS TAKEN FROM THE UNITED STATES SHORE, WITH QUEENSTON IN THE DISTANCE. FROM A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH

concealed his troops, to attack the British centre. He was supported by the 21st Regiment under General Ripley acting as a reserve. The advance was made under cover of a heavy fire from the American batteries, and it was greatly favoured by a thick fog which concealed the enemy's approach. At 3 o'clock Porter's men rushed from the woods in which they were hidden and attacked the British right, while Miller's column penetrated the British centre a little to the right of battery No. 2. Being in overwhelming numbers and the attack being a complete surprise, the opposition they met with was comparatively slight. Miller's column turned to the left and succeeded in surrounding the British right then briskly engaged with Porter's men, and obtained possession of battery No. 3. The small blockhouse behind it, garrisoned by a few men of the 8th Regiment, was also captured after a severe struggle. The three guns in the battery were immediately destroyed and the magazine blown up.

The Americans now turned to the right and attacked the centre British battery, No. 2. This also was carried as well as the blockhouse behind it, after a very gallant resistance from the weak detachment, composed of a part of the 8th and of De Watteville's Regt., by which they were defended. Miller was at this time joined by his reserve and he continued his advance to the right for the purpose of attacking battery No. 1. His attack on this work, however, failed, for the arrival of reinforcements from the camp brought the short-lived success of Porter and Miller to a sudden end. The moment the alarm was given the Royal Scots, with the 89th as a support, moved by the new road and met and engaged the enemy near the captured blockhouse in the rear of No. 3 battery, and checked his further progress in that direction. That gallant Canadian regiment, the Glengarry Light Infantry, advanced by the centre road, and headed by Lieut.-Col. Battersby attacked the enemy's forces in the new entrenchments and drove them out of them. At the same moment seven companies of the 82nd Regt. under Major Proctor, and three companies of the 6th under Major Taylor, the whole numbering less than 600 rank and file, were detached to the left to support batteries one and two. The latter had fallen into the hands of the enemy before this reinforcement arrived, but Miller's strong column was immediately attacked by Taylor's and Proctor's men with the bayonet, with such intrepid bravery that the Americans were not only forced back from No. 1 battery, but driven out of No. 2 with such haste, that they had no time to destroy it or damage its guns to any considerable extent. The Americans sought safety in flight, leaving a number of prisoners and many of their wounded in the hands of the British. They were pursued almost to the glacis of Fort Erie, and by five o'clock all the entrenchments were again occupied by the British, and the line of pickets established as it had been previous to the enemy's attack.

In this affair the Americans had upwards of 4,000 men engaged, about one-half volunteers and the remainder regulars, belonging to eight regiments of infantry and rifles, besides dismounted dragoons and engineers. The momentary possession they obtained of two of the British batteries caused them to proclaim this sortie as a victory, conveniently ignoring the easy manner in which they were afterwards driven out of these same batteries by a very inferior force of British regulars. The Americans give their loss at 510, of whom 80 were killed and 430 wounded or missing. This return, however, does not appear to include the losses of the volunteers. The British lost 609 men, of whom 115 were killed, 178 wounded and 316 missing. Nearly two-thirds of this loss fell on the detachment of the 8th and De Watteville's Regt. stationed at the batteries where the attack was made. The latter regiment alone lost 264 men, a greater number than was killed, wounded and missing in the en-



A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN 1812-4

FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

tire British army in the Plattsburg campaign.

On the evening of the 21st of September, four days after this sortie, General Drummond carried out his previously formed resolution of abandoning the siege of Fort Erie. He removed his guns and stores and retired with his force to a position a couple of miles from his former encampment. There he remained until the afternoon of the following day, when as the Americans made no movement from Fort Erie, he leisurely withdrew to Frenchman's Creek, a couple of miles farther. On the 24th he encamped at General Riall's old quarters at Chippewa, having previously destroyed the bridge over Frenchman's Creek and established a cavalry picket there.

In the meantime General Izard, with about 4,000 men, had been advancing from Lake Champlain towards the Niagara frontier. He arrived at Sackett's harbour on the 17th of September and on the 21st embarked with 2,500 infantry in Chauncey's fleet, leaving his cavalry and artillery to go by land. Izard landed his men at the mouth of the Genessee River and marched them to Lewiston, which he reached on the 5th of October. The British camp on the other side of the Niagara River was in sight, but Izard was in no haste to attack it. It was not until the 11th that he crossed at Black Rock and took command of all the forces about Fort Erie. He was now at the head of an army numbering more than 8,000 men, and had therefore about three times the force of General Drummond. When Izard advanced towards Chippewa, the latter prudently retired upon Fort George and Burlington. The only affair that grew out of Izard's advance was a combat which took place on the morning of the 19th at Cook's Mills on Lyon's Creek between 650 men of the 82nd, 100th and Glengarry Regts. under Colonel Myers, and General Bissell's brigade, about 1,400 strong, comprising the 5th, 14th, 15th and 16th Regts. of U.S. regular infantry, a company of riflemen and a squadron of dragoons. The thickness of the woods prevented the action being decisive, but in point of loss the Americans suffered most. The Americans had 12 men killed, 54 wounded and one man taken prisoner. The British loss in killed and wounded was nineteen. The rough handling which his men had received in the affair did not encourage General Izard to attempt any further movement. On the following day he fell back to Fort Erie.

General Izard's retreat was hastened by the arrival of a reinforcement for General Drummond, consisting of five companies of the 90th Regt., which with a supply of provisions for the army had been landed by the British fleet at Burlington on the 19th. Sir James Yeo had once more the command of the lake. His large two-decker, the *St. Lawrence*, had been completed, and his adversary Chauncey, believing with Falstaff that "the better part of valour is discretion," had retired with his fleet to Sackett's Harbour. Sir James Yeo had left Kingston on the 17th with these troops and supplies; on the 23rd he was back to Kingston, and on the 1st of November he sailed from thence with the 37th Regiment, recruits for the 6th and 82nd regiments and a brigade of artillery. These were disembarked at Fort George on the evening of the 2nd. General Izard was very prompt to take the hint conveyed in the arrival of this small reinforcement. His whole army crossed the Niagara River at the Black Rock Ferry and abandoned Canada. On the 5th of November the works of Fort Erie were blown up and laid in ruins, and the farcical pretence, which had been kept up for more than three months of desperately holding a few acres of Canadian ground, was brought to a sudden end. After three campaigns Canada had proved too tough a subject for the Americans, and its suffering people were left in peace.

It had been expected that Sir George Prevost, with so large a force at his disposal, would have made an attack on Sackett's Harbour for the purpose of destroying the American fleet there. But no attempt of this kind was made;

the war was over so far as Canada was concerned, and as soon as lake navigation closed the armies on both sides went into winter quarters. Very elaborate plans were formed during the winter for the vigorous prosecution of the contest when the spring opened, but the time for their realization never came. Before the snows of winter had melted peace had been proclaimed and all fears of another invasion were at an end.

Having brought the narrative of the events in Canada to a close, it now only remains to deal briefly with the naval and military occurrences on the ocean and seaboard of the United States from the beginning of 1814 to the end of the war. During the whole of this year so strict a blockade was maintained by the British along the entire American coast, that very few of the enemy's vessels got to sea. It was only when the blockading vessels were driven off their cruising ground by severe weather that the blockaded warships were able to slip out and make their way to some distant sea, where they could prey on British commerce.

In 1813 the American frigate Essex, commanded by Capt. David Porter, entered the Pacific and captured a number of British whalers. In January, 1814, she was anchored in the harbour of Valparaiso, in company with one of her prizes, which had been armed and named the *Essex Junior*. Here she was blockaded for seven weeks by the British frigate *Phœbe*, Capt. Hilyar, and the ship-sloop *Cherub*. The following statement shows the comparative force of these vessels:—

| BRITISH. | | AMERICAN. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Weight of broadside. | | Weight of broadside. |
| *Phœbe* 26 long 18's<br>14 short 32's<br>2 long 12's<br>2 long 9's<br>2 short 18's | lbs. 497 | *Essex* 40 short 32's<br>6 long 12's | lbs 676 |
| *Cherub* 18 short 32's<br>4 short 18's<br>2 long 9's | lbs. 342 | *Essex* Junior 10 short 18's<br>10 long 6's | lbs. 120 |
| | lbs. 839 | | lbs. 796 |

It will be seen from this statement that in weight of metal there was very little difference between the British and American vessels, but the British were greatly superior in long gun metal. On the 28th of March the Essex tried to escape, but having had her mainmast carried away in a squall, was compelled to anchor near the shore, where she was attacked by the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* and forced to surrender. Capt. Hilyar coolly selected his own distance and pounded the *Essex* to pieces with his long guns, just as Capt. Downie might have done on Lake Champlain. The loss of the *Essex* was 111 killed and wounded. Both the British vessels lost but five killed and ten wounded between them.

On the 29th of April the American ship-sloop *Peacock*, Capt. Warrington, captured the British brig *Epervier* after an engagement which lasted three-quarters of an hour. the *Peacock* was much the superior vessel, as the following comparison will show:

| | No. of Broadside guns. | Weight of Metal. | Crew. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Peacock*..... | 11 | 338 lbs. | 166 |
| *Epervier* ..... | 9 | 274 " | 118 |

The British vessel had 23 killed and wounded; the loss of the *Peacock* was only two men. The gunnery of the *Epervier* seems to have been very bad.

On the 28th of June the United States ship-sloop *Wasp* captured the British brig-sloop *Reindeer* after a desperate engagement. The comparative force of these vessels was as follows:

| | Broadside guns. | Weight of Metal. | No. of Men. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Wasp*..... | 11 | 338 | 173 |
| *Reindeer* ..... | 10 | 210 | 118 |

The *Reindeer* lost 67 in killed and wounded; the *Wasp* 23. The action was one of the most stubbornly contested of the whole war.

On the 1st of September the *Wasp* fought a night engagement with the British brig *Avon*, and reduced her to a sinking condition so as to compel her to strike. The *Avon* was of the same force in weight of metal and number of men as the *Epervier*. She lost 42 men in the action; the *Wasp* lost three. The American vessel was prevented from taking possession of her prize by the approach of another British war-

ship, which rescued the crew of the shattered and sinking *Avon*.

In the early part of 1815 there were four affairs on the ocean, which will be most conveniently disposed of here. The first of these was the capture off Madeira of the *Cyane* and *Levant* by the U.S. frigate *Constitution* on the 20th of February. The *Cyane* was a corvette, and the *Levant* a ship-sloop, and their armament as compared with the *Constitution* was as follows:

| BRITISH. | Weight of broadside. | AMERICAN. | Weight of broadside. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Cyane* 23 short 32's, 10 short 18's, 2 long 12's | lbs. 454 | *Constitution* 32 long 24's, 22 short 32's | lbs. 736 |
| *Levant* 18 short 32'2, 2 long 9's, 1 long 12 | lbs. 309 | | |
| | lbs. 763 | | |

The *Constitution* carried 450 men; the two British vessels had 320 men between them While there is an apparent equality in the weight of metal, there was in reality an enormous disparity of force, for, to say nothing of the superior thickness of her sides, a fast and weatherly frigate like the *Constitution* could keep her own distance out of reach of the short guns of the *Cyane* and *Levant* and destroy them both. The *Levant* was afterwards recaptured by a British squadron.

On the 15th of January the U.S. frigate *President*, Capt. Decatur, was captured by a British squadron, consisting of the razee *Majestic* and the frigates *Endymion*, *Pomona* and *Tenedos*, off Sandy Hook. The *President* was first overtaken and engaged by the *Endymion*, and this powerful frigate would no doubt have captured the American ship unaided, but for the arrival of her consorts, to whom Decatur preferred to surrender. The capture of the *President* was a fortunate event, for it enabled the British naval officers to show their countrymen the kind of marine monsters, misnamed frigates, against which the *Guerriere*, *Macedonian* and *Java* had been rashly sent to contend.

On the 23rd of March the United States ship-sloop *Hornet* captured the British brig-sloop *Penguin* in the south Atlantic. The American vessel was superior both in weight of metal and number of men, and the defence of the British brig seems to have been impaired by the early fall of her captain.

This year, for the first time, the American people began to realize the full significance of the war upon which they had so rashly entered. Hitherto the people of the sea-coast towns had only heard of it from a distance, now it was brought to their own doors, and its effects were experienced by every man, woman and child in the country. The foreign trade of the United States had practically ceased to exist, and universal bankruptcy was threatened. The revenues had greatly fallen off, in spite of the new and previously unknown forms of taxation that had been introduced, and the government was in great distress for lack of money. Loans could only be made at a ruinous rate of discount, and finally the prospect became so dark that they could not be made at all. The last loan attempted, for $25,000,000, which was offered in March, 1814, was less than half taken up, and that on terms so unfavourable that the government was compelled to resort to the issue of treasury notes, which presently fell in value 25 per cent., while the army bills of Canada were at a premium.

The first land operation undertaken by the British on the coast during the year was directed against Moose Island, or Eastport, in the State of Maine. On the 11th of July Lieut.-Col. Pilkington and Capt. Sir Thomas Hardy, with H.M.S. *Ramillies* and two transports, bearing 600 men of the 102nd Regt., arrived at Eastport from Shelburne, N.S., and summoned Major Putnam, who commanded at Fort Sullivan, to surrender. This officer was allowed just five minutes to make up his mind. He declined to surrender, upon which the troops were placed in the boats; but before they had reached the shore the flag of the fort was hauled down, and on their landing a capitulation was agreed to. Thus Moose Island

and the islands adjacent, together with Fort Sullivan and its garrison of 80 men, fell into the hands of the British without any loss of life. In the fort were found ten guns, six of them mounted, and a considerable quantity of ammunition and small arms. Eastport remained in our possession until the end of the war, and during that period enjoyed a brisk trade.

No two states in the Union had been more zealous advocates of the war than Maryland and Virginia, which between them had a population of nearly a million and a half of souls, of whom more than half a million were slaves. Virginia was the home of Jefferson, to whose anti-British feeling the war was mainly due, and it was the native state of Henry Clay, whose inflammatory harangues in Congress and political intrigues had led to hostilities between the two nations. It was therefore but natural and proper that Maryland and Virginia, as the main supports of this unnecessary conquest, should be made to experience some of its worst effects. It might have been supposed that in these States, where patriotism appeared to be at such a fever of heat, and which claimed to be the seats of chivalry and courage, there would have been some notable displays of daring in the field, but it seemed that the men of Virginia and Maryland were only good at fighting with their tongues and pens. In this they resembled those favourite sons of Virginia, Jefferson and Madison. They could talk bravely of war when it was at a distance, but when it came near their own doors they could think of nothing but flight. Jefferson was always a timid man; as his conduct in 1781, when Virginia, of which he was then Governor, was invaded by Arnold and Simcoe, conclusively proved, and Madison showed himself the same when Virginia and the District of Columbia were invaded in 1814.

Vice-Admiral Cockburn had long cherished the design of capturing Washington, and he was strengthened in the belief that this could be accomplished by his experience with the militia of Virginia and Maryland in the course of his operations in Chesapeake Bay. The American government had early been informed of the probability of an attack on their capital, and its defence had been entrusted to General Winder and a body of militia and regulars. In view of the threatened invasion a requisition was made on the several states for 93,000 men, of whom Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, the states lying nearest to Washington, were to contribute 32,000. These troops were to be embodied and held for immediate service, and it was intended that 15,000 of them should be kept at Washington for the defence of the seat of government.

On the 14th of August Vice-Admiral Cochrane, with a fleet having on board a land force under Major-General Ross, joined Vice-Admiral Cockburn in Chesapeake Bay. The direct route to Washington was up the Potomac River to Port Tobacco, which is about 50 miles from its mouth, and thence over land 32 miles farther by the village of Piscataway, to the lower bridge across the eastern branch of the Potomac. The width of the river at this point, and the prospects of it being defended by vessels of war and a body of troops on the opposite bank, induced Ross and Cockburn to adopt the other route by way of the Patuxent. Accordingly the main body of the British advanced up this river, while Captain Gordon, of the *Seahorse* 38, with that frigate, the *Euryalus* 36, three bomb vessels, and a rocket ship, moved up the Potomac to attack Fort Washington, which was about 14 miles below the capital. At the same time Sir Peter Parker, with the frigate *Menelaus* 38, was sent up the Chesapeake above Baltimore to make a demonstration in that quarter.

The defence of the upper waters of Chesapeake Bay had been confided by the American government to Commodore Barney, an officer who had been in the service of the French Directory. He had under his command a flotilla of 14 gunboats, each carrying one or two long 32, 24 or 18-pounders, accord-

ing to the size of the vessel. The aggregate crews of this flotilla numbered about 700 men. The Americans had expected great results from this little fleet, but they were disappointed. Barney had retired with his vessels into the Patuxent, and as the British advanced up that river he continued to retreat. Finally on the 22nd of August, when the British were close at hand, the flotilla which was at Big Point was destroyed by orders from Washington. The British were advancing up the river in barges, when Barney's much vaunted fleet was blown up and the crews who had manned it fled. They joined Winder's army, which was charged with the defence of Washington.

While Rear-Admiral Cockburn was pursuing the American flotilla with his seamen and marines, the army had been landed at Benedict, on the western bank of the Patuxent about 50 miles from Washington, and had marched by Nottingham to Upper Marlborough, where it arrived on the afternoon of the same day that the flotilla was destroyed. On the following day the troops were joined by Cockburn and his marines. Washington was but sixteen miles distant, and it was determined to make a bold dash for it, trusting to daring and activity rather than to numbers. That evening, the 23rd, the British forces, which numbered about 4,000 men, advanced and bivouacked for the night at Melwood, ten miles from Washington, near the junction of the roads leading to that city and to Alexandria Ferry. The American army under Winder, which the previous night had encamped at Long Old Fields, less than three miles away, was now lying across the eastern branch of the Potomac within the limits of the federal city.

There was great alarm in Washington that night; President Madison, Secretary of State Monroe and War Secretary Armstrong, who could so lightly sanction the invasion of Canada and destruction of Newark, were in a dreadful state of perturbation. General Winder was fairly distracted, for everyone, from the President down, was tendering him advice. Both Monroe and Armstrong had served in the Revolutionary war, and both believed themselves competent to command an army. Yet there was something ludicrous in the state of utter helplessness to which this warlike governor had been reduced by the appearance of 4,000 British troops. On the morning of the 24th of August, General Winder and the members of the administration were in council at his headquarters when intelligence came that the British were marching in the direction of Bladensburg, which is on the eastern branch of the Potomac, six miles from Washington. Up to that moment President Madison and his advisers had believed that Ross would either turn towards Fort Washington, or march against the capital by the eastern bridge, which, being half a mile in length, would have enabled Madison, Monroe and Armstrong to emulate Horatius Cocles and his undaunted companions in defending their city in full view of its entire population, slaves included. General Ross did not choose to gratify the American Cabinet so far, a circumstance which made an instant change of plans on their part necessary. The troops in Washington were immediately hurried off towards Bladensburg. Secretary Monroe was sent away in advance of them to assist General Stansbury, whose brigade was already at Bladensburg, to post his troops. General Winder and his staff followed, and lastly War Secretary Armstrong, the President and the Attorney-General, all on horseback, and anxious to take a conspicuous part in the warlike spectacle.

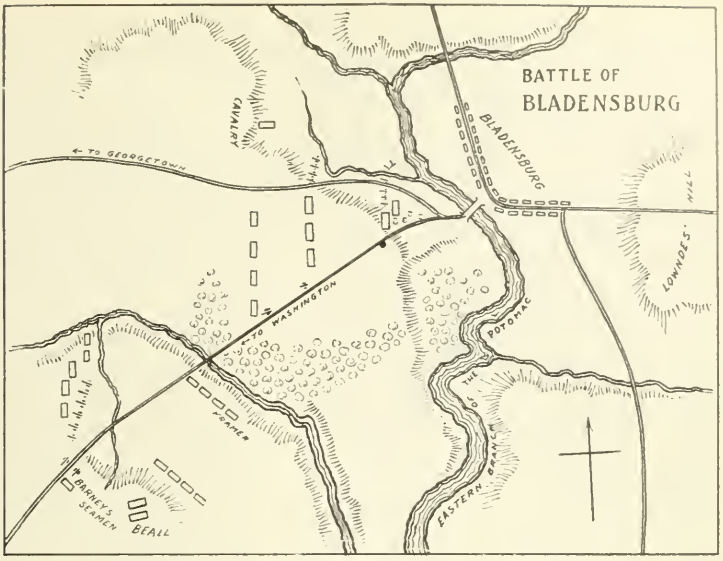
The army under General Winder, according to American accounts, numbered 7,600 men, of whom 6,540 were at Bladensburg. Of these more than 4,000 were Maryland militia and volunteers; 1,240 were regulars of the army, or seamen and marines; more than 1,100 were District of Columbia militia, and about 100 were Virginia dragoons. Bladensburg lies at the head of small craft navigation on the

eastern branch of the Potomac, the river being crossed by a bridge about 100 feet long, which formed a part of the old post road from Washington to Baltimore. Another road from Georgetown joined the Washington road at an acute angle a few yards from the bridge. In the triangular space formed by these two roads, the Americans of Stansbury's command who had been stationed at Bladensburg, were posted on the morning of the 24th of August. Altogether General Winder had 24 guns and about 6,500 men, well posted on the Heights in front of Bladensburg, when the British attacked him. With such a force, in a situation so admirable for defence, it might have been supposed that the Americans would have offered a stubborn opposition to the advance of the British against their national capital, especially as their President was with them, and they were fighting, as it were, under the eyes of their countrymen, and, indeed, of the whole civilized world. The militia had been told a few months before on the floors of Congress by Mr. Wright of Maryland, from which state most of them came, that American valour was superior to Roman valour, this gentleman saying "He hoped whoever should speak hereafter of Roman valour on this floor would be considered as speaking of the second degree and not of the first." Under these circumstances nothing less was to be expected than that Bladensburg would be an American Thermopylæ, but it proved to be only another Battle of Spurs.

The British army, after a toilsome march of fourteen miles beneath a hot August sun, reached Bladensburg at noon. Not a moment was lost in making an attack upon the strongly posted enemy. The British attacking force was in two columns, the right consisting of 750 rank and file of the 4th and 44th Regts., led by Col. Brooke of the latter, and the left composed of the 85th Regt. and the light infantry companies of the army, numbering less than 800 men, under Colonel Thornton. As twelve of the enemy's guns enfiladed the bridge at short range, both columns suffered severely in crossing, which they gallantly did under a vigorous fire from both the cannon and the riflemen. Once over the river, Captain Brooke's column instantly stormed the six gun battery, and captured three of the 6-pounders, which one of the Baltimore artillery companies had abandoned after one discharge. The entire body of riflemen on both flanks of the battery, after one or two fires, fled. Thus was the first line disposed of. Colonel Brooke's little column now advanced against the American second line, which numbered 2,400 men, or more than three-fold his force. The regiments of Ragan and Schutz, comprising Stansbury's brigade, which General Smith declared to be the finest set of men he ever saw, immediately became panic stricken, and to quote the language of a United States historian, "fled in wild confusion." Col. Sterrett's regiment held its ground a minute or two longer and then retired in such haste, that its retreat, to quote again the same author, was soon "a disorderly flight." It is well to have United States testimony for this remarkable display of United States valour.

Colonel Thornton, in the meantime, had advanced with his column directly up the highway against the two guns which Colonel Wadsworth had posted on it to check the British. The latter, however, advanced so rapidly that the gunners had only time to give one discharge, and they also disappeared, leaving two 12-pounders in the hands of the British. Thornton now crossed the ravine and ascended the opposite bank in the face of a heavy fire from Barney's 18-pounders. He then turned from the road to the field south of it, from which Kramer's men had retreated, and deployed in front of Miller's battery of three 12-pounders. After a sharp contest with this battery and Barney's flotilla men, Thornton's force proceeded to turn the American right by a wood, and in doing so encountered Colonel Beall's regiment, which dispersed after a few volleys.

By this time Colonel Brooke's right column, after scattering their second line, had come on the left flank of their third line with such violence that the troops there, regulars and militia, instantly broke and fled, leaving Barney's left uncovered. This ended the contest; Barney's two 18-pounders and Miller's three 12-pounders were captured, and both these officers being left on the field severely wounded fell into the hands of the British. The Americans fled from the field with such alacrity that only about 120 prisoners were taken. Ten cannon and 220 stand of arms were captured. The bulk of the American army fled to Montgomery Court House in Maryland, but a great many of the militia never stopped running until they got to the safety of their own firesides. The American loss was very small and, in addition to the prisoners taken amounted to only 26 killed and 51 wounded. The British had 64 killed and 185 wounded, the gallant Colonel Thornton being among the latter.




BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG, NEAR WASHINGTON

President Madison did not win undying glory on the field of Bladensburg. General Wilkinson, who himself was no paladin, as his campaigns in Canada show, favours the public in his memoirs with a graphic description of the conduct and deportment of the chief executive of the United States, the man who had recommended war to Congress, and who had afterwards declared it, when brought into actual contact with "grim-visaged war" itself. "Not all the allurements of fame," says Wilkinson, "not all the obligations of duty, nor the solemn invocations of honour, could incite a spark of courage; the love of a life which had become useless to mankind, and served but to embarrass the public councils, and prejudice the public cause, stifled the voice of patriotism and prevailed over the love of glory; and at the very first shot the trembling coward, with a faltering voice, exclaimed: 'Come, General Armstrong; come, Colonel Monroe; let us go and leave it to the commanding general.'" A witty American writer turned this little speech into verse, in a neat parody of the words of Marmion, thus:

> "Fly, Monroe, fly! run, Armstrong, run!
> Were the last words of Madison."

Madison and his Cabinet not only fled, but they appear, as a further precaution, to have distributed themselves pretty well over the surrounding country. Two days later the President and his Attorney-General were at Brookville in Maryland; Armstrong and Monroe were at Frederick in the same state, and the Secretary of the Navy was in London County, Virginia.

After the battle of Bladensburg General Ross halted his men for rest and refreshment, and then moved forward towards Washington, which was reached about 8 o'clock the same evening. The troops were drawn up some distance from the city while General Ross, Vice-Admiral Cockburn and several other officers, accompanied by a small guard, went forward to reconnoitre. They were fired upon from the house of one Sewell near the Capitol, and also from that building, one of the shots killing a soldier and another the horse on which General Ross was riding. The light companies were at once brought up and the Capitol was taken possession of and set on fire. The house from which the shots had been fired was also burnt and likewise the building containing the treasury and war offices. The only public building left standing was the patent office. The Americans had themselves set fire to the Navy Yard, and to the frigate *Columbia* 44 and sloop *Argus* 18, which were nearly ready for service. A prodigious amount of ammunition in the magazines was blown up and a vast quantity of stores of every description destroyed. On the following day the British completed the work of destruction by burning two ropewalks and such stores and buildings in the Navy Yard as had escaped the torch the night before. The bridge across the eastern branch of the Potomac was also burnt. More than 200 cannon were taken and destroyed, and the public property thus lost to the United States Government was valued at more than $2,000,000. The burning of the public buildings was a severe measure, but a just one. It was but a proper return for the burning of the public buildings of York in the spring of 1813. It was in these halls of Congress that the acts had been passed which led to the war. It was in these now ruined buildings that the invasion of Canada had been sanctioned and her fields, farmhouses and villages given up to destruction. It was there the proud boast had been made that Canada could be taken without soldiers; it was there that hypocritical prayers had been addressed to an All Wise and All Powerful God for his aid in the murder and enslavement of the people of Canada. And now the prayers had been answered to the confusion of those who made them, and President Madison and his instruments, who had helped to complete the infamous bargain which was the price of his office, were in cowardly flight.

The British remained in possession of Washington the whole of the 25th of August without seeing the sign of an enemy, and that night withdrew, retiring by Bladensburg to Upper Marlborough. They reached Benedict, fifty miles from Washington, on the 29th, without the slightest molestation, and there re-embarked in the vessels of the fleet on the following day. They had good reason to be proud of what they had achieved. In the course of ten days they had traversed one of the most thickly settled portions of the enemy's country for more than 100 miles. They had compelled him to destroy his flotilla; they had defeated and dispersed his army; they had occupied his capital and given up his public buildings to the flames; they had set the rulers of his government scurrying across the country, a crowd of miserable fugitives, and they had returned in safety without a hand being raised against them. A cry of rage and despair arose from the whole population of the Union at this unexpected calamity. The people of the seaboard cities were in daily expectation of a similar invasion, and for two or three months there was little heard about New York, Philadelphia and other cities but the sound of citizens plying the pickaxe and shovel as they raised intrenchments to resist the British. It was a sad and humiliating change from the condition of this arrogant people at the commencement of the war.

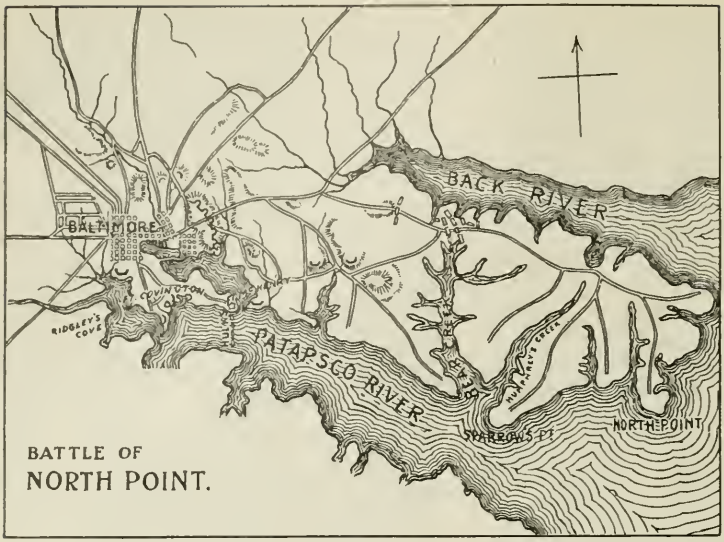
While the British were in possession of Washington, Captain Gordon was ascending the Potomac to attack Alexandria. He reached Fort Washington on the 27th of August, and as soon

as he opened fire upon it, the commander, Captain Dyson, blew up and abandoned the fort. The way was now clear to Alexandria, which Gordon reached on the evening of the 28th. On the following morning its humbled citizens appeared before the British commander and asked upon what terms he would spare the town. The terms were that all the public property should be delivered up, the vessels that had been sunk raised, and the merchandise which had been removed brought back. The loss sustained by the people of Alexandria by the surrender of their city consisted of three ships, three brigs, several small bay and river craft, 16,000 lbs. of flour, 1,000 hogsheads of tobacco, 150 bales of cotton and other goods to a large amount. After the surrender Captain Gordon was joined by the *Fairy* 18, which brought him orders from Vice-Admiral Cochrane to return. The river is very difficult to navigate, and the Americans made a desperate effort to stop him as he descended it. Commodores Rodgers, Perry, Porter and Creighton were all engaged in this work. Batteries were erected at various points along the banks, and fire ships were employed to destroy the British vessels, but these attempts failed, and Gordon got back to Chesapeake Bay with all his vessels in safety on the 3rd of September, having suffered hardly any loss.

Baltimore was the next place to be attacked, and no doubt would have easily fallen if assailed immediately after the capture of Washington. There was a good deal of delay, however, during which the Americans were laboriously preparing for the defence of the place by erecting earthworks and collecting troops. To prevent the British fleet from entering the harbour they sank 24 vessels in the narrow channel between Fort M'Henry and Lazaretto Point. An extensive system of land fortifications had been constructed and all the works were strongly manned. There were about 2,000 seamen of the navy in Baltimore whose ships had been blockaded there, and by them the batteries were largely served. In addition to these, General Smith, who had charge of the defences of the city, had more than 10,000 land troops, and their number was being hourly increased.

Under these circumstances it certainly showed great daring on the part of the British to attempt the capture of a city so strongly fortified and garrisoned as Baltimore was. However, the effort was to be made, and on the 12th of September, about noon, General Ross and Rear-Admiral Cockburn landed at North Point, which is fifteen miles from Baltimore by land. The British force consisted of detachments of Royal and Marine Artillery, parts of the 1st battalions of the 4th, 21st and 44th Regts., the 85th Regt., the 1st and 2nd battalions of marines, detachments of marines from the ships, and 600 seamen, the whole numbering about 3,300 rank and file. They advanced about three miles to a line of intrenchments which had been thrown up by the enemy, but these were immediately abandoned and the troops continued to move forward. A few miles beyond these works the British General and the Vice-Admiral, who had with them a guard of about 60 men, encountered about 400 of the enemy's riflemen, artillery and cavalry, who had posted themselves at a point about eight miles from Baltimore, and a slight skirmish ensued. General Ross was in the act of moving alone towards his supports to order up the light troops when he was shot by two riflemen concealed in a hollow at the edge of the woods, and in the course of a few minutes breathed his last. The heavy loss the army had sustained was not known until, on the advance of the light companies, he was found lying in the road.

Colonel Brooke, of the 44th Regt., who now succeeded to the command of the army, pressed vigorously forward to where the American army under General Stricker was drawn up, about seven miles from Baltimore, in order of battle. This general had about 4,500 men with him and six pieces of artillery, and his position was extremely




BATTLE OF NORTH POINT, NEAR BALTIMORE

favourable for defence, covering as it did a narrow front from a branch of Bear Creek on his right to a swamp on the margin of Back River on his left, and protected by a strong paling, behind which the troops were formed. An attack was instantly made. The light brigade, consisting of the 85th light infantry and the light companies of the army, covered the whole of the front, driving in the enemy's skirmishers on his main body. The 4th Regt. by a detour gained unperceived a lodgment close upon the enemy's left. The remainder of the right brigade, consisting of the 44th Regt., the marines of the fleet and a detachment of seamen, formed a line along the enemy's front, while the left brigade, consisting of the 21st Regt., the 2nd battalion of marines and a detachment of marines under Major Lewis, remained in column on the road, with orders to deploy to the left and press the enemy's right the moment the ground became sufficiently open to admit of that movement. In this order, the signal being given, the whole of the troops advanced rapidly to the charge. The effect of the flanking movement of the 4th Regt. may be briefly described in the language of an American historian of the war. Says this writer: — "The 51st were suddenly struck with dismay, and after firing a volley at random broke and fled in wild disorder, producing a like effect on the 2nd battalion of the 39th. All efforts to rally the fugitives were in vain." The same writer, to save the honour of his countrymen, makes the remainder of the American army bravely maintain their position for a time and then retreat in good order. "Some of the wounded," says he, "and two field pieces were abandoned." Colonel Brooke does not take quite so many words to describe the affair. "In less than fifteen minutes," he writes, "the enemy's force being utterly broken and dispersed, fled in every direction over the country, leaving on the field two pieces of cannon, with a considerable number of killed, wounded and prisoners." Of the latter about 200 were taken. The Americans, according to their own account, had but 24 killed and 129 wounded. The total British loss on shore amounted to 46 killed and 273 wounded.

The British troops being much fatigued, this being their first march after disembarkation, Colonel Brooke halted his army for the night on the ground that had been occupied by the enemy, and early next morning, the 13th, advanced to within a mile and a half of Baltimore. From this point it was proposed to make a night attack upon the enemy's works. During that day the sea defences of Baltimore were bombarded by the

British fleet, but as, owing to the shallowness of the water and the obstruction caused by the vessels that had been sunk in the narrow channel, the heavy ships could not approach nearer the fort than two miles and a half, very little damage was done, beyond dismounting one 24-pounder in Fort M'Henry. Vice-Admiral Cochrane communicated to Colonel Brooke the information that, as the entrance to the harbour was obstructed by a barrier of vessels, the co-operation of the fleet in an attack on Baltimore would be impracticable, and consequently it was agreed to abandon the enterprise on the ground that the capture of the town would not have been a sufficient equivalent to the loss which probably might be sustained in storming the heights. The army re-embarked at North Point on the 15th, leaving not a man behind, and without the slightest molestation from the enemy, who were too much cowed by the result of the battle to leave their intrenchments.

The attack upon and capture of Castine and the territory about the Penobscot River, took place between the occupation of Washington and the attempt upon Baltimore. The expedition which was under the command of Sir John Cope Sherbrooke, governor of Nova Scotia, sailed from Halifax the last week in August. It consisted of the *Dragon* 74, the frigates *Endymion* and *Bacchante* and the sloop *Sylph* with 10 transports having on board a company of artillery, two companies of the 60th, and the 29th, 62nd and 98th Regts., in all less than 1,800 rank and file. They reached the Penobscot on the 31st and were there joined by the *Bulwark* 74, and four other ships of war. On the following day they appeared before the fort at Castine, which was immediately blown up by its commander, the garrison escaping up the river. The American *Corvette Adams* 28 had just returned from a cruise and was up the Penobscot, and arrangements were at once made for her destruction. This work was entrusted to Capt. Barrie of the *Dragon*, and Lieut. Col. John, who commanded the land forces detailed for the work. The latter consisted of 600 men comprising the flank companies of the 29th, 62nd and 98th Regts., and one company of the 60th, besides a few artillery men. They were embarked in four small vessels and several barges. Capt. Morris, of the *Adams*, had made preparations to defend his vessel and stop the advance of the British, by placing the heavy guns on a high bank of Soadabscook Creek near Hampden, so as to command the river approaches from below. General Blake called out the militia, and about 600 of them were assembled at Hampden, on the 2nd of September, in addition to the crew of the *Adams* numbering 220, and about 40 regulars who had escaped from Castine. This force on the morning of the 3rd was attacked by the little British detachment and almost instantly dispersed. The valorous militia of Maine fled without firing a shot, and regulars and seamen speedily followed their example. The British captured about 80 prisoners, as many as they could overtake, and they also took 25 pieces of cannon. Pushing on to Bangor, they occupied that place, and accepted the surrender of General Blake and 190 of his men. They also took here two brass cannon, three stands of colours and other spoil. The *Adams* and two other ships, one of them armed, were destroyed by the enemy. Six vessels were burnt at Bangor and 12 were brought away. Altogether 39 cannon, most of them of heavy calibre, were taken at Castine, Hampden and Bangor, in addition to small arms and a large quantity of stores and ammunition. The British rebuilt and garrisoned the fort at Castine, and it remained in their possession to the end of the war.

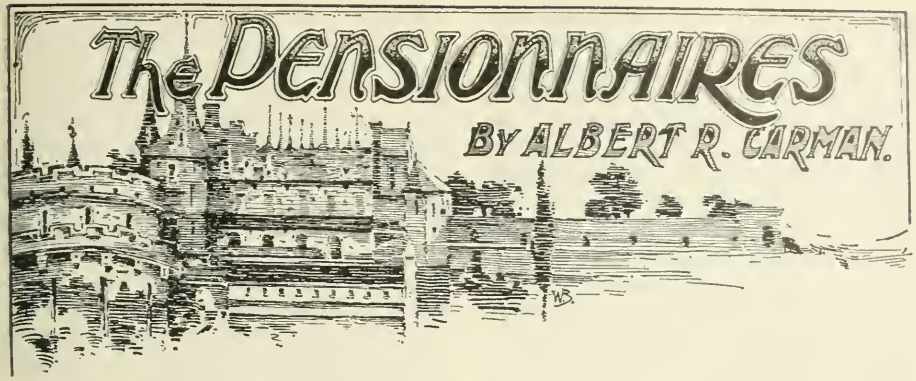
On the 9th of September, Lieut.-Col. Pilkington was sent with a small force to effect the capture of Machias, the naval part of the expedition being under the command of Capt. Hyde Parker. The British disembarked at Buck's Harbour, and after a difficult night march reached the rear of Fort O'Brien at daybreak on the 10th. The

garrison, which consisted of 70 regulars and 30 militia, instantly evacuated the fort and escaped into the woods, leaving their colours behind them. Machias, East Machias, and the Point Battery were occupied the same day, and altogether 26 pieces of ordnance were taken, besides 160 stand of small arms and a quantity of ammunition. The militia of Washington County agreed not to bear arms during the war and hostilities ceased. The result of these operations were that the whole of eastern Maine from the Penobscot to the New Brunswick boundary passed under British rule.

The only other operation of the war that remains to be mentioned is the expedition for the capture of New Orleans. A full description of this unfortunate affair is without the scope of this history. It was an enterprise which had no connection with the defence of Canada either directly or indirectly, and the causes which set it on foot were quite apart from the other circumstances of the war. Undertaken on imperfect and erroneous information, with an entire ignorance of the difficulties, natural and artificial, that had to be overcome, and with inadequate means, success was rendered impossible by the numerous delays which retarded the British advance, and in the final battle the soldiers of the British army were simply led up to be slaughtered by riflemen who could not be reached because no sufficient means of scaling the works which protected them were at hand. On this point we have the evidence of Major Latour, the Engineer officer who constructed the works for General Jackson, who says that the attack must have been determined on by the British generals "without any consideration of the ground, the weather, or the difficulties to be surmounted, before they could storm lines defended by militia indeed, but by militia whose valour they had already witnessed, by soldiers, bending under the weight of their loads, when a man unencumbered would that day have found it difficult to mount our breastworks at leisure and with circumspection, so extremely slippery was the soil."

Before the battle of New Orleans was fought, a treaty of Peace had been signed at Ghent by the British plenipotentiaries and those of the United States. One of the latter was Henry Clay, who in a speech advocating the war, had said of the British:—"We must take the continent from them. I wish never to see a peace till we do." Yet this blustering demagogue, who had done so much to bring about a wholly unnecessary war in which his own brother-in-law and thousands of better men were killed, was glad enough to sneak off to Europe, and to spend the better part of a year in begging a peace which had become absolutely necessary unless the United States were to be wholly ruined and the Union dissolved. The war had been undertaken by the United States ostensibly on account of the British refusing to yield the right of search and the impressment of seamen. In the instructions given to Clay and Russell in February, 1814, when leaving for Europe as peace plenipotentiaries, they were told to insist on the right of search, and of impressment being abandoned by the British. "Our flag," said the instructions, "must protect the crew, or the United States cannot consider themselves an independent nation." The British plenipotentiaries wholly refused to yield to this demand, and the ostensible cause of the war was never mentioned at all in the Treaty of Peace. Yet, so weary were the people of the United States of the contest; so great was their joy at the return of peace, that the terms upon which it was made, so far from being criticized, were not even considered. It was enough for them that the war was ended.

THE END




Résumé—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, the Albrechtsburg. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is recreated by her experience with peculiar results. She sings and talks with enthusiasm to the delight of Vogt and Werner and to the disquietude of Hughes. The party move to a pension in Lucerne, where Werner extends his influence over Jessica. Goaded beyond endurance, Hughes plans a kidnapping. It fails ignominiously. Yet it resulted in Hughes discovering that he desires Miss Murney as a personal possession. He proposed, was refused, and departed. From Lucerne the Murneys go to Paris, accompanied by Herr Vogt and followed by Herr Werner. Jessica sings to her first public audience and is enthusiastically received. From the successes of Paris she goes to London and again meets Mr. Hughes who has returned from Africa with a reputation for bravery. He asks her to sing, at her first public appearance, their old song "Sweet Vale of Avoca."

## CHAPTER XXV

WOULD she sing it? What had she meant by saying that she would "try hard to sing it?" Why should she "try hard" to encourage him to hope for her love?—for that was what it meant to him. It was not a thing to be tried for—it was a thing to know at once whether she wanted it or not. But it might have been a chance phrase meant to cover a deeper meaning. At all events, the thing was—would she sing it? For the rest of the week there was no other question before Hughes—a Hughes, be it remembered, who had left much of his equipoise on a recent fever bed.

The lady from Maine was in town, saw the Hughes "personal" and called.

"I knew you had it in you," she said admiringly. "I have known it from that night—Sh-sh! No. I mention no names. You can depend on me."

"I should hope so," said Hughes with genuine disquietude.

"I'm all right," she assured him. "But Sam is getting reckless—he thinks it too good a joke on me—"

"But he mustn't," cried Hughes energetically.

"I wish you could scare him into keeping 'mum' someway," sighed the lady from Maine. "If my brother ever gets hold of it—"; and she sighed again. "Yet it was a brave, good, chivalrous thing to do," she went on emphatically; and then she broke off with—"Say! of course, you know the Murneys are here?"

"Yes," said Hughes.

"And Herr Werner?"

"No. Is he?"

The lady from Maine nodded. "I saw him with Herr Vogt on Oxford street."

"With Herr Vogt?" exclaimed Hughes in surprise. Why had not the Murneys mentioned him? "I will try hard to sing 'it," Jessica had said. Was she struggling against Werner's

influence? He had hoped, when they said nothing of Werner, that the moony German had not followed them to London. But why should he hope it? Was Werner a fool to let a song bird in his hand escape? Then he pulled himself together, for he noticed that the lady from Maine was talking about a curious case of hypnotism that had occurred in Algiers where she and her husband had spent the winter. It was a young man who was so under the influence of a withered old crone—a native—that he would get up from the "pension" table at meal-time to go to her, believing that she had summoned him, and he finally married into her family, dressing as an Algerian. "And after that," said the lady from Maine, "he was no longer hypnotised—they say he used to beat the old woman—but his nature was entirely changed, and he really became one of them."

At the time Hughes thought nothing of this incident, lumping it with the jumbled mass of incongruous experiences related by the lady from Maine; but when his mind went back by the familiar channel to Jessica he wondered if Werner's hypnotic influence might not finally—if it had not done so already—work a permanent change in her character. More than ever, the question was—"Would she sing 'Sweet Vale of Avoca?'" thus signalling to him a message of encouragement. Jove! how easy it would be if such a message could be got by dropping over a stockade at midnight and plunging into the jungle! He might have returned her call and put all to the test of a question; but, after his failure at Lucerne and his long hopelessness, he felt that he could do nothing till she flew her song-signal of hope. He must wait for that.

The Hughes trio went early to St. James's Hall to attend their "morning concert," which took place in the afternoon. Capt. Hughes had improved already so he could move slowly along an uncrowded street without help, except at the crossings; and his wife wore a look of peace again. But "Teddy" had not been so well. The fever burned occasionally in his cheek and at the temples; for, in his reduced state, the longing wonder over what Jessica would do was no light anxiety. From their seats in the front row of the gallery they watched the audience come in, and, with great delight, Hughes pointed out to his sister-in-law the lady from Maine and her husband. After a time the tall form of Herr Werner showed against the mass at the entrance, but Hughes was silent. Would that luminous head forbid "Sweet Vale of Avoca?" Could it?

Jessica was down twice upon the programme — both German songs. But, of course, that was to be expected. She could not put a simple air on the printed programme—Hughes knew enough of musical "good form" for that. It would come as one of the "encores." There was other music. A big fellow with waving hair blocked the stage for a while with a fat 'cello, and for a moment Hughes feared that he would be re-called; but the applause died away before he could decently come back. Then there was a song largely composed of bass growls and stentorian invocations; then an old favourite with Hughes played the violin and he forgot for a while his anxiety; then a tall, thin girl with a tall, thin voice; and then—Jessica!

The audience sat as if caught in a spell—all except an old man near them who "conducted" for Jessica while she sang, with a happy, uplifted face and two tremulous old hands, vibrant in the air. Hughes had never heard her sing in public before—that is, the great, strange public of the concert hall. Just at first, the apparent lack of purpose in her music—to his unmusical ear—held him at bay; then came a note that was the familiar Jessica, and after that he seemed to hear the song only in his heart. If he could have seen poor Werner at this time, some part of the load of anxiety which he had been carrying for days past would have gone for ever. On Herr Werner's face was stamped such a look as one might wear whose best loved was

dead, but who now seemed to have come back again—and to have come to others.

When Jessica finished, the applause that broke out, first rapturous and then determined, made Hughes' decision to insist upon an "encore" superfluous. So he got ready the bouquet he had chosen to send to her when she should have sung his Irish air. She came back smiling and bowed and sang—something Italian. Her reception had pleased her, and she showed it. But she had no notion that Mr. Hughes had attached any such importance to his request for the "Sweet Vale of Avoca" as, in his fever-weakened condition, he had; so when Herr Vogt had scouted it at first hearing, she had pressed it no farther, thinking that a sufficient reason to give Hughes when she should see him. And there was a feeling now in her breast, born of maiden shyness, that she should leave it to him at this point to take his man's natural right of initiative. He might have returned her call, and he had not.

Hughes sat stolid in his chair and listened to the Italian song—not with his heart now, hardly with his ears. This was the far-away Jessica—Werner's Jessica. What a weak folly it was in him to think that she had meant anything by her call but a kind gratulation on his escape from death! However, retreat was not in his make-up, so he waited for the next song, and the next "encore." They came in time—both of them. But never once did her voice bear out to his ear the familiar strains. Quicker and quicker in the hot atmosphere had the pulse at his temple beaten; and by the time he had heard her second "recall," and knew that it was not that for which he waited, the throbbing pulse had turned into a roll of drums—the drums of the relieving force—and that was all he heard.

When they carried him out after Jessica had finished, the bouquet he had meant for her rolled from his lap to the floor; and the man who rushed down from "standing room" to seize the vacant chair, put his heel on it.

Jessica did not hear until the following Wednesday why it was that the Hughes party had not waited for her in the hall after the concert, and why Mr. Theodore Hughes had not called since. The lady from Maine, her husband and Herr Werner had waited, but no Hughes. The lady from Maine had seen Mr. Hughes in the gallery, but had not seen him go. So Jessica went home, her elation in the day's success lost; and it was with an uneasy eye that Herr Vogt regarded his marvellous but uncertain pupil.

On Wednesday Jessica met Mrs. Capt. Hughes, who had come up to town to get a specially trained nurse for her brother-in-law. They had managed, she told the wild-eyed Jessica, to get him down home after his seizure at the concert, but they did not know how the tearing delirium which was now tossing him about on a sleepless bed might end. His strength had been so badly eaten out by the African fever before they started for England. "I am sure you couldn't do it," she began with the tenderness of a good woman who is most reluctant to locate blame when she feels it is most deserved, "but it is too bad that you could not have sung 'Sweet Vale of Avoca.' He seemed so set on it."

"Did he say so?" cried Jessica.

"Say so?" repeated Mrs. Hughes, sadly—"Not a word before; but he has hardly said anything else since."

"O-oh!—in his delirium," breathed Jessica.

Mrs. Hughes nodded slightly with set lips. They were two silent women who faced each other then amidst the roar of a London street; and from that time on Mrs. Capt. Hughes knew that Jessica loved "Teddy" as "Teddy" loved her. And Jessica knew that she knew. So it was without any premise that she said—

"Could you take me down with you?"

"Yes. I leave Paddington at 5.10."

"Mother and I will meet you on the platform—and go to the hotel."

"There will be room at the house, but—"

"We will go to the hotel," repeated Jessica, with a touching smile that told her thanks.

Herr Vogt, when she got back to their lodgings, pronounced an instantaneous and imperial veto. It was madness—it was impossible—it was Friday night that she was to sing at Lord Dovercourt's. She would all out of tune be—she would depressed be—she would her fine reputation ruin. Mrs. Murney was silent with a numb feeling where she was usually conscious of her ambitions. The column of Jessica's throat held her head at a firm poise, her eyes had the glint of a fixed purpose, and the swell of her bosom rose and fell with her quick breathing; and she got her mother's things and her own ready for the journey. All she said to Herr Vogt was that she was going, and that she hoped for his sake—and for her own—that she would be back, well and bright, for Friday.

"Go vith her! Go vith her!" Herr Vogt cried at last to Mrs. Murney; "and pring her pack, tod or alife."

## CHAPTER XXVI

A RIVER flowing softly through green banks and ever brimming over a weir. An arched bridge spanning it, and over it a road that on the further bank becomes the street of a quiet village. Door-yards filled with old-fashioned flowers; stone houses for the most part with windows enframed in vines. An inn, with a creaking sign in front—"The Jolly Hostler"—and a drive-way through the lower story between the coffee-room and the bar into an inner court. A gray, plain church with a square, plain tower in a grass-tossed, mossy-marbled graveyard. A long, low stone wall at the upper end of the village, curving in finally to great gates through which a drive-way sweeps into an avenue of chestnuts—and beyond the Hughes homestead.

Jessica and Mrs. Murney stopped at "The Jolly Hostler," and Mrs. Capt. Hughes and the nurse went on to the avenue of chestnuts and the anxious house at the end—silent save for the ravings of one poor panting being, who ran the gamut of hope, anxiety and despair with sickening regularity. It was far oftener despair than anything else, for he lived over again those weary, empty, ghastly West African days when, with the tireless doggedness of his race, he sought to murder memory. The Captain knew nothing at that time of his trouble, for he confessed only to ennui when he came; but when he lay on his fever cot at the "post," the Captain learned much of a girl whose name was Jessica, and whose throat was round and full like that of a Greek goddess, and in whose cheek the rose had a trick of coming and going, and whose hands were soft and cool—cool. "Jessica! Ah—beg pardon—Miss Murney," he would say huskily, "Would you—just put your hand—on my forehead? Thanks—delicious—delicious!"—and sometimes he would go to sleep thus.

But there was more than this. There were passionate outbreaks against a doubly-condemned, blackguardly, cowardly dog of a German hypnotist—a vampire—a man who would not "stand up to it"—and sometimes there was talk of a "rescue," followed by much self-contempt and muttering shame. And then there would be brighter intervals, walking the paths of a "Garten" and playing amid the flowers.

But now the tortured, stoic-faced Captain found a new interlude in the delirium into which the patient ran again and again. It began with a reserved pleasure—an ecstasy held well in hand—over a new meeting with a restored Jessica—almost the old Jessica, by Jove!—quite the old Jessica, for she would sing "Sweet Vale of Avoca"—of course she would sing it; she said she would try hard. But Werner was in town. Well, they would see. Of course she would sing it. She had said—and so the raving went on in an ever-maddening paroxysm of anxiety, until he would shout out that she was coming to sing it—

that there she was—didn't they all see her?—but, of course not—they didn't know what she was going to sing—only he knew that—only he—he and she—it was their secret—

And now she was singing—now she was singing—and his voice would die away to a whisper—"Not it"—the Captain had to bend over him to hear what he was saying—"Not it! Not it! Not it!"—in mournful repetition. After each of these paroxysms he seemed visibly to sink.

All day Thursday he did not regain consciousness; and though Jessica and Mrs. Murney went up the avenue of chestnuts three times, and shook hands with a tearful group of women—mostly in silence—and talked in low tones with Mr. Hughes, sen., in a corner of the garden, whither he led them out of hearing of the house; they did not think it safe to let Jessica within the sick room—nor did she feel herself in any position to urge it. Friday morning brought two urgent telegrams from Herr Vogt, one to Jessica and one to Mrs. Murney. Jessica should come back by an early train so as to get her nerves in order. That night was the great night on which all things depended. Jessica said—"We will go and see how he is."

"But you will sing to-night?" pleaded her mother.

"Yes," said Jessica after a little—"if he is no worse."

There was no change; so she told Mrs. Capt. Hughes of her engagement at Lord Dovercourt's and what it meant to Herr Vogt and her mother, and said that she would come up again in the afternoon, and then leave by the four o'clock train—if Mrs. Hughes would promise faithfully to send her a telegram that night and another in the morning. Mrs. Hughes promised, and said that it was too bad that she had to sing when she felt so anxious.

"The public," said Jessica, smiling ruefully, "is like a cat—very amiable when it is stroked the right way, but it would never think of going without a meal simply because the song bird it had bargained for was needed at the nest."

When they came up to take leave in the afternoon, Mrs. Capt. Hughes was the only one who could speak to them. "Teddy" was worse. He had had a bad spell, and was now deeper in the fogs of delirium than ever. Jessica stood breathless for a minute; then—"I cannot go, Mamma!" she said.

"But, Jessica!" was all her mother said.

"Yes, I know," said Jessica humbly—she was thinking of the crumbling of her mother's dreams. "And Herr Vogt would be so disappointed, too." Then—"Could I see him, do you think?"

"I'll ask the doctor," said Mrs. Hughes; and in a few moments the Doctor came in with—"Yes. It can do no harm."

"Oh! Don't say that!" cried Jessica, going up to him. "It sounds so hopeless."

The doctor—an old man with a bushy whisker—wiped his moustache away from his mouth, and coughed—and smiled—and started bravely out with—"But you don't want—"and then he stopped. He could not make his obvious joke. His lips came together again. Then he put his hand on Jessica's shoulder. "I wish," he said, "he could see that look on your face, poor lad. It would cure him."

Then Jessica went up and sat in the chair they placed for her at the foot of the bed. Hughes with flushed face and tossed hair lay muttering, sightless, before her; and she knew only that grief was strangling her. A pain came in the centre of her forehead and pressed dully on her mind. The mutterings became coherent—he was in his old paroxysm of anxiety, eagerly assuring himself again and again that she would sing his chosen air. Mrs. Capt. Hughes touched her on the shoulder. "Would you like to go out?" she said. Jessica grasped her hand for answer, and sat upright and still. With pitiless slowness the delirium went its usual course. He was confident—he doubted—at last he saw her come. Would she—would she sing it? Did they not see her? No! Of course

not. Only she and he knew what she would sing—it was their secret—now she was singing—what was it?

And then in that hushed chamber, gray with the shadow of death, rose from the white lips of the erect woman at the foot of the bed, now leaning somewhat forward, the soft, sweet strains of "Sweet Vale of Avoca." The poor mother looked up from her chair, where she had been silently weeping, and held out a hand to stop her; but the doctor took the forbidding hand in his and motioned Jessica to go on. But Jessica saw neither of them. The voice of the sick man, as it had pleaded for the song, filled her mind. So on she sang, and the flushed man on the bed ceased muttering—then he turned his eyes toward her; and she came to the end of her song.

"Sing it again," said the doctor quick and sharp; and again Jessica sang it through. Hughes lay listening in silence and his breathing became more regular.

"Well, that beats Beecham," muttered the doctor to his beard; and crossing to Jessica, asked—"Can you stay to sing that when he gets bad again?"

"Yes," said Jessica simply.

"But—but your engagement," whispered Mrs. Capt. Hughes, at no little cost to herself.

"I have not forgotten," replied Jessica; and, going down stairs, she put her arms around her mother, and told her what had happened. And Mrs. Murney, without a word, went to the post office and wired Herr Vogt—

"Jessica cannot come. Cannot; you understand. Am writing."

And that night, when a distracted musical manager was apologizing to Lord Dovercourt—and especially to Lady Dovercourt—for the absence of his "star," and when another young singer was, all in a flurry, having her chance because of the unexpected gap in the programme, "the wonderful Miss Murney," who was to have sung weird, wandering things in German, and soaring, ecstatic things in Italian, to a properly bored company who gave their tolerant patronage to nothing less "correct," sang an old Irish air again and again through the long night in a sick chamber, from which the gray shadow of death lifted, and lifted, until, with the coming of the sun, it vanished altogether.

It was four days before the doctor would let Jessica leave; and by then Hughes had known of her presence for two. He could do little yet but lie and look at her, but he managed to say before she went—

"It was so good of you to come—mother would like it so." And then—"You sang it, didn't you? I seem to remember that you did."

"I have sung it a hundred times," she whispered back; and he was satisfied.

She went into London the day before her second engagement in the Park Lane district; and Herr Vogt tried her voice with great anxiety. She had been for a week in the very atmosphere against which Herr Werner had specifically warned him; and there was a new look on her face. She stood out from the piano and sang one of her first selections with him—a German love lyric; and half-way through there was a faltering, and then the music stopped. But it was Jessica who turned to Herr Vogt for an explanation; for it was he who had stopped playing and sat looking at her with his great bulging eyes a-swim and his fingers working nervously.

"You haf it learned," he said throatily. "You know what lof is?"

Jessica looked at him and smiled. "How did you know?" she asked.

"You told me," he said simply; and then—"You make me to lof. You will make all the world to lof—ven you like that sing."

And he let her sing love songs to the "crush" in Park Lane, and the most industrious function-goer could hardly remember to have heard the general conversation so seriously interrupted. They said that it broke off four arranged matches and brought about a most improvident mesalliance — but there is no limit to gossip.

Then the Murneys went back to the country, for Mrs. Hughes had written to ask them; Jessica only coming up for the day to sing to the Bohemian gathering. The Bohemians thought her rather absent-minded, but felt the magic of her singing; and cabled a third instalment of praise of her to New York. When Jessica went back to the country she took Herr Vogt with her; and he stayed at "The Jolly Hostler."

## CHAPTER XXVII

THE wooing of a convalescent is a topsy-turvy business—where the convalescent is a man. He must be humoured, and yet not humoured too much, lest he feel a note of insincerity in his lady's kindness. He can hardly take a compelling initiative; yet he must in a measure do so, else the wooing will drag. He has a prescriptive right to "whims" as an invalid, and she as a maiden; and they must come at some equitable method of distribution.

But as the days went by Mr. Hughes grew stronger, and Jessica gradually withdrew from the character of singing nurse. With returning vigour he became more himself—more reserved—more jealous of permitting his emotions expression. But the mask had been up for a while, and Jessica had seen that there was more in that heart than she had ever dreamed. When she glowed over a splendid sunset as it showed right down the avenue of chestnuts, and Hughes only said: "Yes, it is worth sitting up to see," she knew that it was not his perception that was at fault, it was only that he had been trained in a racial school of self-suppression.

But, for all that, she likewise knew that there were things in her soul that were not in his—that thoughts filled her mental horizon with beauty and nobility and inspiration which never so much as showed above the sky-line of his. And this knowledge gave her disquietude; for now they both knew also that each loved the other, and there was no thought but that the day would come when he would ask leave to put a ring on her finger. Still, when they talked together, first as he lay on his cot on a side gallery and then as they walked in the shade of the chestnuts, she saw that this difference did not make for dullness, and then—somewhat to her surprise, it must be confessed—that there were qualities in him that were not in her, and that he saw some things at first sight which he had to teach her to discern.

They were not alike; this she had known all along—but she felt her face grow hot as the memory came that she had thought this due to his failure to leap with her from the lower to the higher mental plane. She was far better than she had been; but she was no longer certain that the old Jessica was an exact counterpart of Hughes. She—the new Jessica—saw and comprehended things in him to which the old Jessica would have been hopelessly blind. And she was constantly peering into his mind, trying to get a full view of principles and motives there, of which he only showed—and with reluctance—a fragment at a time.

One day the curate came up the chestnut avenue, with his wide hat and his smooth face and his oily voice—and his impressive way of saying nothing—and said that they were going to give a garden party at the Rectory, and that he would like Mr. Theodore Hughes to promise to be present, for that would bring a lot of the neighbouring young men to see the hero. Hughes flushed to the hair line, and looked as uncomfortable as a well-bred man dare. Jessica knew that he would rather risk the jungle again than face a circle of perspiring young admirers in the character of a hero; and she expected to hear a confused but emphatic refusal. But he accepted and promised to go, and the curate shook hands with everybody and learned that they were all well, and took an anxious but teachable interest in the perplexity of Mr. Hughes, sen., as to whether a certain plant with a purple flower should

be put at the upper or lower apex of a crescent-shaped bed, and then went off down the avenue of chestnuts with a walk that was a nice blend of the cloister with the proper friskiness of a semi-athletic curate on a day of church sports.

"It is very nice of you to go," said Jessica to Hughes; "but I was surprised that you would."

"Oh!" and he made a deprecatory grimace—"I shall hate it!—but a fellow should, you know."

Jessica wondered why Hughes thought so. She thought so herself, but she took a delight in exploring the "run-ways" of his mind. So she said—

"Yes, I suppose so. But I wonder why?"

"Duty," said Hughes, shortly.

"To the church?"

"Ye-es; but not altogether. One should"—and he paused—"it is not nice to say it—but one should set something of an example. I—they think I did something down in Africa —"

"You did," Jessica could not help breathing, though she feared to interrupt him.

"—Well—they think so anyway—and if I go to the church affair—to show off"—and he threw up his head in a short, embarrassed laugh—"it will bring some young men there—and it'll, perhaps, give them the idea of doing their duty when the pinch comes—they will see that it is recognized."

"Doing their duty?"

"Yes—climbing a stockade or—shooting a Boer, or something of that kind."

Duty! That was the first word in Mr. Hughes' religion—and it generally meant doing what was expected of an English gentleman. Now the old Jessica had no such notion of duty. At that point, she and "Teddy" Hughes were miles apart. The new Jessica, on the other hand, was very near to sympathy with it—"*noblesse oblige*" had for a heart that bowed to the great, a real meaning.

Mr. Hughes' mental attitude towards her new self was also a subject of study. He showed plainly that he knew that she was not like the old Jessica, and it was also discernible that it was somewhat of a surprise to him that the change had not been toward a sort of sentimental insanity. When Jessica dwelt upon what some stirring poem of the olden time meant for her, he no longer sought to escape from the subject—he listened, though in non-committal silence. He would not have her know that he was trying in a serious spirit to see what she saw; but, so far as he could do it in secure secrecy, that was what he was doing. And she knew it all the time.

What, then, had he thought of the old Jessica? Was it love? Could a man love a woman who had no understanding of most that was serious in him—who could do nothing but play at games with him—who entertained him in his hours of ease? An illuminating example of what might be done in this way lay under her eyes. Mrs. Capt. Hughes was as sweet a soul as e'er drew breath; but when the Captain wanted to talk seriously on politics, on the art of war, on the good old crusted literature in which he was interested, on patriotism which was largely his religion, he would as soon have thought of seeking his dog as his wife. Yet he loved her—tenderly. He would sit with a proud smile on his lips and tell what a matchless house-keeper she was. There were certain dishes she could cook "better than any woman on earth." He was unhappy when she was out of the house, and would go off in half an hour to look her up. She had her charities in the neighbourhood, and he doted on the details of them, which she told him with a loving desire for approval. So perfect did he think his wife that he judged all other wives by her; and when he met a woman who talked with him on politics or anything else in which "the Corporal," as he called her, was not concerned, he openly and with perfect sincerity pitied that woman's husband. He didn't want to marry a politician or another soldier or a blue-stocking or anything of that sort. It was with

difficulty that he kept his uneasiness about "Jessica's queer notions" from "Teddy."

Yes, Jessica thought, she might have been that kind of a wife to "Teddy" —only more entertaining and less useful; and "Teddy," she believed, would have been abundantly satisfied. Love, she decided with her acquired, Werneresque habit of analytic thought, was a thing apart. It was not esteem, it was not enjoyment of good companionship, it was not comfort in a well-kept home. It might exist with or without all of these. When you love, you think the accomplishments of the beloved the most worthy in the world; and you forgive every fault but a failure to return your love. Why you love? —that is the deepest secret of nature.

It was Herr Vogt who brought things to a climax—and a settled basis. He naturally tired of living at "The Jolly Hostler," giving Jessica an hour a day, and seeing her hurry up to London to sing at what engagements he got for her. This was not launching her upon a career which was to make them both rich and famous. So he thought out and proposed a programme. Now that their visit was over—this he assumed —they would go back to London and close the season with a blaze of glory; then, on a profit-sharing basis, he would go with them to New York to get ready for the opening of the winter season there—or he would go back to Dresden, and leave them free to do what they liked.

No, they both said, he must come to New York with them—he must share in whatever success they might have. Well then, he asked, could they come to London to-morrow? Mrs. Murney feared that "to-morrow" would be rather abrupt; but Monday? "Goot!" Monday would do—these English did nothing on Sunday and began doing it on Friday. Jessica wondered in her heart what Monday might see.

Mrs. Murney told of the decision at the head of the avenue of chestnuts, and was full of polite gratitude for their "English hospitality." She knew now what an English home was.

Hughes looked swiftly at Jessica, met her eyes in startled questioning for just a moment—and then he smiled. What he read there seemed to bring him re-assurance and content. He crossed over to where she was and said—

"Come. Let us walk in the shade of the chestnuts."

So they went off together, his step still a little weak and his arm helpless in a sling. Jessica was steadily silent, leaving the first word to him.

"Can you manage to give it up?" was what he said.

"Must I?" she asked in a momentary regret and incipient rebellion.

"Oh, no! Not altogether," he hurried to say. "It is quite the thing to sing—a little—in society; in quite an unprofessional way, you know—"

Jessica drew a deep breath and lifted her head.

"—and then there are Church things to be sung for," he went on doubtfully; "and—."

"But that is not art," burst out Jessica. "Singing selections at a parish concert—singing ballads at a school closing." And she stopped.

Hughes was silent, for this was the Jessica he did not know. They walked on for quite a minute, the flecked sunshine falling through the chestnuts, dappling their figures. There came a little increase of paleness to Hughes' face, and then he said—

"I could not have you a professional singer."

Jessica looked at him, rigid and intent on his thought. It seemed so school-girlish to remind him that he had not yet asked her to be his in any capacity. So she only said—

"It is not to be a professional that I want—it is to be an artist—to work and work at my music until I can put the best in me into the best of it, and then sing it to—to you and—everyone."

"I shall never stop you from that," he said quickly. "I may not know all you sing, but when you come to live here—"

She laughed and he stopped. Then his eyes twinkled in the old way.

"Haven't I put it in words yet? Well,

I did once, you know; and I took it for granted then that you would not come—perhaps I have taken it for granted now that you will—." And he stopped again, and looked at her with eyes from which an eager question shone. Jessica thought to tease him with a doubtful smile, but it melted before the rising of something overwhelming within her, and her heart looked out at him through her passionate eyes.

"My darling!"—and his unhurt arm was about her, and both of her's about his neck—and it was well that they stood where a chestnut and the old wall cut off the view on one side, and a great empty field promised privacy on the other.

"We will be together," she whispered, "whether for art or—or—."

"Together!" he said. "And may God keep me from trying to clamp you down to my limitations!"

She raised her head and looked at him, her eyes a-swim with tenderness. "Your limitations," she cried reproachfully; and then—"We are not alike, dear, in everything"—repeating an old thought—"but you have no limitations—you have only some unexplored—jungle. But I"—and her face grew serious—"have nothing of your depth."

"Nonsense!"

"No, I haven't, dear. But you will teach me—character—that on which things rest—like the basis of the mountains at Lucerne, you know. And I—I will gather flowers for you on the mountain side, as I did in the Grosser Garten." And there was a soft laugh in which they both joined—a laugh of recollection.

There are so many ways in which the rest of the story might be told that the pen hesitates. What Herr Vogt said as he trotted up and down the parlor of "The Jolly Hostler" when he learned that "the wonderful Miss Murney" would not even try for a career after all he had sacrificed for it and her—might be put down in the wreckage of two languages; what the lady from Maine said when he met her on Fleet street and blocked the traffic with his gesticulating woe; what the little village at the lower end of the avenue of chestnuts said when it was known that "Teddy" Hughes was to marry an American singer, and what it said when, a year later, she appeared at the Rectory garden party and sang three times with an unforced willingness and a voice that might have been coined into gold in London. But what Herr Werner himself wrote to Jessica at New York, sending it to her with a wonderful brooch as a wedding present, might be recorded:

"My Dear Miss Murney,

That you have given up your art, as Herr Vogt says, I do not believe. Having known for so long what it is to live for the best, for the most uplifting, the most beautiful, you could not forget it. I cannot think that you have chosen best in selecting England as your home; but I do not imagine for a moment that you have selected it—you have loved an Englishman and you have accepted the consequence of that handicap on your development. It is not for me to advise a defiance of love. The world is cumbered with the wreck of lives which, but for love, would have been great.

"But this is not a letter for a bridal. Love can also uplift. You may through it work a miracle and unseal the eyes of your Englishman. I was in England but lately myself, and I know him—the Englishman as a type—far better than I did. He is not a brute—he is not even a savage. But he tries to teach himself brutality lest he grow effeminate, and he has made over the stoicism of the savage into a stiff mental outer garment which he wears constantly for fear some one will find out that there are streaks in him which love art like a Parisian and enjoy sentiment like a German. You—with love and a song—may get your barbarian to lay aside this garment; and, if you can do so, you may have done as much for the ultimate civilization of the race as if you sang for years to the German people who already dwell in the kingdom.

"Still, at all events, you will receive my congratulations on having discovered love—for nothing short of love would link you to that task. And love is the sweetest folly in life. Preach as I will, I would sell my soul to-morrow for love—and I have a soul to sell. But the cup of that intoxication has been denied me. And I learned this in England—to suffer and be silent. There is this flower I will give your husband—he belongs to a race which has kept better than any of us the tradition of how to do great deeds."

THE END

# TWO KINGS, A QUEEN AND A JACK

*BY HAROLD SANDS*

LAST Christmas Eve a jolly party of British Columbia mining men and politicians were returning from Rossland to the Pacific Coast. They wanted to be in Vancouver in time to eat their Christmas dinner with their families. Barring accidents—which are infrequent on the Canadian Pacific Railway—they would be in ample time, for the train was due at the Terminal City shortly after noon the next day.

It was a quarter to twelve, fifteen minutes to Christmas day, when the divisional point of Kamloops was reached. There was a stop of half an hour or so, but the party were too comfortable in the Pullman smoker to be bothered going to see what Kamloops looked like in its seasonable garment of snow. A cold wind made them shiver slightly as the door opened and a traveller entered. As the newcomer took off his overcoat there was a chorus of:

"Why, how jer do, Dick; what the deuce are you doing at Kamloops on Christmas Eve?"

"Hullo, boys, glad to see you," returned Dick, "thought I might have a beastly lonely time of it to-night. Just been to a funeral too. Feel blue. Anybody got any comforter. Awfully cold waiting for this train."

The comforter was quickly produced and the questioning resumed.

"Who's gone, Dick?" asked Dave Hutchins.

"You ought to know him, Dave," replied Dick, "he was in the rush to Cariboo with you. Jolly Jack. The poor old fellow died at the Old Men's Home — that blessed refuge which is the best a grateful country can give its pioneers to die in. Jack wanted to get back to his old shack in the Boundary and cross the divide from there, but the Great Prospector called him too early. I bet there'll be sorrow in the hills when the boys learn that Jolly Jack has staked his last claim."

"Yes, I remember him well," said Hutchins, "he was as good-hearted a fellow as ever carried a pan. He was made Chief of Police in Cariboo 'for services rendered' to Governor Douglas. But he soon gave up the job to go mining and prospecting on his own. And prospector he remained till they took him to that old home."

Then those mining men fell to swapping yarns about Jolly Jack and others of the great company of prospectors to whom British Columbia owes so much. Grand, rugged men they were. From the tales told that Christmas dawning I have pieced together the following:

"A parson did yer say, Jolly Jack; and what in the devil's name would a sky pilot be doing in Barkerville?" asked Horsefly Bill of the new Superintendent of Police for Cariboo.

"Seems to me," quietly answered Jack, "he could teach you that there's Someone besides that devil you're always referring to so pleasantly. The true religion don't pan high in this camp."

"Well, I'm willing to chip in a thousand dollars, if parson's the right sort, to help build a church," put in Dutch Bill with a challenging glance at Horsefly Bill.

There was nothing that delighted the two Bills, the gold kings of Cariboo, than to "cover" each other, true comrades though they always were.

"I'll raise yer five hundred," replied Horsefly Bill, "though I'd sooner spend the dough on the new girl from 'Frisco."

The parson, to the church's financial loss, joined the group at this moment. If he had stayed out of the game a round or two longer he might have raked in a jackpot of $25,000, for Bills I and II would have gone on "raising" till further orders.

"Can't gamble with parson looking on," muttered Dutch to Horsefly, "so I'll have to call you." Then addressing the Rev. Frederick Kingdom, he said:

"We've just had a little collection for your church, parson, and any time you like to call I'll hand you over the $3,000 subscribed."

A little sum like that was nothing in those days to Dutch Bill, the discoverer of Williams Creek, the richest diggings ever found in the world.

Dutch Bill was not what you would call a religious man, but he believed that parsons—of the right sort—exercised a good influence on mining camps and he was disposed to give the Rev. Frederick every chance to "make good," as he put it. It might as well be stated at once that the sky pilot did not have to "lick" the toughest gambler in the town in a bare fist fight in order to establish his footing. That sort of romance is confined to the United States side. Kingdom was an Oxford man and, no doubt, could have used his fists to advantage, but he was not called upon to show the church militant in that direction. He quickly proved, however, the right man for Barkerville, and he was instrumental in settling the only serious affair that ever took place between the two Bills. It was Lorelia Hardy who caused the two miners three months' estrangement. She was "the new girl from 'Frisco."

"The Williams Creek miners are taking out $1,000 a week," Lorelia had read in the San Francisco *Herald*. "Money is abundant," the newspaper went on, "gambling and dissipation of all kinds go on day and night."

That decided Lorelia. She packed up her goods and chattels and made for Cariboo as hastily as possible, enduring considerable hardship by the way, which she determined to offset by a golden harvest.

Jolly Jack decided that Lorelia was a danger to the gold camp. "She's a regular corker for looks," he used to say, "but she does cause a lot of disturbance of the Queen's peace, which makes my job no lighter." He was proud of being a servant of the Queen and was unable to resist dragging in Her Majesty's name.

"She's set all the boys jealous," he added, "and now she's got the better of Jim Loring up at Diller's claim." That claim has the record for a 24-hours' return in Cariboo, $300,000 having been taken out of it in that time.

"You're wrong there, Jack," said Dutch Bill, "it was Jim who got the better of her."

"But she just showed me the thousand dollars she got from him," explained Jack.

"She hasn't heard yet how it might have been $1,700, but Jim was too smart for her," chuckled Dutch Bill. "You see it was this way. She asked to be taken down the shaft. You know what that means. She was on to the game all right. She knew that when a female goes down the shaft the miner always give her what comes in the first pan. Jim Loring shoved his way through, and, being the foreman, no one could object when he offers his arm, quite polite, to the girl, and says, 'Allow me.' And she allowed. Few women take the trouble to resist Jim. He has the way with them that I had when I was younger. But Jim is used to her sort. He purposely did not go to what he thought was the richest ground, though he found out a few minutes after that he had made a little mistake. He tried a new piece, and was mightily astonished when he undertook to wash the dirt. At the first shake of the pan the gold shows on the surface. Jim tumbles at once, and glances swiftly at Lorelia. And even while she was smiling at him he contrived to scoop out some of the yellow into the waterhole. Oh! yes, he's a slick lad. He is quick and clever is Jim, and not too much of a ladies' man during business hours. The next shake of the pan uncovered more of the stuff, and a whole lot of gold went into the waterhole again. At the third shake Jim sees that there was very little gravel mixed with that pan of gold, so he concludes to scoop out some

more. This was not too easy right under my lady's eye, but Jim found a way. The water was muddy, and he gave the pan a vicious whirl and let it fall into the water. It was easy then for him to get rid of a lot more gold. When he brought the pan to the surface all eyes were intently gazing at the contents, so Jim couldn't hide its richness any longer. So, as polite as if he were in Hyde Park, he turns to Lorelia and says:

"'Miss Hardy, will you do me honour to accept this pan as a memento of your visit to the Diller claim?'

"She replies, pretty-like, 'Thank you so much, Mr. Loring, it will indeed prove a pleasant remembrance.' And Jim smiles, rather sickly-like, for there was a thousand dollars in the pan if there was four bits. Miss Hardy takes the stuff to the hotel, where the gold was found to weigh 60 ounces, meaning she got $1,080 for that afternoon visit to the Diller shaft. While Lorelia was admiring her haul Jim was scooping out the waterhole, and the air was sulphurous. He panned the gold in the waterhole, and, boys, he got $700. That's the record for 'poor dirt,' I'm willing to bet."

The laughter which arose at this sally was cut short by Horsefly Bill exclaiming in angry tones:

"And do you mean to say that you stood by while that poor girl was robbed of $700. That's the first mean trick I've known yer to do all the days I have been pals with you."

Dutch Bill's temper blazed at that. "The man who calls me mean is a liar," he exclaimed hotly.

The crowd stood back to give the men room. Dutch Bill landed a vicious left on Horsefly's nose, tapping the claret, while Jolly Jack discreetly looked the other way. The mix-up was likely to become hot when the parson stepped between the two men.

"Keep away, parson, or not another cent do you get for your church," cries Dutch Bill.

"Don't come meddling here, parson," called Horsefly Bill, "or you are liable to regret it. I might forget myself."

But the Rev. Mr. Kingdom was not to be put off thus easily. He continued to dodge in between the two as they tried to get around him, and his very persistence won, much to the disgust of several of the bad class of miners, who liked nothing better than this falling off between the two Bills.

"Well, I'm going over to settle with Jim Loring," exclaimed Horsefly Bill.

"You havn't far to go, Bill," said Jim, as he stepped out of a group of miners. "Anything I can do for you?" he asked, with a suggestive buttoning up of his coat.

"Yes, I'd like you to hand over to Miss Hardy that $700 you have belonging to her."

Jim smiled. "Can you give me any real reason why I should pay your debts of gallantry?" he enquired.

It had not struck the unsophisticated gold king that any outrageous construction would be placed on his championship of the fair one, but Loring's words brought him to his senses.

"You're right, Jim, I'm a damned fool." "I ask your pardon, but as for the man who called me a liar, I'll be even with him yet." With which final outburst Horsefly sought the alluring society of the girl from 'Frisco, and himself made up the $700.

Meanwhile the camp watched and waited for the next move in the feud of the Bills.

And the camp did not have long to wait. That night the men met in the bar of the Cleveland Hotel. The only excuse for Horsefly Bill's action on that celebrated occasion was that he was very drunk, not too far gone in his cups as to be unable to fight, but too intoxicated to remember that there are rules of honour and decency that have to be remembered in a mining camp scrap. He threw Dutch Bill to the floor and, seizing him by both ears, pounded his head against the floor till he was senseless. It was two months before Dutch Bill could be pronounced out of danger, and all that time Horsefly was in the charge of Jolly Jack, dreading every day that he would have to answer to the charge of murder.

When Dutch Bill got around again Horsefly was taken before Chief Justice Begbie. According to British Columbia law the prisoner was given the option of speedy trial before the judge alone or of having his case sent up to the next assizes, when a jury would render the verdict. The Chief Justice took elaborate pains to explain the two methods to Horsefly Bill and concluded thus:

"If you are innocent I would advise you to take a speedy trial before a judge, because he knows the tricks of the rascally lawyers and will see that you get a fair trial; but if you are guilty by all means go before a jury, the body is usually composed of fools. Now, which course do you decide upon?" To his Lordship's great amusement Horsefly Bill instantly replied:

"I'll take a jury trial."

In due course the case was called at the assizes and a big crowd of miners sweltered in the log hut, called by courtesy a law court. For a veracious account of the trial it is only necessary to reproduce the racy, if ungrammatical, report of the Barkerville *Gazette*, as follows:

"We are willing to bet that last cord of wood received in lieu of cash subscription to this great family journal, that Chief Justice Begbie feels as mad as a hatter this morning. The jury turned him down in fine shape in the Bill assault case yesterday. It was a great day for the unwigged, though his Lordship distributed wiggings enough to cover the whole court room with a lovely sulphur colour. The first witness called was Dutch Bill and the jury could see with half an eye that he did not want his old pal convicted. He said he had been hurt in fair fight and there was no suggestion that he had been assaulted while he lay on the ground, at least not from him. It was like pulling sound teeth to make him say that some of the boys who had witnessed the fight had said that his head had been pounded on the ground. He begged the court to remember that such evidence was valueless as he himself had not seen the assault, not being in a condition to notice it. Dutch is the right sort.

"Then they got Jolly Jack in the box and he furnished one of the sensations of the day. He said he happened to be standing in the shadow, close to Lorelia Hardy and Horsefly Bill, on the night of the fight and had heard the woman say he ought to sock it to Dutch Bill for calling him a liar and for backing up Jim Loring in keeping back the $700 from Diller's claim that she claimed was hers by rights. She was a common nuisance, that woman, says Jack, and ought to have been in the box in the place of the prisoner, for she was the cause of the disturbance.

"One of them cocksure lawyers from the coast gets up at this moment and tells Jack he had no business to make such assertions in court; he should know better as Chief of Police. The little lawyer man had been noticed to be sweet on the Lorelia girl. But Jack repeats his observation, and, as he concludes, ducks his head rapidly. A revolver shot rang out and Jack was over the witness box like a flash of greased lightning and had collared a young feller who was making a bee-line for the door. That was the first time any one had dared shoot in a British Columbia law court, and we're willing to bet all our paid-up subscriptions it'll be the last, for almost before the smoke had cleared away Chief Justice Begbie had sentenced that young feller to fifteen years. And serve him right. The majesty of the law must be upheld. But it was a close shave for Jolly Jack.

"The preacher was the next man to tell his little tale. The Reverend Richard is a tall man and the sweat box is low; it wasn't built for men of his height. He sprawls over the side of the box in an awkward way. The Chief Justice don't like the sky pilot. 'Stand up, sir,' he roars at him; 'you act like a sausage skin filled with water.' Being in court his reverence could not resent that sort of language, but he's a pretty good slinger of hot talk himself, and there's those that say the preacher will make the Chief Justice feel the keen edge of his tongue when

he gets into the pulpit Sunday. We're going to make the exception that proves the rule and go to church next Sabbath. There may be doings. But the sky pilot didn't have much that was interesting to tell. 'Did you see the prisoner sandbag the other man?' the Chief Justice asks him. 'I don't understand you, my Lord,' he replies. 'There's been no sandbagging in this case, so far as I know.' 'So far as you know,' comes back the bench ; 'well, that is not much, is it?' The parson keeps his temper and all the miners wonder what the sandbag was dragged in for. But that instrument stuck to his Lordship all day. He couldn't let it out of his head that Dutch Bill had been hit with a sandbag. He charged strongly in favour of a conviction and brought in that sandbag every paragraph. Greatly to his disgust, but to the delight of the camp, the jury brought in a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' They did it because Dutch Bill's evidence practically amounted to a request to take that action.

"The bench didn't take the verdict in good part. The Chief Justice was speechless with rage. He made no effort to hide his feelings. When he had recovered sufficiently to speak, he shouted:

"'Is that your verdict, gentlemen?'

"'Yes, my lord,' replies the foreman.

"'So say you all?'

"'So say we all,' they replied.

"The judge smote his desk with his clenched hand and again shouted: 'Remember, gentlemen, that is your verdict, not mine. You may go, you may go.' Then turning to Horsefly Bill, he said: 'You are discharged, prisoner, you are discharged. Get out of my sight as quickly as you can. And, you miscreant, my advice to you is that you get a sandbag and sandbag those jurymen.' It is mighty certain that the Chief Justice had sandbag on the brain yesterday.

"There was a jollification at the Cleveland after the trial and a most touching incident occurred. Dutch Bill was having a drink when Horsefly appears at the door. Dutch puts his glass down and walks over to his old pal and says: 'I take it all back, Bill, let's be friends again.' And Horsefly almost cried as he took his old pardner's hand. 'Line up, boys,' he cries. There was a run on the good liquor at the bar last night. We ought to know, because our new reporter has not been seen since. He's a tenderfoot from the East, anyhow, and not yet acclimatised."

The sequel to the feud of the Bills is also recorded in the ancient files of the *Gazette*. A few days later it contained the following notice:

"The Rev. Frederick Kingdom yesterday officiated at one of those pleasant ceremonies that make two loving hearts into one. Miss Lorelia Hardy became Mrs. Jim Loring, and the two parts of the Diller pan came together. The happy couple took the morning stage for Yale, en route to San Francisco. There was a regular clearance of old boots."

There is also a P.S. to the story. The following Sunday morning there was a huge congregation at the Rev. Mr. Kingdom's church. But the pulpit was occupied by a visitor who, not to disappoint the miners, referred to the scene in court and denounced the Chief Justice scathingly for his language towards a gentleman who was but doing his duty in giving evidence in orderly fashion. It was also announced that the Rev. Mr. Kingdom would preach that night.

The men who had made bets as to the clergyman giving the judge a Roland for his Oliver were conspicuous in the church when evening came. Mr. Kingdom preached a very able sermon in which he dwelt upon many subjects, but there was no reference to sausage skins filled with water. Finally, as he gave the benediction he said: "And God bless those who have lost bets this night." There was a record collection that Sunday.

(The author is indebted to Mr. D. W. Higgins, former Speaker of the British Columbia Legislative Assembly, for permission to use one or two of his reminiscences in this story).

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

"Thou whose birth on earth
Angels sang to men,
While Thy stars made mirth,
Saviour, at Thy birth
This day born again;

As this night was bright
With Thy cradle-ray,
Very light of light,
Turn the wild world's night
To Thy perfect day.

. . . . . .

Those whose ways we praise,
Clear alike and dark,
Keep our works and ways
This and all Thy days
Safe inside thine ark.

Bid our peace increase,
Thou that madest morn;
Bid oppressions cease;
Bid the night be peace;
Bid the day be born."

—*A. C. Swinburne.*

●

WE do not need the calendar to tell us that once more we are entering into the happy Christmas season; for there is a certain something vibrating in the air of these short, dark December days whose meaning there is no mistaking, an atmosphere of good-fellowship and glad rejoicing, impalpable though none the less perceptible.

So firmly fixed in our minds is the association of December with Christmas—so suggestive to us "men of the northern zone," of a snow-crowned world all a-sparkle with frost-diamonds and merry with the silvery music of myriad jingling sleigh-bells—that we are apt to forget that any other month ever shared the honour of being chosen for the celebration of the Mass of Christ.

Yet for several centuries Christmas was one of the most movable and uncertain of feasts, being sometimes observed in January, sometimes in April and sometimes in May, the great persecutions suffered by the early Christians of necessity making their worship irregular.

In the fourth century St. Cyril of Jerusalem urgently entreated Pope Julius I to have the date of the Saviour's birth investigated and some definite time fixed upon which could be recognized by all Christians.

Realizing the importance of settling the question once and for all, Eastern and Western theologians met in solemn conclave and, although they could discover nothing definite upon which to base their decision, they chose the twenty-fifth of December as the day to be forever set apart in memory of the Nativity of the Lord Jesus.

●

The first celebrations of Christmas Day were of course purely religious, but as the years went by little by little the solemn feast day became more and more a merry festival, until now in some parts of the world it would almost seem that the holy-day has been lost in the holiday.

Without doubt, in no part of the world was Christmas ever observed with the wild hilarity and utter abandonment of everything to the general

"The heir with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose."

rejoicing that characterized the English Christmas of a few centuries ago:—

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung,
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again."

The revels began on Christmas Eve, and were kept up without intermission, every day being a holiday, until the sixth of January, sometimes, indeed, until Candlemas Day, the second of February.

In the houses of the nobles a "Lord of Misrule" or "Abbot of Unreason" was appointed, whose rule during the days of merrymaking was absolute and undisputed. During his reign the larder was kept lavishly supplied with beef, mutton, poultry, game, pies, puddings, nuts, sugar and honey, and so far did the fame of these feastings travel that the Italians have a saying: "He has more business than an English oven at Christmas."

The tenants were entertained royally at the Hall, and although they were for the time free from all restraint, we do not hear that they ever abused their wild freedom or wronged the lord of the manor or any member of his family.

Every one was expected to rise very early Christmas morning, and there must be no delay in the matter of breakfast, "the hackin, or great sausage, must be ready by daybreak, or if not, two young men must take the cook by the arms and run her around the market-place to shame her for her laziness."

Of course, the event of the day was the great Christmas dinner, which in ancient times began with a wonderful peacock pie, at one end of which the head of the bird appeared above the crust in all its plumage with the beak richly gilt, the other end being decorated with the gleaming, spreading tail.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS BOX

THE MISTLETOE

In later years the first course consisted of a boar's head, a custom still adhered to in many parts of the old country.

After dinner came the maskings or "mummeries," and when all were satisfactorily arrayed the dancing began. We do not hear very much concerning the exchanging of Christmas gifts in the old days, although we learn that the waits who on Christmas eve went from house to house singing carols, returned the next day with their "Christmas boxes," into which small subscriptions were dropped by the householders.

Although the term "Christmas box" has come in our day to have a quite different significance, the odious practice of making this season of supposedly free-will offerings the excuse for soliciting gifts has assumed such proportions as to have developed into a veritable nuisance. Butcher boys, street cleaners, furnace men, paper-carriers, even the chance deliverer of a stray parcel, whom one has never seen before and will probably never see again, all exact a Christmas present with a cheerful effrontery that brooks no refusal, until the "lady of the house" is both distracted and disgusted, and the quality of her generosity becomes sadly strained before the demands made upon it.

●

Much of the wild revelling and unrestrained carousing of the "Merrie England" Christmas has long since passed away, and we take our Christmas now, as we take all our joys and sorrows, with more sober decorum and solemn dignity than did our noisy, lusty, hearty forebears.

But many of the old customs yet remain to us, modified and adapted to our more elegant civilization. The Christmas feast is still a matter of some importance, though the little roast pig has supplanted the boar's head, and the gorgeous peacock has been forced to give place to the plain but succulent turkey. We still deck our rooms with evergreens, a practice which has come down the ages to us from the kindly Druids, who housed the green branches through the winter that in them the sylvan spirits might rest safely until the season of frost and cold was past. Back to the Druids, also, reach our Yule-log ceremonies, and still young men and maidens skirmish once a year beneath the Druids' sacred mistletoe, though I fear they have forgotten the old law that with each kiss a berry must be plucked from the branch, and when all the berries are gone the "privilege of the mistletoe" ceases.

Santa Claus, or Kris Kringle, is of Teuton extraction, and Christmas trees were unknown to us until a German princess—George IV's Queen Caroline if one's memory may be trusted—

GOING TO MIDNIGHT MASS ON CHRISTMAS EVE IN QUEBEC

brought the pretty custom of her country into England.

The earliest Christmas celebrations fulfilled the Christian's duty to his God; the later observer, forgetting or disregarding the real meaning of the Feast, gave himself up to selfish revelry or, at most, to a happy-go-lucky, rollicking fulfilment of his duty to his neighbour. With years comes wisdom, and we are beginning at last to recognize the dual significance of this day which, being both holy-day and holiday, lays upon us a twofold obligation.

The religious and the social side of Christmas both claim our attention now, and through planning for the enjoyment of others we have learned that the truest happiness lies in giving rather than in receiving—provided, always, that we give wisely and not too well; for the greatest virtue, if selfishly over-indulged, may deteriorate into a vice.

The sincerest and perhaps the heartiest Christmas celebrations in Canada are those of the simple-hearted *habitants* of Quebec, whose *Noel* has been so charmingly described for us by Dr. Frechette in his "Christmas in French Canada." The celebration begins with the midnight mass on Christmas eve which everyone attends, afterwards returning home to gather around the fire and partake of weak wine, crunch *croquignoles*, sing carols or tell stories —the quaint old legends which have come down from father to son through many generations. The small tots lay out their shoes to receive the gifts which the Infant Jesus will bring them, as their little English-speaking brothers and sisters hang up their stockings for the bounty of Santa Claus, and in most of the towns and villages the young people have a dance on Christmas night.

The happy Christmastide is not a time for worry and weariness, but is, or should be, a season of glad brightness and light-hearted joy. If there be any amongst us who have fallen into the too prevalent habit—through our very excess of zeal, it may be—of making it a season of toil and harassment, so that our Christmas, finding us worn and troubled, fretful and fatigued, is robbed of all its peace and beauty, surely we will do well to learn from our French compatriots that the essence of tranquil, whole-hearted happiness lies in simplicity and sincerity.

●

A very curious little pamphlet has come into the hands of the editor of "Woman's Sphere." It describes the "Twentieth Century Order of Peace and Good-will," and is written by one who signs herself O. W. L.—letters signifying, the pamphlet explains, One Who Learns.

"Neither better nor wiser than others," she writes, "O. W. L.'s impelling desire for a better general conception of life's possibilities is largely an outcome of her own shortcomings and failures, but she is in possession of some items of special knowledge likely to be useful . . . . . She desires to assist educationists to advance *the power of knowledge* and to help *pain and peril-reducing* societies in their efforts to make thought, act and situation contribute more effect-

ively to developments of the ethical energies that are hidden or lagging in so many men and women who might be masters of destiny, and that are latent in those millions of slaves (by birth, heritage and environment) whose redemption is an imperative duty and an urgent necessity of our age."

A note explains that O. W. L.'s conception of the *power of knowledge* was expressed by Charles Dickens, who said: "The power of knowledge, as I understand it, is to bear and forbear; to learn the path of duty and to tread it; to engender that self-respect which does not stop at self, but cherishes the best respect for the best objects; to turn an always enlarging acquaintance with the joys and sorrows, capabilities and imperfections of our race, to daily account in mildness of life and gentleness of construction, and humble effort for the improvement, stone by stone, of the whole social fabric."

Several pages of the pamphlet set forth the aims and functions of the Order. It is impossible to transcribe them in full, but their spirit is revealed in the following paragraphs:

(*a*) "To shew ourselves brave enough to be tender to the weak and defenceless.

(*b*) Learned enough to honour the humanity in all men; 'to know all is to forgive all,' and,

(*c*) Too honourable to continue to withhold from our hitherto pain-paid, non-human helpers the justice that would so completely change the character of our streets, plains, shambles, and cattle transportations. . . . . Putting pleasure and competence and honest pride into labour, and making thoroughness of workmanship appreciated as high public service."

One has only to read the little pamphlet to know that the writer of it is thoroughly in earnest and intensely eager to do what she can for humanity, and although her ideas and ideals are expressed most curiously and incoherently, her purpose and sincerity are unmistakable. Her love for and sympathy with dumb animals is manifested on every page. One paragraph is particularly worthy of our attention:

"Noting much unregarded suffering in the streets of a beautiful city of Canada, and its lack of a home of rest, hospital, and public ambulances for its injured animals, O. W. L. inquired of the Secretary of the Humane Society how many of its prosperous residents contributed voluntarily, without being solicited, to the funds of the society. 'Scarcely one,' was the reply. 'How many of the churches, on an average, contribute annually to the work of the Society?' '*Not one.*' 'How many churches are there in this city of churches?' After counting, the answer came: '44 Episcopal, 21 Baptist, 9 Congregational, 41 Methodist, 32 Presbyterian, 15 Roman Catholic, 45 miscellaneous, excluding 53 missions. In all 207.'"

Can any of us guess the name of this beautiful Canadian city?

In short, the object of O. W. L.'s proposed Order is "to make glad the world," and its graduates and officers are to be known as *Gladdeners*.

The editor of "Woman's Sphere" would very much like to know whether the Order has been formed and to receive any information regarding it.

To become a *Gladdener*, whether or not one is allied with any special order, fired with "the new ambition to make glad the world," would be indeed a worthy determination for each one of us to carry into the new year.

*H. MacL. H.*

●

A.D. 2,000

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie;
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose,
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat,
And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven is cold,
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have the supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

—*Selected*

# People and Affairs

## CANADA'S NEW DEMAND

THE Alaskan Boundary Award has been of some service in crystallizing our complex national sentiment.

We are American in most of our habits, customs and manners. As Arnold Haultain has pointed out, Canadian slang is American slang; popular nomenclature and phraseology are American; we read mainly United States weeklies and monthlies, and know much more about the United States socially and financially than we do about Great Britain. Yet we do not love the United States; while it is just as certain that we do love and reverence Great Britain. We cheer when the British troops win; we are interested in the doings of King Edward and his ministers. Socially, mentally and financially we are Americans; politically we are British.

This seems contradictory, but the contradiction is only on the surface. Canada is part of the American continent and is swayed by the same natural influences as the United States, is confronted by the same great problems in the struggle against nature. Our shipping, railway, mining, agricultural and manufacturing problems are much the same as those of the United States, and in solving them we have followed, to a large extent, United States example and precedent. For instance, our great railway managers, such as Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Mr. Hays are of United States origin and training; our mining areas in southern British Columbia and the Yukon have been opened out for us mainly by those who had experience in similar areas in the United States; and when the United States West was opening up its new agricultural lands, Canadian farmers flocked in to those regions just as United States farmers are trooping in to assist in the development of the new farm regions of Western Canada.

Yet politically Canada and the United States are as divergent as the poles. The people of Canada are monarchists, whether British or French in origin. They believe in the Crown and the

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII
A PORTRAIT TAKEN IN AUSTRIA—TYROLESE COSTUME

HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON
THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

King. They have no leaning to Republicanism. Mr. Aylesworth tells a story of Sir Louis Jetté which illustrates this. He was approached in the corridor of his London Hotel during his present stay in London, by a Frenchman, who told him he had heard he was a Canadian, but inquired if Sir Louis was not also French. "Oui, Francais," replied his Honour, "but Breteesh for centuries." The annexation of Canada to the United States is talked of and meditated upon only in the latter country.

While this is true, Canada feels keenly her subjection to the Colonial Office. In one sense, the Secretary of State for the Colonies is the chief ruler of this country. This has been the subject of some comment during the recent discussion of the Alaskan Boundary Award. The people desire, apparently, to preserve their allegiance to the Crown, but to remove the remaining bonds which subject them to the Colonial Office and the British Cabinet. Between 1830 and 1850 the first steps in this struggle were taken and the Governor was made answerable to his Canadian Executive rather than to the Power that appointed him, while the control of the customs duties and the postoffice was transferred to the Canadian authorities. The Confederation Act of 1867 again lessened the authority of the Colonial Office, and in 1878 the powers of the Governor-General were still further restricted. By the constitution of the Washington Commission of 1871, the Halifax Fisheries Arbitration of 1877, the Fisheries Commission of 1887, the Joint High Commission of 1897, and the Alaska Tribunal of 1903, Canada has gained the right to be directly represented in the international negotiations which immediately affect her interests. She now demands the entire treaty-making power. She desires to be a self-governing nation. Her allegiance to the King will not affect that standing, but her subjection to the British Cabinet does. The four Georges and William IV were kings of Hanover as well as of Great Britain and Ireland, yet Hanover was never subject to the British Cabinet. The Emperor of Austria is apostolic king of Hungary, but the Austrian Ministry and Reichsrath govern Austria, while the Hungarian Ministry and the Reichstag govern Hungary. The King of Norway and Sweden has a set of ministers for Norwegian affairs and another set for Swedish affairs, while the King may and often does conclude treaties affecting one of his kingdoms only. At the present moment it would seem that Canada desires that the King of Great Britain and Ireland shall also be king of Canada and that he should govern the country directly instead of through the Cabinet generally and the Secretary of State for the Colonies particularly.

## IMPERIAL POSTAGE

When certain persons in this bold young country decided to agitate for a cheaper inter-Imperial postage on newspapers, there were those who laughed. But they who desired to

see a lower rate were encouraged by Sir William Mulock's success in securing a "penny-post" for letters. "If letters, why not newspapers and periodicals?" they asked. The Postmaster-General of Great Britain shook his head, he of South Africa and he of Australia did likewise. The Postmaster-General of New Zealand and he of Canada alone expressed willingness. The reform seemed a long way off.

And then Sir William Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada, asked permission of the London authorities to reduce the rate from Canada to the United Kingdom, without reference to the return rate or any other inter-Imperial rate. They, knowing the temper of the man, and how impatient he is when he desires to effect a reform, gave the permission. To-day newspapers and periodicals may be sent from Montreal and Toronto to London as cheaply as from one Canadian town to another. The domestic rate has been extended to the United Kingdom. It seemed impossible; yet so far as Canada is concerned, it is accomplished.

And the good work does not end at that point. Our energetic Postmaster-General communicated with all the British Colonies and Possessions with a view to making a similar arrangement, with the result that Canadian newspapers may now be sent at the domestic rates of postage to the Bahamas, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Cypress, Falkland Islands, Gambia, Hong Kong, Leeward Islands, New Zealand, North Borneo, Sarawak, Sierra Leone, Transvaal, Turk's Islands and Zanzibar. He will not rest content until all the colonies are brought into line.

The Postmaster-General has had some outside assistance, of course. Henniker Heaton has disciples everywhere. Years ago A. J. Luff, of Slough, Eng., an experienced postmaster, and G. H. Hale, of the Orillia, Ont., *Packet*, were working together for a reduction of the rate on Imperial money orders. Their efforts brought down the minimum charge from twenty-five cents to ten cents.

HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN
THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

The Canadian Press Association heard of Mr. Hale's agitation, and he was asked to read a paper on Imperial newspaper postage. Mr. Hale is a modest man, and declined. He, however, supplied all the information in his possession, and a paper was read at the annual meeting of 1901 by Mr. E. B. Biggar, of *The Canadian Engineer*, Toronto. A resolution was passed and sent to all the Postmasters-General in the Empire. The Secretary of the Press Association kept the matter before the public through the Canadian and British papers. The agitation grew, and victory seems about to perch above the record of these efforts.

The chief credit, however, must be with Sir William Mulock, who has for five years given attention to this subject, and who, from the first, was convinced that greater freedom of postal exchange within the Empire was a necessary part of the foundation on which Imperialism might be erected.

LORD LONDONDERRY
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH PRIVY COUNCIL

He desired to see Canadian journals circulating freely throughout the Empire, and British journals of all kinds coming cheaply into Canada. The former part of his desire has been attained; the latter part is still awaiting a decision from the conservative rulers in Downing street.

## STEALING OUR CHILDREN

The University of Chicago has just claimed its fiftieth Canadian victim, so it is said. In other words, there are some fifty Canadians now on the staff of that institution. Indeed, the victims who have become entangled in the parlours of this and other United States educational institutions number many hundreds. In fact, almost the only export from Canada on which the United States does not place a high duty is university graduates. They themselves grow quite a crop each year, but the brand is not equal to the Canadian product.

To secure Canadian students, they go so far as to offer bounties. Almost any graduate in good standing in the honour lists may get a cash bounty for moving into United States territory. The Hon. Clifford Sifton could get many pointers from the immigration bureaus of the United States colleges.

I remember distinctly my first meeting with this immigration bureau. The Professor in our department called three of us fourth year men into his room one day and informed us that the University of Columbia had placed two fellowships of $500 each at his disposal. In other words, if one of us cared to pursue a post-graduate course at Columbia, he would receive $500 a year for one, two or three years. One of the three accepted, and is now president of a state university on the Pacific Coast.

Hundreds of our brightest young men have been thus subsidized. Every large university has its roll of captives. One of them, a French-Canadian graduate of McGill, called on his Canadian friends recently. When they asked him how soon he would return permanently, he replied that he was settled in Denver, and did not know that he would care to move again. Canadians observe their bargains unusually well—when the salaries are adequate.

And the kidnapping is not confined to men. They have begun to steal our women graduates! Last summer three young ladies from the University of Toronto won scholarships at Bryn-Mawr College in Pennsylvania. Other instances might be quoted. Thousands of bright Canadian girls are graduates of United States hospitals.

Even Great Britain engages in this gradual annexation of our brains. All the leading graduates in the Royal Military College at Kingston are annually offered a half-dozen or so Imperial commissions.

Some people think that Canada is about the smartest country on earth. They are sadly mistaken. The United States is smarter in one day than Canada in two, and Great Britain has more stability and wisdom than the other two young things in combination.

*John A. Cooper*

# BOOK REVIEWS

## HAULTAIN—THE OBSERVER

MR. ARNOLD HAULTAIN is an observer. He is eminently fitted for his self-chosen work by a fastidious mind and a wide knowledge of literature, pyschology, philosophy and politics. This is a peculiar combination. His father was a Major-General in the British army and his early education was obtained in England, but his university training is Torontonian. He was once a journalist and a most active one. This rough-and-ready work could not satisfy his fastidious mind, though some of his work graced the columns of *The Week*, then Canada's high-class publication. The opportunity came when Professor Goldwin Smith invited him to be his secretary and literary assistant.

This brief summary of his career may help to a clearer appreciation of his "Two Country Walks in Canada,"* in which he embodies his charmingly-phrased observations of Canadian climate, landscape, affairs and people. Perhaps a quotation will explain more clearly:

"It is not a little strange how in this English colony, English customs provoke a stare. Among all but the educated and travelled classes in Canada an Englishman is a foreigner. His speech is matter of merriment, his apparel matter of comment; and not altogether of good-humoured merriment or comment, it seemed to me, but smacking rather of scoff and scorn—a modified, or rather citified, form of the proverbial desire to 'eave 'arf a brick. I am not, of course, I must repeat, speaking of the upper and Anglified classes of the larger towns, by whom, indeed, the newly arrived Englishman is apt to be, by too much petting, spoiled. But certainly among the populace American habits, customs and manners prevail. Canadian slang is American slang. Popular nomenclature and phraseology are American. The college ground is a "campus," the local drill-hall is "the armouries," vans are "expresses"; one never makes haste, one "hurries up"; trains are never punctual, they are "on time"; people "ride in rigs," not drive in carriages . . . . International excursion trips are things of every summer's occurrence; they have trades-unions and associations innumerable in common; younger sons from the smaller land flock for employment to the larger; newspapers, books and magazines from the one cover the booksellers' counters in the other."

Those who have not yet read Mr. Haultain's essays will find him always delightful, a lover of nature, an artist

ARNOLD HAULTAIN

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, 93 pp.

PROFESSOR ADAM SHORTT
OF QUEEN'S, WHO WILL SHORTLY ISSUE A VOLUME ON MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS

in the use of words and phrases, and a most acute observer.

### STRINGER, POET-NOVELIST

Though the opening chapters are somewhat stilted, "The Silver Poppy,"* by Arthur Stringer, is a bit of fiction which should rank high in American literature. The characters at first wince, speak lightly with an undertone of bitterness, flush youthfully, answer conciliatingly, surround themselves with a cuttle-fish cloud of austerity, are decidedly avid of impression and act somewhat deprecatively, yet later they are described more naturally and with less straining after effect. The purpose of the story, if it has a purpose, is twofold: to describe literary conditions in New York, and to show how a person may fall into great sin through at first departing from the path of rectitude by "the littlest, most miserable chance." Cordelia Vaughan is a noted author who cannot write, famous because to her is credited a work which she never wrote. Her false colours, almost unconsciously assumed, wave over her until she is so entangled in the battle of life that she cannot beat a retreat. The plot is unique, the characters are natural if uncommon, and the story is within the bounds of the believable. It is Mr. Stringer's first long story, and is quite worthy of the author of "The Loom of Destiny." Nevertheless one may be pardoned for expressing the hope that his next novel will be more even in its style and exhibit less tendency towards high-sounding phrases and epigrammatic conversations.

*Toronto: William Briggs.

### KIPLING, THE IMPERIALIST

Every Canadian will desire a copy of Kipling's latest poetical collection, entitled "The Five Nations."* It contains the poem written at the passing of the Canadian Preferential Tariff. This poem, known as "Our Lady of the Snows," will no doubt live in Canadian annals:

A nation spoke to a nation.
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

"Carry the word to my sisters—
To the Queens of the East and the South
I have proven faith in the heritage
By more than the word of the mouth.
They that are wise may follow
Ere the world's war-trumpet blows:
But I—I am first in the battle,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

Then we all wish our sons and daughters to read "The Islanders," that fierce warning addressed to the people of Little England:

Then were the judgments loosened; then was your shame revealed,
At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the field.
Yet ye were saved by a remnant (and your land's long-suffering Star),

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, 215 pp., $1.50.

ROBERT BARR

When your strong men cheered in their millions while your striplings went to the war.
Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, unmeet—
Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them raw from the street.

But ye said, "Their valour shall show them," but ye said, "The end is close."
And ye sent them comfits and pictures to help them harry your foes,
And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye flaunted your iron pride,
Ere—ye fawned on the younger nations for the men that could shoot and ride!
Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals.

In this volume there is also "The Truce of the Bear," the story of Adam-zad, the bear that walks like a man; there is that cry to the Anglo-Saxon race to "Take Up the White Man's Burden," thinking not of reward or praise; and then there are a dozen "service songs" which are supposed to exhibit the real thoughts of the Imperial soldier. Finally there is his masterpiece, the "Recessional," written because of the Jubilee of 1897:

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Kipling may be blood-thirsty, slangy, and brutish, but his jingles appeal to the manly in men, to the glorious in women, to the deepest stirrings of the race. He is the Imperial poet—the uncouth giant towering over a thousand lesser brethren.

### BARR, THE STORY-TELLER

With Robert Barr the story is everything. The language he employs contains the words and embodies the style of the average educated man. He seldom gets either above or below the level, although it is said that a story of his which has not passed through the hands of a skilled proof-reader usually contains some ungrammatical constructions and uses of words. Mr. Barr does not care what is in his MS. so long as the story is there. And, further, his stories depend for their glamour and their interest on the development of an incident rather than on the development of a character. Very few of Mr. Barr's characters de-

KATHLEEN BLAKE COLEMAN (KIT)
A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN JOURNALIST AND STORY WRITER

CUTCLIFFE HYNE
AUTHOR OF "MCTODD"

velop or grow. He takes them ready-made and dismisses them before their environment could possibly work any change in their ideas, in their mental poise, or in their spiritual attitude. He is no pyschologist.

The incidents in "Over the Border"* are excellent, much happier and more credible than those in the stories of Conan Doyle or Cutcliffe Hyne. It is a tale of Cromwell's time, opening with the last days of Strafford, his trial and execution. The heroine is Strafford's eldest daughter, and the hero a braw Scot who stands by Scotland and the King.

Canadians have never been greatly enamoured of Barr's books, although usually indulgent towards authors born to Canadian estate. He has never been the vogue. In this country, as in England, an author must indulge in the clubs, five-o'clock teas and velvety public speeches in order to secure the good-will of the aristocracy—and there is a powerful aristocracy in this country. Barr has lived mostly in Detroit and London, and has never sought the friendship of those among whom he was raised. This book, nevertheless, should receive a warm welcome.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. One illustration.

### YOUNG, INDIAN CHRONICLER

Egerton R. Young, a Western missionary, has collected a new series of legends which he has strung loosely together under the title "Algonquin Indian Tales."* They make a large volume which will interest both adults and youth. They explain why the birch bark tree is scarred, why the raccoon has rings on his tail, the origin of mosquitoes, how the bees got their sting, the legend of the swallows, why the kingfisher wears a white collar, how the coyote obtained fur from the interior of the earth, how the Indian first learned how to make maple sugar, the legend of the whisky jack, how the new world was created, why wild rabbits are white in winter, why the marten has a white spot on his breast, how the rattlesnake got his rattle, and the origin of other natural phenomena.

### THOMAS CARLYLE †

It is often humorous to hear the ordinary man on the street and in the club mention Shakespeare, Byron, Carlyle and Dickens with a glib tongue. To reach the citizen who really knows Carlyle, it is usually necessary to hunt up some old scholar, probably a Scot, who can tell you where he lived and what manner of man he was. There are books also that tell of him with a frankness and an insight which the ordinary professor of literature seldom possesses. One of these is a thin illustrated volume by two Englishmen, recently issued in London. There is a Canadian edition available with nearly a half hundred of illustrations, many of them portraits taken at different

*Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, $1.25, illustrated.

†Thomas Carlyle, by Chesterton and Williams. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 75 cents. Illustrated.

periods in the life of this irrational, inconsistent essayist.

## OTHER NOVELISTS

"The Adventures of Gerard,"* a Napoleonic soldier, by A. Conan Doyle, is drawn from military material which, the author says, is "some of it the most human and the most picturesque that I have ever read." Those who have read the "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" will welcome the work without further explanation. It is an historical novel of merit.

Few men will admit that women have any knowledge of politics, and few women claim the distinction of being exceptions. There are some exceptions, especially in England. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler in her latest book, "Place and Power,"† exhibits an intimate acquaintance with the general principles of the game. Her two principal characters are politicians, one becoming Home Secretary and the other Prime Minister. One would stoop to conquer, would compromise to command, was a politician rather than a statesman; the other was the man who did right because it was right and trusted to the final triumph of the good sense of the English electorate. This novel, however, is a failure as a bit of literature. It is didactic, reads like a bright sermon, and inclines to the style of the Sunday school teacher.

There are novels which attract in spite of their glaring faults. Such is "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."‡ It is genuine United States. Some of the sentences will not bear analysis. Many of the phrases are smooth and high-sounding, but meaningless. Much of the grand sentiment in it is mere poppycock. There is a great lack of what the author describes in the following words: "the conscious scorn of a lie, the conscious love of truth and pride in courage, and the conscious reverence for women that make the essence of chivalry." Perhaps in no country in the civilized world is there less chivalry in proportion to other virtues than in the United States.

Yet Mr. Fox has written a bit of Kentucky history with considerable power. The contrasts are clear, even if the colour lies on the canvas in large blots. The mountaineer and the bluegrass gentleman had little in common in the days just before the war. The war worked a change perhaps and the division is less clear than it was. Chas. Burford was a mountain waif who feels to the utmost the hard conditions of the life in which he is reared. Because he has gentle blood in his veins, he breaks away and visits that gentler civilization on the bluegrass plains. It is his story which fills the book, and the part relating to his boyhood is much cleverer and more humorous than the commonplace description of his military manhood.

## HANDSOME EDITIONS

The holiday edition of Bliss Carman's book "The Kinship of Nature"* is dignified and artistic. The cover design in delicate colourings and gilt tracing, the photogravure frontispiece, and the old-style type used in the text combine to give a superior appearance.

The appearance of "The Pensionnaires"† in its book form is worthy of the story. The cover is embellished with a striking design, combining the British and German coats-of-arms, done in white and light green on a dark green background. The type-page is as pretty as any book page of the period and is a credit to the United States publisher—for, of course, few Canadian books are ever set up in Canada, just as few British novels are set up in England. The smart Unitedstateser

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, illustrated.

†Toronto: William Briggs.

‡By John Fox, Jr. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Toronto: William Briggs.

sets the type for Anglo-Saxon literature.

Perhaps the most artistic book of the season is "A Checked Love Affair," by Paul Leicester Ford, issued in the United States by Dodd, Mead & Co., and in Canada by the Copp, Clark Co. Each page is ornamented in delicate colourings, the designs throughout being in the one style. The illustrations, by Harrison Fisher, are printed in imitation of etchings on Japanese vellum. The cover design is not quite as artistic as the interior.

As a presentation book, nothing could excel the large illustrated volume "Old Quebec,"* for which Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Claude Bryan are responsible. The steel plates, photogravures, half-tones and pen-and-ink sketches are of a superior character. The book throughout is of plated paper and contains five hundred large pages. There are five important maps and one hundred other illustrations. It is the equal of, if not superior to, any volume of a Canadian character yet produced. This, of course, would not have been possible were it not that Quebec is a place of world-wide repute, the central scene of several dramas which are embodied in the world's history. For three centuries it has been the key to Canadian territory, and one of the oldest military posts on the continent. Built by the French, it has never lost its mediæval French character, and to-day presents to the visitor a well-preserved picture of civilization as it was in the days of the Great Louis.

Ernest Thompson Seton's books are always artistic, but usually small. The "Two Little Savages"† is larger than usual, but just as dainty as its predecessors. To make it more interesting, it is announced that "the designs for the cover, title-page and general make-up were done by Grace Gallatin Seton," this being the name of Mr. Seton's wife. These drawings are not art in the severe sense of the word, but they are "cute" and well-suited to the purpose of a book which is not stupidly serious. How could the adventures of two boys who lived as Indians in the wild woods be treated seriously?

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 200 Illustrations, 552 pp.

## NOTES

What strikes one most forcibly about those old favourites, "The Boys' Own Annual," "The Girls' Own," "The Sunday at Home" and the "Leisure Hour," is the immense amount of copyrighted, well-printed and well-illustrated material which is sold for a small sum. Each of these annuals must contain as much as fifteen ordinary novels, perhaps more. Fifteen copyright novels would cost more than fifteen dollars, while these annuals sell for only two dollars. Each volume is carefully edited to suit its particular class of readers, and the matter is wholesome as well as interesting—a marked characteristic of all British publications.

A story entitled "In Music's Thrall," by Lilla Nease, a lady residing at Hillier, Ont., is to be published this month by William Briggs.

While out riding early in October, Mrs. Coleman (Kit) had the misfortune to have a fall which broke some of her ribs. She has improved slowly and is now able to be about.

The history of the Central Presbyterian Church, Galt, covering more than half a century, has been written by the present incumbent, Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, Ph.D., and is now in course of issue by William Briggs.

A Canadian edition of "Bubbles We Buy" will be issued shortly, and John Lane will have an English edition early in the year. Miss Jones' reputation is growing.

A Bibliography of Canadian Fiction, compiled by Prof. L. E. Horning, Ph.D., of Victoria University, will shortly be published, under the auspices of the Library Committee of the University, by William Briggs. This will form an admirable companion volume to Mr. James's "Bibliography of Canadian Poetry."

# Idle Moments

"A WORD TO THE WISE"

GENERAL MANAGER HAYS, of the Grand Trunk, is of the opinion that something may be learned from every person one meets. In support of this, he relates an adventure which recently occurred to him. He was travelling alone between two small Canadian towns on a local where there were no Pullmans, and happened to get into a seat, the other half of which was occupied by an old farmer. The verdant one made several overtures at conversation to which Mr. Hays failed to respond very readily.

"Be you goin' fur?" questioned he of the whiskers.

"Not very," was the curt response.

"Where be you goin'?" persisted his interlocutor.

Mr. Hays enlightened him and the other remained silent until the conductor had passed through the car and collected the fares. The General Manager, deep in thought, abstractedly shoved up his pass and the conductor, after glancing at the other occupant of the seat, went on down the aisle.

Suddenly, without any preliminary, the old farmer turned to Mr. Hays.

"See here," he said, "I want to put you on to something. If you had just taken off your hat and coat as I did and looked kind of far away when that feller came through, he wouldn't have asked you for no ticket. That's right," he added, noting a look of incredulity on Mr. Hays' face; "that's right. I've been travelling up and down on this here road for goin' on ten years now and I've never been asked for a cent yet!"

*H. M. J.*

WISDOMETTES

The most popular jewel in the United States at present is the Alverstone.

"Charity covers a multitude of shins," she said, as she gave the tramp her husband's cast-off trousers.

Pride goeth before a call.

If you would keep humble, take stock.

Genius is known by its hair and rejected manuscripts.

The most ancient illuminant is the Israelite.

Modern fiction is of a kind that "he that readeth it *will* run."

*K. M.*

JOKERS, BEWARE

Paragraphic Serf: Well, I'll never spring a joke on a plumber in action again.

Wife: Why not?

P.S.: He has charged me in his bill for the time it took him to figure out the point of the joke I got off on him when he was mending the sink.

ALMOST A GENIUS

Thomson: You say Stimson has a very acute mind.

Johnson: Acute? Why, that man can understand a railway time-table at a glance.

"HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP"

Jinglespur: So you went to school with Aylesworth, did you?

Tody: Indeed I did, and one day he gave me a licking to which I shall be

LITTLE BOY—"It says here, Mamma, that Prehistoric Men wore bird's feathers, and whole skins of animals."

MAMMA—"Well, dear?"

LITTLE BOY (seeing Auntie, a very chilly person, who is so wrapped up in herself)—"Then, Mamma, is Auntie a Prehistoric Woman?"

—*Punch*

able to point with pride for the rest of my days.

■

MODERN METHODS

Assistant: But this new author you have employed knows absolutely nothing of literature.

Great Publisher: That is exactly why I have employed him. He may blunder into originality.

■

WILLING TO COMPROMISE

Jack: I hear that lap-dogs are becoming popular again.

Tom: Well, I am willing to stand for the laps but not for the dogs.

■

HEREDITY

She was only five, but undoubtedly her father's child. She was visiting at grandmother's where auntie was also a ruling spirit.

"Auntie," she said, "did you see anything special about me to-day?"

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Didn't you see my manners?"

"Well, yes; I noticed that you always said 'Yes, thank you,' and 'No, thank you.'"

"Yes, mother has been nagging and nagging at me about my manners, and I thought I'd just turn over a new leaf."

■

UNSPOILED

"Auntie, did you have a nice dinner last night?" said the little girl to the lady who had been dining at the King Edward.

"Yes, dear; a lovely dinner. We had nine courses." What, meat and

"Nine courses! eight puddings?"

■

THE CALL OF THE WEST

Hillson: I see that the West is agitating for autonomy.

Billson: It is simply wonderful how popular the machine is becoming.

■

THE VICTIM IDENTIFIED

May: I met an old friend last evening.

Belle: Who?

May: A fellow I was engaged to three years ago. He proposed again, and I recognized him by his engagement ring.

■

UP TO DATE

Parson: What would you do if you asked for bread and were given a stone?

Broker: I should proceed to discover gold in the stone, promote a mining company, and sell the stock to the people that gave it to me.

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

## BEAUTIFUL STREETS

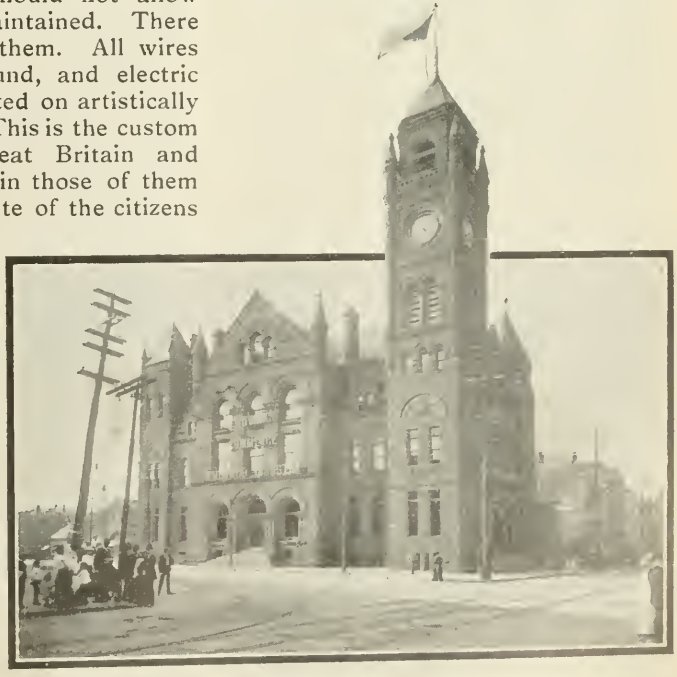
THE streets of Canadian cities are all disfigured with unsightly telegraph and telephone poles and inartistic electric-light poles. This is true even of Toronto, which is said to be a pretty city. The only artistic poles on the streets of Toronto are the neat iron trolley poles erected by the Street Railway. The accompanying picture of the Hamilton City Hall is a good example of a handsome building, the view of which is ruined by unsightly poles.

Canadian cities should not allow these poles to be maintained. There is no necessity for them. All wires should be underground, and electric lights should be erected on artistically curved iron poles. This is the custom in the cities of Great Britain and Europe, or at least, in those of them where the artistic taste of the citizens is powerful enough to prevent keen millionaires from riding roughshod over the civic rights. The rush for the dollar should not cause our cities to be given over entirely to those who would deface them without reason.

The city of Ottawa has a commission which will spend a considerable sum in making that city more worthy of its national importance. The work is progressing favourably and any one interested should read the recent report of Mr. Frederick G. Todd, the landscape artist, who is advising the Commission. Toronto has a Guild of Civic Art which is supposed to possess special knowledge of the methods of keeping a city beautiful, but so far it has wielded little influence.

## LIGHTNING

The accompanying photograph, taken by Mr. T. V. Simpson, of Yorkton,



HAMILTON CITY HALL

SHOWING HOW CITY VIEWS ARE SPOILED BY UGLY TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE POLES

LIGHTNING. YORKTON. JULY 26. 1903. 12 P.M.
Entered according to act of the Parliament of Canada in the year
1903 by T.W.SIMPSON, at the Department of Agriculture

A SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPH OF A LIGHTNING FLASH

N.W.T., is a remarkable and careful piece of work. It was taken at midnight on July 26th, an intensely dark night with no moon. The storm was approaching from the southwest when Mr. Simpson decided he would try for a photograph of a flash of lightning. It happened that the storm was an unusually severe one for that region, which is not really a stormy region. Bright flashes of electricity are not uncommon, however. The camera used was a 5x7 pony premo No. 6. The shutter was opened about 20 seconds before the flash came, and closed immediately after. The lightning struck close at hand, and several telephone poles were split in the vicinity. Otherwise no injury was done.

There is no trace in the photograph of a "ribbon" effect, as seen in some photographs. It is a clear streak of light dividing the atmosphere in a somewhat usual way. Professor Abbé, a United States authority, has claimed that a lightning flash is an oscillatory discharge repeated to and fro within the crack in the air that is opened by the first discharge. Thus a "ribbon" effect is produced. There is no trace of that here.

Another feature of this photograph is the definiteness of the ramifications of the main flash. The smaller flashes branch out very prettily with a general tendency downward.

It will also be noticed that there are no "dark" flashes of lightning in the negative. Many people have found "dark" flashes in their photographs and concluded that there were two kinds of lightning, bright and dark. Even Lord Kelvin secured something of this kind. It has been pretty well proven, however, that dark lightning is a myth, and that the effect on the negative is produced by exposure of the negative during several flashes, the first ones turning "dark" as a result of the continued exposure. There are no traces of "dark" lightning in this photograph, and Mr. Simpson says that he closed his shutter immediately after the flash. This would seem to show that the theory of two lightnings is untenable.

## THE STEEL SITUATION

IT is difficult for a layman to understand the steel situation. The U.S. Steel Co. has been selling rails at $28 which are said to cost not more than $18. This looks like an excellent profit. On the other hand, the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. of Sydney complains of the competition of the U.S. Steel Co. in Canada. The price of steel rails here has not averaged much below the U.S. price, and most of the orders have gone to England and Germany. If this situation is any criterion of other branches of the steel business, it is hard to see on what the Canadian Company bases its complaint.

Supposing the United States Steel Co. did sell lower in Canada than in the United States, there is the tariff and the bounty to offset the low price. Surely the Canadian Company can get along with $10 to $15 per ton advantage.

Because of the "unfair" competition of the U.S. Steel Co., the wages of the employees of the Canadian Company are to be reduced from 10 to 33 per cent. What a splendid compliment to Canadian prosperity!

The real truth of the matter seems to be that a very smart Bostonian, by the name of Whitney, went down to Sydney and built some iron and brick structures of an unusual type, added some tall chimneys and a few smokestacks, painted the whole collection red and sold them (before operation) to some bright Canadians for about twice what they were worth. These bright Canucks have a white elephant on their hands and are at their wits' end to know what to do with it. They have an investment of twenty-five millions on which to pay dividends, and they find it extremely difficult.

## UNITED STATES COMPETITION

On the other hand, it is quite true that many lines of United States goods are now being offered in Canada at lower prices than formerly, owing to the somewhat stagnant conditions which prevail on the other side of the line. The Canadian manufacturers have been predicting this change for some time, and apparently their predictions are coming true. Of course, the free-trade, theoretical economist says the reduction in prices is a good thing; that people will get cheaper goods, and that the net result will not be harmful. This is, however, entirely too complacent. If a dozen Canadian factories were forced to close down, or even to reduce wages, there would be inaugurated a general contraction of business which would speedily affect the country's prosperity.

The stove manufacturers are already complaining. The Canadian duty on stoves is 25 per cent; the United States duty is 40 per cent. The manufacturers would like the duty equalized. This, they claim will prevent United States goods being slaughtered in Canada, while internal competition will keep the prices in this country from becoming abnormal.

In connection with the point, an in-

terview with Mr. C. H. Waterous, of the Waterous Engine Works Co., Brantford, which appeared recently in the Toronto *News*, is worth quoting:

"The body politic is just like the human body. Let a man overeat himself just because he can buy food cheap and he will suffer the consequences. Feed fat one part and starve another, and in the end the whole body will suffer. You can't divorce one part of the national life from another part. Modern commercial and industrial conditions are so knit together that if one line of business suffers the reaction necessarily affects other lines. The producer and the consumer must work hand in hand. If the manufacturer suffers, the employee suffers; the reaction spreads to the wholesaler and the business community, and finally to the agriculturists, whose best customers are the local urban population. It is far better, in the end, to have normal and steady development of all classes in the community than to be subject to times of prosperity and depression, following in the wake of the United States. With the natural and rapid development of Canada bound to occur in the next decade, Canadian manufacturers are in a position to make steady progress, to increase their plants and pay good wages to their workmen, provided they are protected from unfair competition from the States and from England and Germany."

## THE PROFIT ON WHEAT

The Canadian farmer is getting higher prices this year for his grain. On November 14th prices for wheat in store at Fort William were: No. 1 Northern, 78c; No. 2, 76c; No. 3, 72c; No. 4, 63c. As the freight rate from Winnipeg and other Manitoba points to Fort William has fallen from 14 to 11 cents per hundred, the profit to the western farmer must be much greater than last year. The insurance rate at Fort William, however, is too high. The railway companies pay from $\frac{1}{2}$ of one per cent. to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for insurance according to the style of elevator; in turn the railway companies charge the owner of the grain about four per cent. for the same insurance. The railway companies apparently make a fair profit on this item.

## OUR FISHERIES

The *Maritime Merchant* of Halifax is concerned about the future of our fisheries. It points out the value of this industry to the Maritime Provinces. The fisheries of Nova Scotia yield about eight millions a year, and give employment to about thirty thousand persons. There are two essentials, a regularly available bait supply and a quick delivery of fish. More railways and steamships are necessary to supply these essentials and keep the industry stimulated. The Governments at Ottawa and Halifax should seriously consider the situation and do what is necessary.

Another point emphasized by this journal is that the fishermen themselves should be encouraged to greater industry. Some of them are content to labour only four months in the year, when they might work much longer and produce three times as much. Again the methods of catching and curing require modernizing so that the Nova Scotia fish will be invited to the best markets in the world.

If it is right for a government to encourage steel production, butter making, chicken feeding and other kinds of wealth-making, surely it would be right to encourage the fisherman who produces fish. It is a most valuable part of our national industry.

BULL-FIGHTERS ENTERING THE RING

PREPARING FOR FURIOUS SPORT AT MALAGA, SPAIN

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII TORONTO, JANUARY, 1904 No. 3

## SPAIN, AS A CANADIAN SEES IT

*By W. A. R. KERR*

THE first thing with which the traveller entering Spain has to do is the Spanish railway system, and this does not make an unduly favourable impression. My initial experience was with the line operated by the Andalusian Company. This corporation controls most of the transportation business of the southern provinces. They have a monopoly, but are by no means an efficient despotism. Anything much more "go as you please" could hardly be imagined. The trains are billed to start at a certain time, and generally do get away, if not then, at least later on. They are advertised to arrive at a fixed hour and the chances are they will reach their destination, if not then, why subsequently. We left Granada an hour late, but to compensate steamed into Seville an hour early. The main thing was that the train had in each case left its starting point and reached its goal, and had stopped everywhere it could think of along the way. What does time matter anyhow! The Andalusian knows that he has eternity behind him and before him, and what, therefore, is the sense of worrying about a paltry hour!

The general policy "that it makes no difference" affects all sides of the Spanish railways. The carriages are neglected and dirty. In Canada no sooner has a train reached its terminus than it is attacked by an army of sweepers and swabbers. In Spain I have never seen anything that resembled a broom or a sponge near a train. In summer the compartment windows are all kept open and, as southern Spain has practically no rain during the warm season, the amount of dust and grime that accumulates on the coaches and passengers would bear weighing. The speed of the trains is almost incredibly low. The mixed, or local, makes about fifteen miles an hour. The correos, mail trains, run perhaps a little better than twenty miles an hour. It is questionable whether the trains corresponding to our "limiteds," with fares raised fifty per cent., do much over thirty miles

SPAIN—THE BATHING BEACH AT SANTANDER

SPAIN—AN ANDALUSIAN BEAUTY

an hour. In addition the carriages are apt to be crowded, and though there are printed notices regulating the number of passengers for each compartment, no attention is paid, and anybody crushes unceremoniously in. The curves are sharp, the grades steep, the road-bed rough, and the light cars jolt and bang the traveller till he feels little short of a compound of jars.

The Spanish railways do, however, give you a check for your baggage, and while the Iberian porter will put the lid of a trunk out of joint more surely than any of his international brotherhood, still with his check in his pocket the owner of the baggage feels comparatively secure. Absurd as it sounds, it is impossible to check to an intermediate station; a trunk can only go to the place to which the ticket reads, not to any nearer station along the line at which the traveller may temporarily wish to alight. There are curious regulations also about the sale of tickets. The tickets for a certain train can be obtained only during the hour preceding the departure of that particular train. As the officials refuse to check luggage after fifteen minutes before the train leaves, there is always a wildly excited crowd fuming about the ticket office and then rushing pell-mell to look after their baggage. There seems to be no reasonable explanation whatever for these stupid cramping regulations. All said and done, the Spanish railways are slip-shod, slovenly and unbusiness-like, and the service such as would not be tolerated outside of the Peninsula.

The mention of the railways brings up the more general question of transportation in Spain. Everywhere primitive methods are still in use, and are only in a few places beginning to yield before the introduction of modern ideas. In Madrid, where the trolley is in full swing and even the automobile may be seen, the ponderous ox cart still lumbers through the Puerta-del Sol—the central square of the city and the focus of the life of the Spanish capital. In the construction of an asphalt pavement on the Calle de Preciados, just adjacent to the Puerta, the broken stone and cement were moved, not by wheelbarrows, but in little baskets, each of which needed a man to carry it. The waste of labour was only too evident. In the provincial cities the light waggon is almost unknown. Everything is done by pack-

SPAIN—THE ALAMEDA OR PROMENADE AT MALAGA

donkeys. The mention of such a fact is only another proof of the real extravagance and loss entailed, not only by ignorance, but also by the poverty which does not permit of any capital outlay to reduce the cost of production. The farmer brings his vegetables to market slung across a donkey's back; he takes his coke home again on the same long-suffering animal. The man who first applied the epithet "patient" to a donkey must have been in Spain. In Granada I saw a donkey's pack baskets heavily filled; then across the top of this very respectable burden were placed several bags of grain and, aft of all this deckload, there straddled on his hindquarters two thickset Andalusian peasants. The Spanish donkey is a small donkey, but he has a back that nothing can discourage, and legs that thrill under the weight they bear, but do not break. He is the only inhabitant of Spain who really works.

One of the most interesting sides of Spain is the street life in the cities. This is best seen in such open-air Andalusian towns as Malaga, Granada, or Seville. The Spanish city wakens early, at least part of it does, the unfashionable part, the part that bawls its wares from house to house. One of the striking things is the selling of water. It is hard to get used to seeing water dispensed at a penny a glass. It is carried in a capacious earthern vessel, which, supported by one hand, is borne on the shoulder. In the other hand the merchant carries a rack with glasses. Dozens of these men parade the streets and promenades from daylight till far into the night, each roaring with stentorian voice: "Agua, agua, quien quiere agua?"—water, water, who wants water? The fish hawker is another interesting figure. He moves slowly through the narrow streets, his arms akimbo, while suspended from each side is a flat basket full of little shiners. He, too, knows the use of his voice and, pausing at every open door, and every door is open, with brazen lungs proclaims his wares. The streets swarm with peddlers; on every corner you can buy anything from a sausage to a lottery ticket, from a fan to a cheap trunk, from an image of the Virgin to a "novelette for men only."

SPAIN—A PEDDLER OF FISH

However much the peddlers may be in deadly opposition to one another in business, they are united in one thing; and here all the rest of Spain joins with them. What the whole country needs is a good dose of soap and water. How different Spain would look, and smell, after a bath! Water, of course, is scarce. Andalusia gets no rain all summer long. The bed of the river Guadalmedina, which in spring, they say, flows through Malaga, was in July six inches deep in dust. But there can be no excuse on the score of soap. Whoever heard the name Castile who has not heard of soap? But as a citizen of Carabanchel Bajo, a town near Madrid, said to me: "They make soap here, but they don't care much for it; they send it all away." Consequently, when there is no water and all the soap is shipped abroad, the haughty Spaniard cannot be blamed for the highly perfumed condition of his cities.

The lack of organized industries in Spain forces great numbers of the people into all sorts of helter-skelter fashions of making a living. Of peddling I have already spoken. The newsboys are apt to be old men or, more often, women. Hawking the tickets of the national lotteries supplies a great many with precarious bread, but no butter. Hundreds of men in Madrid earn a couple of meals a day as porters, but have to sleep in the streets at night. Another favourite profession of the unskilled toiler is that of the guide. In provincial cities such as Malaga or Granada the stranger is at once recognized, and at every street corner addressed in some barbarian hodge of English or French. It is a good plan to reply in German or, still better, Chinese, if you can command it. A very little goes a long way. When the would-be guide hears the tongue of the Fatherland, a look of disappointment steals over his all too expressive face, and he will probably soon give you up and leave you in peace with your Bædeker.

One of the saddest things in the streets of the Spanish cities is the number of the maimed, the halt and the blind who are left to shift for themselves, calling for alms. Wretched creatures suffering from some hideous deformity thrust their crippled members into the face of the passer-by. The streets swarm with sightless men and women who, with hoarse voice, unceasingly entreat the pedestrian for assistance. Many of these unfortunates strum a guitar and monotonously croon some sentimental song or ballad. In Madrid the spirit of the trust is abroad, and a wideawake individual has gathered together some five or six of the least bad of these blind musicians and turned them into a band, which plays at the busiest hours and corners in the Calle de Alcala and the Carrera San Geronimo. Just how many of the pennies collected by this enterprising impresario stick in his fingers, and just how many go to provide beds and "cocido"—the national dish, made of stewed peas and potatoes—for the "poor blind men," would be an interesting but difficult calculation.

We have all known people whose geese were swans. In Spain there are humbler analogies: the newsboy is an old woman; the horse is a donkey; and,

most striking of all, the cow becomes a goat and sometimes a sheep. Cow's milk is rather scarce in the Peninsula; goat's and sheep's milk takes its place. In fact, the Spaniard will milk anything that comes handy—even a foreigner. In Canada it is not uncommon to see a sign on the side of a dairy waggon which reads: "one cow's milk." It is always a puzzle to understand how the dealer remembers which particular cow supplies which particular customer. Especially you admire the wonderful skill of the milkman, who by just dipping his ladle into the single large can in the front of the cart, can select from the churned up mass inside the one cow's milk. In Granada a different method is employed. The dealer drives his flock of goats through the street. When he comes to a customer's house he stops, the mistress appears, the right goat is driven up to the doorstep and milked in her presence. This procedure may at first sight seem rather primitive, but it has several advantages: it does not make such immense intellectual demands upon the milkman, and, moreover, it insures that the milk will not make the acquaintance of the pump.

SPAIN—SELLING SHEEP'S MILK AT SEVILLE

Curious links with the past are to be met with, even in cosmopolitan Madrid. One day, at a corner three minutes' walk from the Puerta-del Sol, I came upon a man who, illustrating what he said from some rude pictures painted on a banner, was telling the crowd gathered about him a story. Here was a far descendant of the minstrel of the Middle Ages. Beside him at the curb an old peasant was selling fruit from a donkey's pack baskets, just as doubtless his ancestors did five hundred years ago. But half a block distant they were laying an asphalt pavement, and twenty feet away the motorman was impatiently banging the bell of an electric car.

The bull-fight has been described in detail a hundred times already, and there is no need of rehearsing such a well-known scene here. But it is not until one has been in Spain that he appreciates what a hold the "corrida"—as the Spaniards call the fight—has upon the people. Take, for instance, San Sebastian, a fashionable watering-place on the Bay of Biscay. From the tenth to the thirty-first of August, 1902, there were six corridas, at each of which from six to eight bulls were despatched. This means that at the least forty animals were killed in three weeks in that little city for the amuse-

SPAIN—THE COURT OF LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA

ment of the crowd. And it must be remembered that the fall of each bull involves the death—and horridly cruel death—of anywhere from two to twenty horses. As corridas are held regularly and frequently throughout the warm season, not only in such large centres of population as Madrid, Barcelona and Seville, but also in small out-of-the-way towns, it will be seen that the butcher's bill is enormous, and that the blood of hundreds of our slaughtered fellow-creatures cries for vengeance from the ground. There is but little hope apparently of any immediate amelioration of existing conditions. Powerful vested interests have become connected with and dependent upon the maintenance of these barbarous spectacles. A famous "espada"—the individual who gives the bull his finishing touch—is the popular hero of the hour. The newspapers usually devote three or four times as much space to bull-fighting as they do to foreign news. Almost the only game the Spanish boys have is an imitation of the corrida: one youngster wears a wicker bull's head and rushes at his companions, who thrust red rags in his face. Moreover the bull-fight is an institution indigenous to the soil, and unquestionably is an expression of one side—if a bad side, still a side—of the national character. It must not be left unsaid that there are many Spaniards who never patronize the corrida, who do not approve of it. Anything that is done to remedy the present position must be done slowly. It will take many years to educate public opinion and awaken the conscience of people. There are two forces at work which are moving in the right direction. The Spanish Humane Society is endeavouring to have a law passed which would make the use of the horse illegal. If this could be done a very severe blow would be dealt at the existence of the corrida. Not only would it do away with the most brutal part of the performance, but it would remove a large part of the interest. For the presence of the horse is the luxury of bull-fighting, and the connoisseur esteems a bull according to

GIBRALTAR, THE SOUTHERN GATE-WAY TO SPAIN

the numbers of horses he kills. The second hopeful sign is the personal dislike of the young King for the corrida. The head of the Spanish monarchy cannot afford to mince matters if his popularity is at stake, for the name of Bourbon is not a word to conjure with in the Peninsula, and both the army and political parties are only too ready for intrigue, while Catalonia is half the time wriggling under the spurred heel of martial law. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the boy King refused to attend a bull-fight which was got up in honour of his visit to Oviedo, and bravely ventured to publicly state that he did not care for that sort of spectacle. To the credit of many of the citizens be it said, that while they condemned the King for not patronizing the national "sport," they admired the lad for his pluck. If, then, the horse could be eliminated, and society, through the royal example, were forced to withdraw its countenance, both the attraction, and a large part of the profits would be destroyed, and there might be some hope of Spain's seeing the bull-fight join the Inquisition and her colonial empire as written pages of her history.

Like the Latin in general, the Spaniard is intensely fond of the street. He loves to live, not in the seclusion and privacy of his own home, but in the public square. As long as the weather permits—and, in Andalusia, that is nearly all the year round—when evening comes the wife places her chair in the road, sets her feet on the curb, gossips with her next-door neighbour and lulls her child to sleep. Her husband meanwhile is off in some café drinking beer and discussing "the situation" with an energy of gesticulation and passion of interest which he would never think of devoting to his work.

In Spain the toiler's motto, apparently, is not live to work, but work to live. With this as his guiding star, the Madrileño works with his eye on

AT THE MADRID FAIR—"FIGS, SEÑOR"

the clock, and as soon as the hour strikes he is away to the café or the paseo. It is astonishing how little actual toil is really necessary to keep things going. The civil servants are only required to put in about two hours a day. In summer they report at their offices in the morning; in the winter in the afternoon. It is a positive fact that many Government employees, who possess influence, go to their desks only once a month, and that time to sign the receipts for their salaries. As the Spanish administration, like that of France, is a highly centralized affair there is an immense number of officials in Madrid. The city, moreover, is the seat of the court, the rendezvous of society and the favourite residence of the wealthy. There is, consequently, a large class who have little to do but amuse themselves, and the result is that the street life of Madrid is not only varied and interesting, but unusually brilliant.

In the afternoon the crowd congregates in the Puerta-del Sol, and as evening draws on a dense stream of pedestrians, well dressed and shabby, of handsomely uniformed young army officers, of fashionable carriages, pours down the Calle de Alcala, rounds the Ministerio de la Guerra and the Plaza de Castelar, and turns up to air itself in the fine Paseo de los Recoletos and the extension of the latter, the Paseo de la Castellana.

For an hour, till darkness begins, the passing show goes on. No place or time gives a better opportunity to observe the Spaniard in one of his most characteristic and natural moods. In stature he is a good deal shorter than the Saxon. His hair is nearly always black and his complexion dark. The little boys are curiously delicate looking. They are generally dressed somewhat effeminately, and have an oddly girlish, exotic appearance. The figures of the young men of the upper classes strike one as being slight, puny and undeveloped. This is probably owing to the absence of all athletic games. The men of maturer years, who have filled out, if not with muscle, at least with flesh, and whose cheeks have taken on that full-blooded, rich red-brown tint which we are accustomed to associate with the Spaniard, look much more healthy, robust and virile. The elderly man, however, is not nearly so pleasant to meet as his younger contemporary. He is frequently extremely wrinkled; his weight has left him over early; his step for his years is too unsteady.

But if we feel the man to be foreign, in even greater degree is the woman. She is noticeably shorter than her Canadian sister, and very much more inclined to stoutness—which, however, the Spaniard looks upon as an attraction. What strikes the stranger most, I think, is the lack of individuality, the sameness of expression which pervades all the faces. This may partly, perhaps, be explained by the almost universal use of powder, which gives, of course, the same artificial inanity of

complexion to all alike. But still the reason for this doll-like resemblance lies beyond the power of cosmetics satisfactorily to explain. It is much more probably due to the fact that the education of women is as yet only in its infancy in Spain. She is still the plaything of her husband; her eyes still contain that mixture of innocence and duplicity which looks out from the portraits of the women of five hundred years ago. In dress the Spanish lady has only one peculiarity, and even that is said to be giving way. She clings to the picturesque "mantilla," the black lace shawl she drapes so gracefully over head and shoulders. It is usually very becoming and the señora never looks better than when her dark eyes sparkle from beneath her mantilla. As regards going about alone, the Spanish girl is said to enjoy more freedom than she did some years ago, but it is still a rare thing to see a maid unattended by her chaperon in the street, and it would be quite impermissible for her to appear in the Paseo without an escort.

SPAIN—A GRANADA CHESTNUT GIRL

As darkness gathers the crowd of strollers begins to desert the Paseo and turns back again to the Puerta, where the cafés are now in full blast. The tables set out on the sidewalk are always the most thronged. The waiters—those pale-faced cosmopolitan beings with the ill-fitting black clothes, tired eyes, and uncertain tips—flit about from chair to chair; the loungers sip wine and talk with a waste of energy that rivals the Frenchman's. Even in the finest and most luxurious cafés the crowd is highly democratic and assorted. At one table a colonel of artillery is chatting with a well-known politician in top hat and frock coat; at the next, easily recognizable by the little pigtail tucked up under their wide-brimmed felt hats, sit a couple of bull-fighters, and just beside these worthies a pair of artizans in soiled linen smocks and heavy cloth caps are discussing a bottle of native beer. Everybody is watching everybody else, every tongue is going, everyone is smoking.

In Spain the men all use tobacco. They begin as boys and stick to it loyally through life. Practically the only thing smoked is the cigarette. It is somewhat curiously made. The leaf is not cut into strips, but is chopped up fine, and it requires quite an amount of skill to keep the whole contents of the cigarette from spilling out. The tobacco, the manufacture of which is a government monopoly, is very dark in colour and extremely strong. Everybody smokes, on all occasions, at all places—the policeman on his beat serenely pulls at his cigarette, the motorman on the trolley puffs as he turns on the power, the clerk in the fashionable shop flicks away the ash as he pulls down a web of silk. It is a libel on the Spanish lady to say, however, that she, too, indulges in the weed. There appears to be no more ground for the general accusation

than there is in any other country.

Spain, both town and country, is very well policed. In the cities the uniform of the constable closely resembles that of the infantry soldier. He is dressed in black and wears a high stiff cap with a peak. He is armed with revolver and sword. His physique is not strikingly good, and this may perhaps partially explain the fact that on what seems to the foreigner very slight provocation his blade leaves its scabbard. The rural districts are kept in order by the Civil Guard, the finest body of men to be seen in Spain, and a corps of whose efficiency any nation might be proud. Every railway train carries a detachment of the Guardia Civil. They have made brigandage a thing of the past. In addition to revolver and sword they carry the famous "mauser." The Civil Guard have very wide discretionary powers as to the use of their weapons, and Spaniards themselves think their methods too ruthless and severe. But much may be forgiven them, for they have to keep in order a half-loyal and unindustrious population. Their spotless uniforms, stalwart soldierly figures, and their serious faces are a pleasure to see and a unique thing in decadent Spain.

A Spanish newspaper is a curious production. Even those of the capital —and Madrid is a city of half a million inhabitants—are tiny affairs of four pages, printed usually on very good paper. The science of the "make-up" is not yet known, and the editorial column is still in the embryonic stage. As to their matter, the news is generally—with the exception of the Madrid *Imparcial*—entirely confined to Spain. The Peninsula itself is pretty well covered. The visitor from abroad is mainly inclined to criticize the crude condition in which the news is presented. There is but little or no attempt to work up into any kind of literary form the telegrams received from the provinces. The Spanish dailies, in fact, present rather the raw materials from which the journalist of other lands makes his newspaper.

And now a word about the people themselves, as you meet them more intimately. There are no two ways about it, they are genuinely kind. A question put by a stranger on the street will meet with not only a polite, but a painstaking reply. The Spanish at home cannot do enough for you. They have still, many of them, that old-fashioned, well-meant interest in their guests which induces them to urge him again and again and again to eat more, and to feel hurt if he does not, even though to do so were a physical impossibility. The fact is, that if he does not watch, they will kill him with kindness. While the middle-class Spaniard is by no means a boor in his manners, the knowledge of strict table etiquette has not got so far down as it has in some other countries. The uses of the knife and the fork are, for example, not very carefully distinguished. While the food is always plentiful and generally very good, and the cooking tasteful, the serving and eating of it are apt to be a little reckless.

The stranger coming to Spain will find the little inconveniences, on which I have dwelt too much, look as nothing when he compares them with the vast interests which lie about him. Spain is the tomb of an empire which once ruled from the China seas to the Caribbean. If any nation ever was poor but proud, it is she. Though it cost her her life blood to do it, she lodges the world-famous artists of the Golden Age in the magnificent Prado Museum, and worthily maintains her splendid churches. All her greatness is but a history, but that history has left imperishable monuments on her soil. The Romans' bridges and aqueducts still stand. The Arab has been driven back to the African deserts, but the Alhambra is here. Mysticism may have vanished long ago from her religion, but the cathedral of Seville breathes it to-day. Charles V has centuries since passed into dust, but his memorials are cherished in Madrid. In Spain Cervantes and Calderon, Murillo and Velasquez lived and died, and their work remains.

# MR. NATHANIEL SNYDER

## A SMUGGLING STORY

*By ROBERT DAWSON RUDOLF*

THE had been a happy party on this trip; the weather had been all that could be desired and the company had been congenial. Hence, when the coming on board of the pilot evidenced that the voyage was nearly over, it cast a gloom over the whole ship. This gloom was deepened by an announcement on the notice-board that passengers would kindly fill in the forms which would be found in the saloon, stating what, if any, dutiable goods they had with them. Now, there is no doubt about it, people, who would not think of stealing a postage stamp or a pin and who would explain that the principle was the same whether one took a cent or a gold watch, will not hesitate to smuggle much more valuable things than these through the customs.

I have known a respectable and conscientious old lady go ashore with a pound of tobacco in her muff (and that after she had sworn in writing that she had nothing dutiable to declare) and yet, had she been accused of dishonesty, she would have been very indignant.

We *all* had something of this kind, and yet, from the respected and elderly clergyman, who had yesterday preached such an excellent sermon on "honesty in detail," to myself, who had certainly a diamond bracelet for my wife, not to mention a suit of clothes which my brother had asked me to bring out, we all signed those forms, one after the other, stating that we had nothing of a dutiable nature. Now, hardened criminals do not mind a little perjury on occasion, I believe, but *we* were, we felt, honest folk and moreover the uncomfortable knowledge existed that, in spite of our statements, our baggage would be searched all the same. Hence it was that our consciences were ill at ease and our spirits were depressed, not so much because we had done wrong, but, what was worse, because the feeling existed that *we might be found out.*

Among the passengers was a man who was the living image of Mr. Punch's pictures of "Uncle Sam." Tall, with a thin yellow face terminating in a goatee beard, and speaking with a twang which spelt New England. He was the type of Yankee whom novelists and caricaturists have made common, but whom one seldom meets in the flesh. The modern United States commercial traveller, the man one sees in the smoking room of a Pullman car, or who calls upon us and in aggressive style tries to mesmerise or terrorise us into purchasing what we do not want, is rotund and clean shaven with voluble manner. Later on, when he has made his "pile," he will tone down in style, increase in waist, and if his pile runs into millions will probably be dyspeptic.

But to return, our fellow passenger was of the goatee type. His name was Nathaniel Snyder and he told us that he "crossed the pond, sir, every Spring and Fall in the interests of a real live firm of dental instrument makers." He was a good sort, in spite of his cadaverous appearance, and played a game of poker with a finished skill that all of us envied and most of us regretted. It was a treat to watch "Uncle Sam" (for of course we christened him that the first day out) bluffing. His wiry visage and leather-like skin gave one no index of his mind, and he could win with almost any hand.

Snyder came on board at Liverpool wearing a tall white hat, which was so conspicuous that some ragged urchins

on the stage made rude remarks about it. As was very natural in so tried a traveller, he made himself very much at home on board, and in the smoking room filled in the time between games of cards with story telling.

We reached our port of destination after breakfast one morning, and Mr. Snyder came on deck wearing his tall white hat, and was the most conspicuous member of the crowd that went ashore to have its baggage examined in the customs shed.

I had no trouble there, but nevertheless heaved a sigh of relief when my trunks received the magic chalk mark which conferred on them the freedom of the United States. I had the diamond bracelet for my wife safe in an inner pocket, and thought with joy how pleased she would be with it—doubly so because it had come in free of duty.

Snyder was standing next to me. The officers seemed to know him and he coolly returned their greeting. He had a cabin trunk and a hand bag ("grip" as he called it), and these the officials seemed to pounce on with avidity. They emptied *everything* out. Not so much as a cake of soap escaped their scrutiny, and they rapped and felt every article, as a physican might examine a patient's chest to find the reason for a cough. The while Snyder stood there with his eyes twinkling and his "poker" face impassive. Next they asked him in no very polite terms to step into an inner room and there evidently searched his person, and in a few minutes out he came, angry now and threatening all sorts of vengeance for the insults heaped upon him.

The scene was becoming interesting, and a ring of spectators formed round the officers and their victim. "Well, gentlemen," the cadaverous and indignant American was saying, "I reckon you've searched me pretty thoroughly, and ain't found so much as a darned seegar." The officials looked confused. It was quite evident that they were acting under orders from some higher authority, who had reason for suspecting the so-called Snyder, and yet what more could they do? Suddenly one of them, a sharp, Sherlock Holmes type of individual, looked very clever, and said, "I guess we'll trouble you to let us see that hat." Of course, the hat. Why didn't they think of that before? Snyder, looking murder, took it off and handed it to the officials, who felt it over and tapped and shook it, but all to no avail. No false top or sides or brim were there, and they handed it back again, looking quite baffled.

"Well, gentlemen, if you've *quite* done dissecting me and my belongings, perhaps you won't mind if I *de*part." They could only consent.

Snyder had locked his trunk and bag, and had shaken hands with his fellow-passengers, when he seemed to become aware that he had forgotten something: "his umbrella," he said, as he hurried up the gangway on board again. In half a minute he was back flourishing the forgotten article. He was all smiles now, and actually poked the sharp-looking individual in the ribs with it, and jokingly asked him if he would not like to examine it too. Here was bluffing carried a little too far it seemed, for the man, whose pride was still sore, said "yes," and he and his comrades opened that umbrella and examined it inside and out with the greatest care, evidently quite expecting that they would find the diamonds that they knew (as we afterwards heard) Snyder was smuggling somehow. But nothing came of the search, and Snyder went off triumphant and sarcastic, and the last thing we saw of him, as he went up the street in an open carriage, was his conspicuous white hat, which he waved to us in farewell until he turned a corner and disappeared.

A few minutes of leave-taking, and I departed for the best hotel in the town, intent on the luxury of having a thorough grooming, and then my first meal ashore—always a treat however good the catering on board ship may have been. My train left later in the day for the West, so I had a few hours to

spare. The captain of our ship joined me at luncheon, and from him I learnt the sequel of the tale just related.

It seems that Snyder, as he called himself, *was* a smuggler, and was known to have gone on board at Liverpool with a large number of diamonds. He "declared" nothing, and the question to be solved by the Customs authorities was where he had hidden the gems. For some reason or other they did not suspect him of having an accomplice, and in this respect they were quite right.

Snyder had no accomplice, but took those diamonds ashore himself. This was how the facts came out. The steward in going around the cabins, after the passengers had all left, found a tall white hat in Snyder's room. He immediately hurried ashore with it, thinking, no doubt, of the large tip that would be his reward for restoring it to its owner. Some of the passengers and the officials were still there, and they recognized the hat quite well, but all knew that Snyder had waved just such a hat to them as he drove away half an hour before. Evidently there had been *two* hats exactly alike. Snyder had come ashore in the one now in the steward's possession, and had had it examined by the alert officials. He had then gone on board again for his umbrella, and changing hats, had left in a second one containing the diamonds. If the officials had insisted on again examining his hat, then they would have made the find of their lives, but then they didn't!

I heard later that Snyder called for his hat the next day at the lost baggage office of the company. He was very pleasant, left a tip for the careful steward, and said in parting that he was glad to have the hat, as it was his best.

I wonder how he will get his next lot of diamonds through the Customs! No doubt the officers of that department are wondering the same.

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# THE SILENT PLACES

BY ALICE D. BAUKHAGE

IN the north country where the great hills lie
  Wrapt not in sleep, but knowledge infinite,
Where lakes are still and brooding, and the sky
  Falls like a veil between our faith and sight;

Where mighty hemlocks marching rank on rank
  Forever troop uncaptained up the crest,
Then pause as if affrightedly they shrank
  From unknown dangers, and with dread oppresed;

Where rivers glide unheralded along,
  And stretch their marshy sedges into meres;
Where birds infrequent trill a low-voiced song
  Of cloistered moonlight and the source of tears.

Into this country it is joy to flee,
  Unhanding tasks and slipping loose from strife,
From the world's burdens all unbent and free
  Save that dear sorrow which is half of life.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

BY COURTESY OF THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, NEW YORK

# CANADA AND THE CHAMBERLAIN MOVEMENT

*By HON. J. W. LONGLEY, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia*

IN 1897 the Government of Canada, in framing the new tariff, which a change of Government seemed to render necessary, provided that a preference of 25% be granted to goods of any country where the customs tariff admits the products of Canada on terms which, on the whole, are as favourable to Canada as the terms of the reciprocal tariff therein referred to are to the countries to which it may apply. This was unquestionably intended to apply to Great Britain, which admits the chief products of Canada free. Difficulties arose, however, in the case of Germany and Belgium, because treaties were outstanding between Great Britain and those countries in which the favoured nation clause seemed to apply not only to Great Britain, but to all her possessions. As there was no intention on the part of the Government of Canada to apply a preference to those two countries, influence was brought to bear upon the Imperial Government to denounce the treaties with Germany and Belgium, and this was achieved. Then the 25% preference granted was applied to Great Britain and subsequently raised to 33⅓%. This was done rightly or wrongly, as an act of grace and favour, and was so announced by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other members of the Dominion Government, its chief aim being to demonstrate to the British people the appreciation which Canada had of the value of their policy of free trade to our industrial life and, probably, as a token of goodwill to the old country for its generous treatment and protecting power.

The Government of Canada was attacked by its political opponents for having granted a preference without exacting a similar consideration in return, but this did not appeal especially to the people of Canada; and, if tokens had been forthcoming that this preference had been of large, instead of moderate advantage to the British producer, no question probably would have arisen in Canada as to its continuance, unless, indeed, it had ultimately proved to be dangerous to the manufacturing industries of this country.

Germany took means of discriminating against Canada in retaliation for Canada's action in having the treaty denounced. This seemed to cause some trouble to the public men of Great Britain, inasmuch as it was perfectly manifest that, with the tariff policy now existing in Great Britain, no means of resenting any injury to Canada is available, but probably the necessity for this was exaggerated in Great Britain, inasmuch as Canada was quite content to fight her own battles and paddle her own canoe in respect of Germany or any other country with which she was doing business.

For some time past the sentiment has been growing in certain quarters in Great Britain that it would be necessary for that country to make some change in its fiscal policy. Unquestionably the adoption of free trade in 1846 was a wise move so far as Great Britain was concerned and resulted in an enormous increase in the industry, commerce and wealth of that country; and it continued to be a wise policy, notwithstanding that it bore little fruit in modifying the fiscal policy of other great nations with which Great Britain was in competition. But fiscal legislation is always a matter of immediate expediency. It is idle to talk of its being based upon any deep-seated permanent principle, and conditions have arisen in late years which have induced many excellent persons in Great Britain to believe that it would be as wise now

for Great Britain to regulate its trade and industry by tariff enactments as it was sixty years ago by tariff repeals. Like all new propaganda this commercial heresy received scarcely any support from either of the great political parties, and it continued to pay the penalty of a new idea which orthodoxy rejected. A new idea, however, has a certainty of success if it is founded upon a sound principle, and the proposition of Great Britain imposing duties against the rest of the world, wherever it suited the industrial conditions of that country to do so, ceased to be an idle theory and became a practical question when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the most powerful personality in British politics, announced last spring at a great public meeting his conviction that such a policy was necessary, not only from the point of view of Great Britain, but, also, on account of the obligations which the Mother Country owed to her rapidly growing colonial dominions. When this radical and far-reaching statement was made, Mr. Chamberlain was a member and a most conspicuous member of the Government. Such a statement could not have been made unless it had the sanction of the Prime Minister, and the event shows that the sanction of the Prime Minister it had.

Thereupon ensued a great political controversy throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and the fiscal question became the great overshadowing question of the hour. It was inevitable that this proposition should have a disturbing and disrupting effect upon English parties. The Tory party of Great Britain contained men who had deep-seated convictions that free trade was the only true political economy, and these men would be disposed to desert Mr. Balfour the very moment that he declared his conviction that it was necessary that Great Britain should inaugurate a fiscal policy which would give her the means of self-defence against the exactions of competing countries—in other words, give her the means of fiscal negotiation on even terms. Probably it was to avoid this defection that Mr. Chamberlain subsequently tendered his resignation in the hope that Mr. Balfour, being free from the obloquy of the chief champion of fiscal heterodoxy, might retain the Duke of Devonshire and other men of moderate views. This, however, proved delusive, and Mr. Balfour stands now with some of the ablest men of his own party actively against his fiscal policy, and without the moral support from within, of the ablest champion of that policy itself.

Looked at from the standpoint of the casual observer, Mr. Chamberlain's resignation would seem to have been a mistake. Mr. Balfour, with Mr. Chamberlain by his side, could have constituted a very formidable administration, even with the Duke of Devonshire, Sir M. Hicks-Beach and Mr. Ritchie absent; but Mr. Balfour, minus Devonshire and the others, and minus Mr. Chamberlain, stands at the head of an administration which appeals in no very large degree to the respect and confidence of the nation.

Mr. Chamberlain's only difference with the Premier was in respect of the application of the new fiscal policy to the Colonies. Mr. Balfour said in effect: "I am in favour of so changing the fiscal policy of England that we shall have at our command means to fight and means to negotiate;" in other words, he wanted a tariff which would suit at the present moment what he conceived to be the needs of Great Britain itself. Mr. Chamberlain said, in fact: "I support this proposition, but I also wish the tariff to include a moderate duty upon food stuffs, etc., by the agency of which we can give a preference to all our colonial possessions." The ordinary onlooker would say that Mr. Chamberlain might very well have stood in with the Premier to accomplish the first of these two propositions, and, having achieved that enormous step, it would have been time enough to have extended the policy in such a way as to have achieved the special object that Mr. Chamberlain has in view. However, they have separated, but unquestion-

ably, the whole weight and power of Mr. Chamberlain's great campaign will inure for the benefit of the Government, and the contest is practically between Mr. Balfour and the Government, plus Mr. Chamberlain on the one hand, and the Liberal party, plus the free trade Tories and Unionists on the other. If the free traders win, Mr. Balfour's government goes down; but Mr. Chamberlain remains the leading figure of the new fiscal propaganda, and if, as the result of time and discussion it should ultimately win, Mr. Chamberlain, if alive, must be the logical man to form and control the administration constituted to put it into operation. If, on the other hand, at the next great election contest the Government should be sustained on this issue, the victory will unquestionably be Mr. Chamberlain's, and it is difficult to see how it is possible for him to escape the responsibility of taking Mr. Balfour's place as the head of the administration.

The chief concern of Canada is to determine what particular interest we have in this burning controversy. It is almost certain that our interest in this new propaganda is greatly overestimated by Mr. Chamberlain and his friends in Great Britain. Canada would, of course, profit by having the preference, which we have already granted to Great Britain, reciprocated by a preference in our favour upon wheat and other great national products. All would be glad to see the preference made mutual, *provided always* that the preference was not carried to such an extent as would in any way jeopardise the growing manufacturing industries of Canada.

But it is nevertheless entirely accurate to say that the Canadian people are not, as a body, profoundly worried over the question as to whether Great Britain should grant a preference to our food stuffs or not; as long as we can enter the English market upon equal terms with other nations, we can very well rely upon our natural resources and the industry and skill of our people to secure us a large measure of the trade of Great Britain.

Mixed up inevitably with this question of the fiscal policy is the general question of the exact political relationship which shall ultimately exist between Great Britain and such a large country as Canada. Mr. Chamberlain and his friends may be under the impression that the adoption of the fiscal policy, which will confer special benefits upon the colonial dominions, will have a tendency to make closer the bonds which bind the Colonial dominions to the Empire, and even pave the way to contributions for the support of the Army and Navy.

It is, of course, impossible to speak with accuracy as to what course Australia, South Africa, and other British dominions will adopt, but it is possible to form something like an accurate judgment of what the Canadian people are likely to do, and this brings us to the discussion of the crucial point which calls for frank discussion. The Canadian people give every outward token of devoted loyalty to the Empire. "God Save the King" is sung as loudly here as in any part of His Majesty's wide dominions. When the South African war was in progress a wave of enthusiastic devotion seemed to sweep over the country, and men and materials were sent forward with alacrity and enthusiasm. Whenever Englishmen visit this country they are amazed at the tokens of loyalty which are made manifest under all conditions and upon all occasions, and the inference is at once drawn that Canada is ripe for Imperial Federation, and that it only needs a gentle suggestion from Great Britain to produce a genuine union of resources and an unlimited Federal pact.

This is the superficial view. It is not the real one, and there should be frank treatment of a matter of so much moment. There is on the part of the majority of the Canadian people the kindest possible feeling towards Great Britain, the greatest admiration of the policy of the Empire, and the most generous devotion to the person and high office of His Majesty the King;

but, at the same time, there is no intention on the part of the Canadian people to contribute to the support of the Army and Navy, nor to enter into any compact of Imperial Federation, nor to give up one particle of the fiscal and political independence which has been enjoyed for more than thirty years, and the tendency of which is rather a drifting apart than a drifting together.

Scarcely anyone in Canada favours political union with the United States. Comparatively few openly support political independence, and still fewer favour Imperial Federation. The great mass of the people, and the politicians at the head of them, are disposed to pursue the policy of shutting their eyes and drifting, and few of the statesmen of Canada care to take the responsibility of looking the problem of our future destiny in the face and of advocating a definite policy of any kind. Everybody is loyal, everyone is for the Empire, but scarcely any are prepared to carry their loyalty to the extent of taxing themselves for Imperial purposes, or to surrender a single iota of their existing control of their own affairs.

It would be well, therefore, for British statesmen, when they are seeking to mould the fiscal policy of that country, to consider the interests of their own people and worry as little as possible over the interests of Canada. Of course no part of their policy should be based upon narrow principles, nor should the interests of their great and growing possessions beyond the sea be ignored, but, nevertheless, as fiscal legislation is usually pure business and not sentiment, the wisest course the British statesmen can take is to frame their fiscal policy, for the most part, to suit the needs of the United Kingdom. Depend upon it that the Canadian tariff will be framed to suit the Canadians. Preference to Great Britain was granted because it was acceptable to the Canadian people. When it ceases to be acceptable to the Canadian people it will be repealed, and no preference that Great Britain can give to Canadian products will, if I apprehend the situation rightly, lead to any such preference upon our part as will jeopardize the Canadian manufacturing industry, which the great body of the Canadian people are determined, at all hazards, to uphold and maintain.

One word more. It is time that the leaders of public opinion in Canada should discard an ignoble temerity and offer some fair solution of our ultimate position in or out of the Empire. Immature judgment or hasty action is not desirable; nor, on the other hand, is a cowardly shirking of the issue manly or wise. Existing conditions obviously cannot be permanent, and many regard them as neither spirited nor honourable. The time has come when a clear understanding should be had with Great Britain as to our future relations, and it is possible that the policy of drift may be carried to a point where misunderstanding may breed distrust and lack of frankness lead ultimately to a condition in which it is possible that friendship may be supplanted by ill-will and centuries of good-will culminate in recrimination and angry severance.

# PROFESSOR ASHLEY AND THE TARIFF PROBLEM*

*Reviewed by J. M. McEVOY*

NEVER is it an easy task to give a just idea of the power of any book within the space of a magazine article. The difficulty is greater in the case of a book presenting closely reasoned arguments with considerable tables of figures, several diagrams and numerous citations from other writers.

In the following account of Professor Ashley's book it is only attempted to give a general impression of the argument and result of the author's work.

At the outset he says:

"To place the industry of this country (Great Britain) on a secure basis, and at the same time to consolidate the British Empire, is a task not yet beyond the power of a bold and constructive statesmanship. The gradual creation of a system of Imperial inter-dependence will, indeed, be the work of a generation; and it will be an exceedingly delicate and difficult business. What we have now to do is to soberly set our faces in the right direction, and to trust to the common sense and mutual forbearance of the British peoples. That there are great risks to run in doing anything is only an argument for those who do not recognize that there are greater risks in doing nothing."

His first work is a consideration of State control of industry and commerce in general, examining to some extent the history of its removal and restoration in Great Britain.

It is pointed out that the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 marked the culmination in England of a current of public opinion of far wider range than fiscal policy, and that it was the most signal triumph of the movement towards the removal of restraint—towards what the friends of the movement call the system of "Natural Liberty." The movement had a very large measure of justification. The old system of governmental regulation of trade by tariffs and industry by various customs and laws had certainly got out of touch with the urgent needs of the time and the Repeal of the Corn Laws may well be regarded as inevitable and salutary. Yet, it is to be regretted that the legislators of the time saw only one side of the problem with which they had to deal. They believed in a social philosophy which had for its foundation and principal doctrine the idea that nature (speaking broadly) in sociological matters, did all things well if left alone. This notion was even given a Theistic trend by Adam Smith and his disciples in that it was claimed that the directing hand of Providence had planted in man such instincts and desires as led him to conduct himself in his industrial and commercial actions, under the guidance of competition, in such manner as to work out the best advantages for the community in which he lived. Working out this doctrine, practically all tariff and other regulations affecting industry were swept away by the repeal of the Corn Laws and cognate legislation.

Yet since these tariffs and other hampering regulations were abolished the nation has been forced to adopt other restraints. The regulation of labour, for example, is probably as much in conflict with the foundation principle upon which those seeking the repeal of the Corn Laws based their arguments, as tariff regulations are. Nevertheless, there has grown up State control of industry even more complicated than that in existence before the doctrine of "The Natural Organization of Society" obtained control of the political mind of Great Britain.

* The Tariff Problem, by Professor W. J. Ashley. London: S. P. King & Son. Professor Ashley was formerly connected with the University of Toronto, then with Harvard, and is now in the University of Birmingham.

The author's contention goes to this: the doctrine of "The Natural Organization of Society" is broken in upon by factory and much other legislation; men are not left to the control of instinct and competition, but are restrained by Statute in many directions, and this by common and almost unanimous consent; they are not left free under competition and the guidance of instinct to employ children and women in certain employments; to leave their machinery unfenced or otherwise dangerous, to employ labourers for more than a given number of hours in any week; to have their premises as healthy or unhealthy as they think profitable, nor to do many other things that they might deem in their interest and of assistance to them in competing with others, domestic or foreign, in their respective trades. It follows then, that the doctrine of "natural liberty" is not infallible and that each case for restraint, or no restraint, must be examined upon its merits to find whether perchance it meets the doctrine at a fallible point. Restraint by tariff is one case for fair consideration upon the surrounding circumstances. But no advantage can be claimed by those desiring tariff restraint nor by those desiring no tariff restraint on account of a supposed "natural law" that all restraint is harmful.

The author has given a more convincing and perspicuous statement than one has heretofore seen for showing the importance of "time" and "stage of development" in considering tariff regulations.

A powerful part of the author's argument is where he shows how much of the propaganda of the free trade movement was originally based upon an appeal, not to theory, but to the facts and conditions surrounding Great Britain at the time, taken in connection with his exposition of the absolutely changed facts and conditions now surrounding her.

The danger of "doing nothing" at the present juncture is made apparent by a table shewing that the value of exported British produce and manufactures has been almost stationary between 1872 and 1899. If the per capita export is considered, there is a falling-off of 12 per cent. during this period, and if the increase in the population of the commercial world is considered, Great Britain occupies a vastly different relative position, as a commercial power, at the close of the period to what she did at the opening.

A careful and instructive analysis is given of the leading export trades of Great Britain, shewing their alarming diminution; figures are given for the cotton, iron and steel, woollen, worsted, linen, jute and cutlery trades. The enormous increase that has occurred in these trades in foreign quarters, and where it was not expected, is pointed out. Two powerful assistants to this diffusion of manufacturing industry over the world are exhibited. First, is the profit-seeking tendency of capital looking for the most profitable spot to start an industry. It is further pointed out that protection in some countries has aided this tendency. We have an example at home. The Deering Company have been forced by our Canadian tariff to build a plant, which it is announced will employ 7,000 persons, inside the protected area for the production of agricultural machinery. But for the tariff their advantage would certainly have been to make at Chicago for the Canadian trade, as they have done heretofore. In this case many of the more skilled workmen will doubtless be brought to the new factory. The United States will lose not only capital and skilled labour, but will no doubt teach skill to a rival. The second assistant at work in the diffusing of manufacturing over the world is the increased use of automatic machinery. This surmounts the difficulty arising from the non-transferability of labour. It enables manufacturers to do most complicated and technical work with comparatively unskilled and dull-witted employees. Natives, who would not perhaps for generations be able to do the nice operations formerly required in most important British trades, become sufficient, with the aid of these

improved automatic machines and a few overseers.

Prof. Ashley's forecast of the future is not reassuring. He points out the advantages, as far as cheapness is concerned, accruing from manufacturing in larger quantities as compared with manufacturing in smaller quantities, and calls attention to the fact that the United States in size and population is larger than Great Britain, and therefore has a larger home market, which warrants larger industrial concerns. The United States, too, as a country has gone further than Great Britain in the organization of trusts in her industries. This, with tariff protection, enables the American manufacturers to keep up the domestic prices high enough to make good profits on their investments by the *home trade*, leaving them free to compete for *export trade* with their surplus goods alone—goods which they can afford to sell at cost, or even at a loss, better than they can afford to disorganize their home market with a glut of goods, or to close their plants until the demand equals the supply.

His exposition of the new economic conditions that have arisen since such immense amounts of capital have become tied up as "fixed capital," is particularly fortunate. He puts in a strong light the advantages which may fall to a protected country in trades where large sums are invested in them in such a way as makes these sums not liquid capital but "fixed capital."

It has been pointed out more than once that the trade theories of Smith and his followers are theoretically based upon the idea that capital is absolutely fluid and that labour is absolutely transferable. But one has not before seen attention so well directed to the effects wrought upon this theory by the great changes in the conditions of industry since the theory was propounded. Under modern conditions the major part of the capital invested in many industries is "fixed" not fluid, — flowing easily from one trade to another—but absolutely "fixed" in machinery, plant and premises that practically must be worn out on the spot or abandoned. This change works strange effects upon prices—especially export prices. A manufacturer whose capital is so fixed can better afford to continue to operate his plant, provided he can sell his product for enough to pay a slight margin over wages and the cost of raw materials, than he can afford to close it and make no margin. It is true that such prices provide no interest on fixed capital, and no allowance for replacing worn-out plant, but neither would closing up his plant provide these. By closing his plant, moreover, his employees become dispersed, his machinery deteriorated, and the hope of making reasonable profits when the market recovers, is gone. What happens is that American and other foreign protected concerns control the domestic output by means of trusts. They fix prices to give themselves good profits on capital invested, wages, freights, raw material and incidental expenses, together with an allowance for deterioration of plant. They produce and sell in the home market what it is willing to take at such prices. Then arises the question, what to do with "plant" and "fixed capital" the remainder of the year? What is to be done to keep employees in hand to recommence operations at the proper time? Imagine this capital flowing into another business and this labour transferring itself to another trade! The solution to this problem which the business world in protected countries has found is this: sell the surplus in foreign markets; get all you can for it; if you can't get enough to pay dividends on fixed capital, get enough to pay wages, freight, cost of raw material and repairs of plant; and if you can't get wages, freight, raw materials and repairs, get a little margin over the cost of raw material, wages and freight, because a greater loss is made, by allowing plant to stand still two or three months, through the dispersing of labour, the rusting of machinery and the general disorganization of produc-

tion, than the wear on the machinery amounts to for that time. Besides, the dividends and repairs have to be paid in any case to keep the concern in condition to supply the home market; if even a small part of these dividends and repairs are earned by producing for export trade, that is so much extra profit for the manufacturer, or so much towards reducing the price at which the manufacturer can afford to supply the home market. In Germany this position is fully recognized. By agreement among manufacturers the concerns which export are paid a bonus by those who sell in the home market, in order to equalize the profits of foreign trade with those of home trade. The difference in prices for export trade, and those for home market brought about by those conditions are surprising. German rails were sold at home for 115 marks per ton, abroad at 85 marks; wire tacks at home for 250 marks per ton, abroad at 140 marks, and during the last period of depression in the United States certain lines of American goods were sold in Great Britain for from 32 to 84 per cent. less than they were sold at in the United States at the same moment. This would not be a serious matter so long as the proportion of goods thrown upon the British market was small in comparison with the whole consumption. But when it is considered that Great Britain is practically the only great commercial nation to whom these goods can be sold—she alone receiving such imports free of duty—it becomes apparent that she is the purchaser of the surplus—of the made-below-cost, goods of the world. If it were not for the tariff of foreign countries British manufacturers could play the same game as her rivals are now playing. But with all foreign markets closed by tariff to Great Britain, and with the British market open to tide the foreign manufacturers over every depression of trade—over every over-stocking of his own market, and last, but not least, open as a constant market for all the goods the foreigner cares to make without return on fixed capital, but a return on wages, freight and raw materials alone with some margin, it is apparent that the British manufacturer has not a fair chance for his life. Cheap goods, of course, are desired by the British people, but it is obvious that this abnormal cheap-goods-condition is only possible while Great Britain keeps up within herself a high standard of manufacturing efficiency. Once allow her trades to be crippled and the foreigner will promptly raise the prices enough to more than compensate for the former low prices. But Great Britain desires, and must have, more than cheap goods. She must, to exist as a great nation, make goods for foreigners—if not for the great nations that have already embarked upon a career of exporting manufactured goods, then for those nations that have not yet entered upon that career. And if she is to compete successfully for the trade with these nations she must not be suffered by her legislators to be put at any disadvantage. It is said that her own domestic market (the basis of her whole trade) is now made so insecure by existing conditions as to endanger her great trades; and Trade Returns seem to justify the statement.

From an analysis of the trades in which, during the last twenty years, there has been an increased export (coal, clay, spirits, apparel and slops, pickles, jams and codiments, oil and floor cloths, caoutchouc manufactures, soap, furniture and upholstered wares and cordage and twine) taken in connection with the diminishing export of the great staple trades, Professor Ashley concludes that Great Britain, under existing forces, will develop a poorer class of labour, and will suffer the loss of her material-supplying industries:

"We shall more and more rapidly exhaust our resources of coal, and we shall devote ourselves more and more to those industries which flourish on cheap labor. More and more of our capital will be invested in those manufactures which flourish abroad. London and a few other cities will become even larger agglomerations of labouring population. The

rest of England will remain an agreeable place of residence, will flourish on the "Tourist Industry," and the history of Holland with some new features will have been repeated."

The means of escape from the impending condition, it is said, is found in the policy of widening the basis upon which British industry reposes. British industry is too great for the available market under existing conditions. "England's need is a policy of imperial consolidation and self-sufficiency. It will be necessary to have recourse to temporary defensive tariffs to preserve our industries and to tide over the transition from an island State to a real Empire." Attention is called to the German coal and metallurgical syndicates, with their fixing of domestic prices and bonusing of exported goods and to the American Trust, with its absolute control of production and fixing of domestic and export prices. It would seem that their putting into Britain of cheap goods is done deliberately as an "economic" attack by Germans and Americans. They are using an "economic" weapon from behind the battlement of a tariff wall. They are using it with destructive effect upon British industry, and will continue to do so as long as Great Britain refuses to put up a defensive tariff. The author thinks the tariff should be temporary, and, to be most effective, should not be created by enacting a schedule of import duties, but by giving the Executive Government, by Statute, power to lay on and take off, duties as the needs of the economic battle shall require. In this connection the need for better and further information about the condition of various industries at home and abroad is admitted. To meet this need a bureau of more or less trained economists is suggested, whose business would be to furnish such information. This is to some extent following German example.

The other idea to be kept in mind in working out a schedule of tariff rates, is to attempt to broaden the basis for the economic well-being of the empire. The broadening is to be effected by the securing, if possible, all the markets in the British colonies and dependencies. It is hoped that a tariff can be arranged which would give such advantages to the Colonies, by means of a preferential admission of certain of their products to the British market, as would enable the colonies to make such substantial preference in their tariffs in favour of British manufactures of certain kinds, as would secure to Great Britain the great bulk of colonial trade, and to the colonies a market both British and inter-colonial.

The now well-worn statement that the over-sea trade of Great Britain amounts to eight million dollars per annum, of which six million dollars is with foreign countries and only two millions with British possessions, is dealt with in a striking way, and useful inferences are drawn. It is shewn, for example, that even under existing circumstances, the trade with the colonies is much steadier than the trade with foreign countries. The percentage of trade with foreigners in depressed times, whether the depression be from what are known as "hard times" or from other misfortunes, falls off more than does colonial trade; and colonial trade does not grow with the same rapidity as foreign trade does in particularly prosperous years. It is also pointed out that the per capita purchases of colonials is much larger, as a rule, than the per capita purchases of foreigners; and it is contended that an increase of colonial trade does not necessarily mean a decrease of foreign trade. In any event, to stand still at this point only means the allowing of foreign trade to slip away from Great Britain without securing anything to take its place. The rapid increase of colonial population in the Canadian wheat fields is looked for, and is based upon the recent influx of population into these districts. There are eleven millions of white colonials now, with a prospect of their being doubled within a reasonably short time.

The question, which seems to be a crucial one with the author, is whether for adequate reciprocal concession, on

the part of Great Britain, the colonies would be willing to abstain, for a time, from entering upon such branches of manufacture as they have not yet undertaken? If put in this way one would say that Canadians would not agree to abstain. It is thought, however, that the problem would not be worked out by a direct answer to the question propounded. There are at present spread over the vast territory of the Dominion such quantities of natural wealth, available for the mere taking possession thereof, that our population can reap greater rewards by reducing to possession large quantities of this raw material than they could by devoting themselves to new lines of manufacturing. And from this consideration they would abstain. If Canadians could be convinced that a crisis in British industry is at hand, their aid in finding a solution for the difficulty would be easily secured. The real task is to convince them that there is a crisis, and no more effective way of convincing them will be readily found than is provided in Prof. Ashley's book. His career here will secure for it a most sympathetic and open-minded consideration.

A chapter is devoted to a consideration of the results which would follow the imposition of a duty of 2s. 6d. a quarter on wheat entering Great Britain. It is asserted that the old free trade doctrine which was that the whole of this duty would be paid by the consumer is not correct. Nor is the protection theory, that foreigners who import into Great Britain would pay the whole of this duty, correct. The duty is paid in whole, or in part, by the one party or the other, according to the condition of the market. If the importing country takes such a large proportion of the total product as to regulate, on that account, the world's price for the product in question, then experience shows that the seller's need to get into the market causes him to pay the greater part of the duty.

Great Britain, so far as the wheat market is concerned, is the great consumer of the world, and the world's price of wheat is fixed by the market price in Great Britain. So long as this continues to be the case those who desire to sell wheat in the British market will, no doubt, be obliged to pay a large part of the duty, and under the existing circumstances Professor Ashley believes that a duty of 2s. 6d. per quarter on wheat would probably cause a rise in price to the consumer in England of 1s. 6d.

From figures cited it is shewn that between 5s. and 7s. of a rise per quarter in the price of wheat results in a rise of half a penny in the price of the quartern loaf; and from this it is contended that the great mass of the British working-people would be effected very slightly, if at all, by the imposition of such a duty. It is also pointed out that bread is not now nearly so important an item in the total food of the Englishman as it was fifty years ago. Besides, wages are much better, and wheat is much cheaper. Moreover, if any serious effect upon the cost of food to the British people is found as a result of this slight duty upon wheat, the amount could be easily recouped to them by the removal, or partial removal, of the present duty upon tea, sugar, tobacco, currants, raisins, coffee and cocoa.

In conclusion Professor Ashley has produced a very able and compact book, replete with accurate information, forcible argument and well-weighed conclusions, and one that Canadians will study with much profit to themselves and, let us hope, to the Empire.

# MR. GLADSTONE AND IMPERIALISM

*By HERMAN W. MARCUS*

IN an article entitled "Imperialists of To-day and To-morrow," in the August issue of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Mr. Gladstone was described as an "anti-Imperialist," although the passage, cited from one of the Midlothian speeches in illustration of his views, by no means bore out this description, amounting, as it did, to nothing more than a declaration that an Empire already embracing about a fourth of the entire human race was sufficient to gratify any reasonable ambition. This is a view which, it is needless to remark, may be held with perfect consistency by the strongest upholder of the Empire as it is, and, in point of fact, has never been more forcibly expressed than by no less eminent an Imperialist as Lord Rosebery.

Exception having been taken to the accuracy of such a characterization of the late illustrious leader of English Liberalism by the present writer, he has been courteously invited by the Editor to state a case in favour of a contrary view, and he has gladly taken up the challenge since, in his opinion, "anti-Imperialism" can only be attributed to Mr. Gladstone upon an erroneous reading of that statesman's career, and through a mistaken conception of what "Imperialism" denotes. Now, Imperialism is of two kinds—the false and the true—between which it is necessary to draw a clear distinction. With regard to the type of Imperialism which is specially associated with the name of Lord Beaconsfield—a policy of foreign intervention and of military aggression such as is popularly termed "jingoism"—undoubtedly to this Mr. Gladstone was determinedly hostile. He "hated the name, and hated the thing." He brought the entire resources of his tempestuous energy to bear upon the task of opposing it, and in the end he completely overthrew it. In doing so he enjoyed the unwavering support of Lord Rosebery, himself the leading pioneer of the modern Imperialist movement before Mr. Chamberlain was even heard of in that connexion, who, in a remarkable speech delivered at the National Liberal Club luncheon to the Colonial Prime Ministers in 1897, repudiated the Beaconsfield Imperialism as being "solely European and Asiatic, and not, as the new Imperialism is, also American, African and Australian."

On the other hand, in the course of that very Midlothian campaign which he waged against the Imperialism of aggression, Mr. Gladstone affirmed his own adhesion to the widely different type of Imperialism which aims at the promotion of national consolidation and unity, in a noble peroration which must ever hold a prominent place in any treasury of English eloquence.

"I believe that we are all united—indeed, it would be most unnatural if we were not—in a fond attachment, perhaps in something of a proud attachment, to the country to which we belong—to this great Empire, which has committed to it a trust and a function given from Providence as special and as remarkable as ever was entrusted to any portion of the family of man. Gentlemen, when I speak of that trust and that function, I feel that words fail me. I cannot tell you what I think of the nobleness of the inheritance that has descended upon us, of the sacredness of the duty of maintaining it. I will not condescend to make it a part of controversial politics. It is a part of my being, of my flesh and blood, of my heart and soul. For those ends I have laboured through my youth and manhood till my hairs are grey. In that faith and practice I have lived; in that faith and practice I will die."

Indeed, the Midlothian speeches, if impartially examined, will be found a very storehouse of Imperialist utterances of the highest order. Take, for instance, Mr. Gladstone's definition of his attitude towards the "Manchester School," the economic and political doctrines of which are apt to be confounded, although no necessary connexion exists between them. He said:

"There is an allegation abroad that what is called the 'Manchester School' is to rule the destinies of this country if the Liberals come into power. I will endeavour to tell you a portion of the truth upon that subject. What is called the Manchester School has never ruled the foreign policy of this country —never during a Conservative Government, and never especially during a Liberal Government.... However deplorable wars may be, they are among the necessities of our condition; and there are times when justice, when faith, when the welfare of mankind, require a man not to shrink from the responsibility of undertaking them. And if you undertake war, so also you are often obliged to undertake measures which may lead to war."

Now, whilst the foregoing passage is the very antithesis of jingoism, it is at the same time instinct with the spirit of true Imperialism, or else I do not know what true Imperialism is. The "Little England" view is entirely absent. Neither does it obtain any recognition among those principles of foreign policy which were enunciated by Mr. Gladstone in his third Midlothian speech on 27th November, 1879. There were six in number, viz.:

(1) To foster and preserve the strength of the Empire by just legislation and economy at home;

(2) To preserve peace;

(3) To maintain the Concert of Europe;

(4) To avoid needless engagements;

(5) To acknowledge the equal rights of all nations;

(6) The love of freedom.

Foreign policy, however, represents, of course, only one aspect of Imperialism. A statesman's claim to be regarded as a true Imperialist must also stand the test of his attitude towards the outlying British dominions. In the case of Mr. Gladstone, the Midlothian speeches once more furnish convincing evidence that he occupied strong ground. Referring to the national tendency towards expansions, to the dangers and responsibilities connected with which he was fully alive, he nevertheless said:

"There is a continual tendency on the part of enterprising people to overstep the limits of the Empire, and not only to carry their trade there, but to form settlements in other countries beyond the sphere of a regularly organised Government, and there to construct a civil government of their own. Let the Government adopt, with mathematical rigour if you like, an opposition to annexation, and what does it effect? It does nothing to check that tendency—that perhaps irresistible tendency—of British enterprise to carry your commerce, and to carry the range and area beyond the limits of your sovereignty. . . . There the thing is, and you cannot repress it. *Wherever your subjects go, if they are in pursuit of objects not unlawful, you must afford them all the protection which your power enables them to give.*"

The words printed in italics were destined to have a future application which the orator could not foresee. They constitute the most conclusive justification of British policy in South Africa prior to the recent war that any reasonable man could desire, and in addition they provide an effective refutation of the view that the invasion and annexation of the Transvaal was a reversal of Mr. Gladstone's own policy in 1881, instead of the logical enforcement of it. The prime mistake committed by his Administration of that day was not the act of retrocession, but the previous declaration that the admitted blunder of the existing annexation of the country could not be reversed. Good policy demanded the undoing of that blunder, and ultimately this course was taken in reliance upon assurances which the British Government was advised were

satisfactory, that equal rights would be extended to British and Dutch alike in the restored territory. In view of the flagrant violation of these pledges which ensued, the subsequent British intervention and retribution which befell was not only a vindication of Mr. Gladstone's own settlement, but was fully sanctioned by the principle laid down by himself in his Midlothian speech.

Numerous instances may be given of Mr. Gladstone's enlightened views in relation to Colonial policy, which, although familiar to students of Colonial history, have received scant general recognition. His few months' tenure of the Colonial Secretaryship, which by a curious accident coincided with his temporary exclusion from Parliament, by no means represented his sole connexion with Colonial affairs. The very first office held by him was the Under-Secretaryship, shortly after quitting which he showed his continued interest and his bent of mind by securing for Lower Canada the right of being heard at the Bar of the House of Commons by its agent, Mr. Roebuck, M.P., in opposition to the Canada Bill in 1838. In the course of his speech Mr. Gladstone contended that it was impossible to retain possession of a British colony without the free consent of the inhabitants. In the following year he again figured as champion of Colonial liberty by opposing the Government Bill for the suspension of the Jamaica Constitution. In after years he was a strong supporter of Sir William Molesworth in his vigorous criticism of the reactionary and anti-Imperialist Colonial policy of Lord John Russell and Earl Grey, besides taking part in the opposition to the defective Australian Government Bill of 1850, and publicly acknowledged his indebtedness to Molesworth's speeches and policy, whilst Molesworth himself suggested Mr. Gladstone as a member of the small Royal Commission on the Colonies, the appointment of which he advocated in 1849. Indeed, had Molesworth's own career not been cut so untimely short, the combined influence of these two distinguished contemporaries might have altered the entire course of British Colonial policy by infusing into it that spirit of "sane Imperialism" which was then so greatly lacking. Gladstone, however, as another eminent Colonial reformer, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, whose views he had supported on the New Zealand Committee in 1840, had recognized with regret, was destined to become almost entirely absorbed in the vortex of domestic politics. Yet even during his last term of office as Prime Minister he had an opportunity of showing that his interest in Colonial affairs was undiminished. It fell to his lot to receive the deputation from the Imperial Federation League which on 13th of April, 1893, laid before him as the head of the Government the report of a Special Committee, containing a definite proposal for an Imperial Council of Defence in response to an invitation emanating from Lord Salisbury, his predecessor in office. As might have been foreseen, Mr. Gladstone had no option but to declare the proposal, in making which the hands of the League had actually been forced by Lord Salisbury, who had declined all responsibility when himself approached by a deputation, both premature and in view of the existing political situation at home as well as in the Colonies, inopportune. At the same time his tone was thoroughly sympathetic. He referred to his own former interest in and connexion with Colonial affairs, and after declaring that "the maintenance of the unity of the Empire and the consolidation of that union is an object dear to us all," added: "And, moreover, we accompany that sentiment with an admission that the existing organization is not perfect, that it is conceivable that it might be made more perfect, and that attempts towards making it more perfect are to be approached for consideration with prepossessions in their favour, and a sincere desire that they may be found to discover practical means for their establishment." In conclusion he laid

stress on the importance of ascertaining the views of the Colonies in advance with regard to the proposal.

Some reference to Mr. Gladstone's dealing with Egypt will probably be looked for in a paper dealing with his record as an Imperialist. Space, however, requires that it shall be brief. I have no intention of attempting a defence of the vacillations which, owing to divided counsels, characterised the policy of his Administration in this respect. But the fact remains that it was Mr. Gladstone, and no other, who laid the foundations of British influence in that country, which the course of events have since made permanent, and which has redounded to the credit of British policy. Partisan attempts have been made to saddle Mr. Gladstone with personal responsibility for the fall of Khartoum and the tragic death of the heroic Gordon. Yet it is well known that Mr. Gladstone himself doubted the expediency of Gordon's ill-fated mission, although he actually assented to the decision to send him, which was taken by the ministers at the time in London, Mr. Gladstone himself being then at Hawarden. Whilst the accusation that Gordon was abandoned is refuted by the fact that a powerful relief expedition was eventually despatched, which only failed of success through treachery. Moreover, the attacks of those who unwarrantably hold Mr. Gladstone personally responsible for the delay, are in reality levelled at the present Duke of Devonshire, then Secretary for War, who was responsible for the military preparations, and at Mr. Chamberlain, who is understood to have strongly opposed the expedition, although it is not the intention of the present writer to impute culpability to either of them any more than to their chief.

Enough has, I think, been written above to dispel the illusion sedulously propagated in the past by unscrupulous partisans that Mr. Gladstone was indifferent to the prosperity and renown of the Empire, of which he was one of the most distinguished sons, or that he, than whom few Englishmen have shown a stronger sense of legitimate national pride, was imbued with the taint of cosmopolitanism. But, in conclusion, let the departed statesman be heard speaking for himself in words in which the note of true Imperialism rings loud and clear:

"I care not whether it be language of intimidation, language of censure, language of flattery; to one and all I am absolutely deaf. No foreign Press, no foreign declamation, be it what it may, should induce us to deviate one inch from the path which is a path of regard—steady, unflinching regard—to the interests of our own Empire; and above all, which is a path of undeviating respect for its duty and its honour."

# The PLAYERS

By THEODORE ROBERTS

THEY played together in the silent room,
The shaded candles scarcely broke the gloom.

Outside—the stars, the scent of sleeping trees;
Red roses, and the thunder of spent seas.

Inside, fear-stricken, still I watched the game,
Not knowing either player by his name.

I bent above them, holding my weak breath,
And wondered if my guests were Life and Death:

And one looked up, who felt my dread surmise,
And my poor strength ran out before his eyes.

His comrade dealt the cards, but kept his head
Low held, and blinked upon the black and red.

Outside—the starlight, and the garden-balms,
And the thin whispering of the seaward palms.

My garden smelled of roses, and the moon
Lit the straight surf beyond the still lagoon,

And all was clean, and soft, and passing sweet
With cool of trade-wind, and with garden heat.

All night they played. The low stars swung from sight.
I watched the players' faces, bent and white.

Then of a sudden from the garden came
One whom I know by loyal heart and name;

One who might turn the frozen North for me
Into all joy beside my tropic sea;

One who might send me far to any land
And bring me back, boy-eager, to her hand.

At her sweet entrance dawn filled all the room,
And golden laughter touched the heavy gloom,

And soft I felt upon my fevered lips
The dew-cool wonder of her finger tips.

"See, dear," she laughed, "the cards tost all about,
The Players gone, the candles sputtered out!
You thought them fearful gods of Destiny
That were but memories of pain and doubt!"

# SIR HENRY IRVING AND DANTE

*By J. E. WEBBER*

THE Grand Old Man of the English Stage is now making another, and probably his last, tour of America. Unless vitality beyond the portion of ordinary humans is meted out to him, his retirement to private life also must soon follow. And with his passing will go, too, the particular school of dramatic art which he has brought into existence. That he has created a school of acting can hardly be questioned; and while this school may be, and is, the subject of criticism in the light of modern stage development, it has had a vogue beyond its own generation into the present through the genius of its wonderful exponent.

On his present tour Sir Henry has brought his new play, "Dante," but this has not added to his reputation in any wise, nor, we fear, to the financial results of his visit. He is still sought in his favourite roles, and in these his hold, at any rate on the American public, has not in the least relaxed. For his closing week (I am speaking now of New York) he gave his repertoire, "Louis XI," "Merchant of Venice," "The Story of Waterloo" and "The Bells," and if there was any doubt of his great popularity during the Dante performance, it was easily dissipated in that last week when ovations, that must have warmed the old actor's heart, greeted him at every curtain.

It is, therefore, difficult to choose from these his most popular role. His great reputation, as you know, began with "Matthias" in "The Bells," and it sometimes seems as though this characterization had made the most permanent impression on theatre-goers. And yet his "Shylock" drew the largest houses, a fact which ought to give joy to those who are jealous of Shakespearean prestige in America at this moment.

Shylock is certainly a most finished performance, but if one must choose his greatest, the writer would be inclined to name Louis XI as his best claim to posterity. The characterisation of this crafty, hypocritical, cruel, sardonic King seems to absorb all his own mannerisms and stage tricks (for these are inevitable) and justifies more than any other his title to the greatest tragedian of the Anglo-Saxon Stage.

As the critics have said, Sardou's Dante is, at best, only patchwork, the theme being slender, where there is any, and the action at times almost flat. It only survives, by sheer force of this actor's great personality.

Irving's "make-up" to Dante is perfection, the personal resemblance nearly absolute, and, in spite of the theatrical, melodramatic character which the playwright has cast the poet, he is able to suggest in himself something of the spirituality and mystic qualities of the Dante of our imagination and our history, and at the same time to purify some qualities in which the Frenchman has seen fit to clothe the character. Dante is there body and soul, you might say, in spite of Sardou.

The play opens with Dante in exile in the sorrows of later life, and in that we have the French view-point at once. Beatrice is there only in vision, and a not very amiable spirit at that, while the human, alleged love of the maturer Dante for Pia, the wife of Nello Della Pietra, he finds a more attractive theme than the earlier and less material love of Dante's youth. It is of such simple, commonplace elements that a domestic tragedy is woven round the great poet. But in the translator's and the actor's hands this passion, too, is spiritualised and has the mark of divinity on its forehead. Dante's abstract right you dare not question.

But the love of the piece, the love that strikes the deepest, richest chord is Dante's love for his and Pia's daughter, Gemma. The scene in which the

With kind wishes from Henry Irving.
1903.

SIR HENRY IRVING

SIR HENRY IRVING AS DANTE

excommunicant returns to Florence after ten years of exile and reveals his father's feeling for his daughter, while concealing his identity from her, is the most affecting thing one could hope to witness. Even the stoutest heart has to give way to the pure, sweet, intoxicating flow of emotion in that scene. Dante in all the ungratified hunger of a father's love, sobbing and holding his daughter's hands in his, seems the most pathetic moment in the whole universe of emotion.

The "vision" is a fine bit of scenic effect, in which full justice is done to Catholic Theology in the Middle Ages. Perhaps it is too realistic, too materialistic for present day appreciation. Concrete spirits do not impress us—our subtlety is beyond that point, and we prefer them in the ideal, where they belong. Besides, the ground is still somewhat controversial, so that we may not even accord them the same classic reverence that we yield to the capers of more ancient mythological divinities.

The last scene, in which Dante triumphs over the stricken cardinal and secures the pardon and happiness of Gemma and her betrothed, is a powerful piece of acting indeed, and the

audience becomes Middle-Aged enough for the moment to rejoice in its righteous vindictiveness.

The mounting throughout is superb, nothing lacks that in this day. In fact, the progress of late in stage accessory and mechanical appliance, leads one to reflect whether stage development is not monopolizing attention to the neglect sometimes of the Art for which it was brought into being. An appreciation of real dramatic art can only be retained, we think, by a reaction of some kind against the grossness of this modern stage.

And Irving is one of the actors whose art needs no such trifling adornment, and public taste for once might be allowed go hang.

The world in general and the stage in particular owes an eternal debt to this actor, whose traditions of Art have always been of the highest and most excellent. Just what effect the genius and effort of one such man has had in modifying and directing stage history cannot, of course, be measured. It must be considerable, and that he has kept legitimate drama to the front and held it there, with the valour of an Arthurian legend, through storm and stress and, what is worse, the rising tide of so much that is decadent in literature and drama, is the best tribute to his greatness.

His vitality is still marvellous, and with the exception of an occasional tremor in the voice that tells of age, he seems to have lost none of the power he showed in his last visit. Long may he live, this Prince of Actors and most lovable of men!

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## TO THE OLD YEAR

BY VIRNA SHEARD

A TOAST to thee, O dear old year!
While the last moments fly,
A toast to thy fair memory,
We'll hold the glasses high
And bid thee many a fond farewell—
As thou art passing by.

A toast to those who reaped success
In this sweet year of grace;
A toast to every one of them,
Come give the victors place—
Come ring them in with right goodwill
These winners of the race.

And one toast more—to those who *failed*
Wherever they may be;
With faces white they fought the fight
But missed the victory.
Remember them—the ones who strove
On land and on the sea.

Fair dreams to thee—O gray old year!
Thy workingtime is done;
No more for thee the silver moon
Or golden noontide Sun.
O sad old year—O glad old year—
We'll know no better one.

THE FAMOUS METAPEDIA VALLEY, NEW BRUNSWICK

RESTIGOUCHE FISHING CLUB BUILDINGS IN FOREGROUND—PHOTO BY NOTMAN

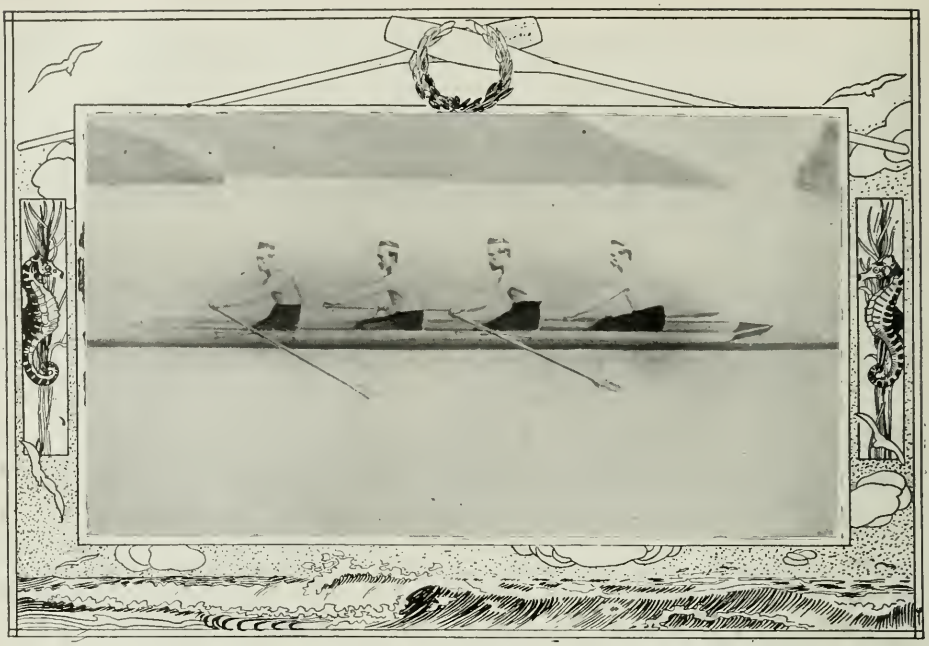
# AN AQUATIC REMINISCENCE

BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.

IT is not the intention of the present writer to write from the beginning the history of the Paris crew, a quartette of oarsmen who, a quarter of a century ago, achieved a sweep in aquatic circles which made New Brunswick famous on two continents. The story of its career, however, would afford an interesting chapter in the annals of International rowing. The crew gained its name for its triumphs at the French capital in 1867, on the Seine, when it defeated, with apparent ease, all competitors in the series of races organized by the Regatta Committee of the great Exposition. Robert Fulton, stroke; George Price, bow; Elijah Ross, aft-midship, and Samuel Hutton, fore-midship, wearing their laurels, modestly returned to St. John, N.B., the heroes of the hour and the idols of the people. Their next great race was with the Ward Brothers, of Springfield, Mass., on the 21st October, 1868, whom they defeated without difficulty also. At Lachine, Quebec, however, in the memorable International encounter in 1870, this hitherto invincible crew met its Waterloo, at the hands of a crew composed of English watermen from the banks of the Tyne. The course was six miles, with a turn. The Canadians were over-confident. They were heavily backed by their friends. But, apparently, they were no match for Renforth, Winship, Martin and Taylor, then in their prime, who won with ease in 40 minutes, 59½ seconds. Though somewhat crestfallen at their defeat, they plucked up sufficient courage to challenge the Tynesiders to another bout, to take place in the following year on the Kennebecasis, one of the loveliest streams in the Province of New Brunswick, and the scene of many a hotly contested match.

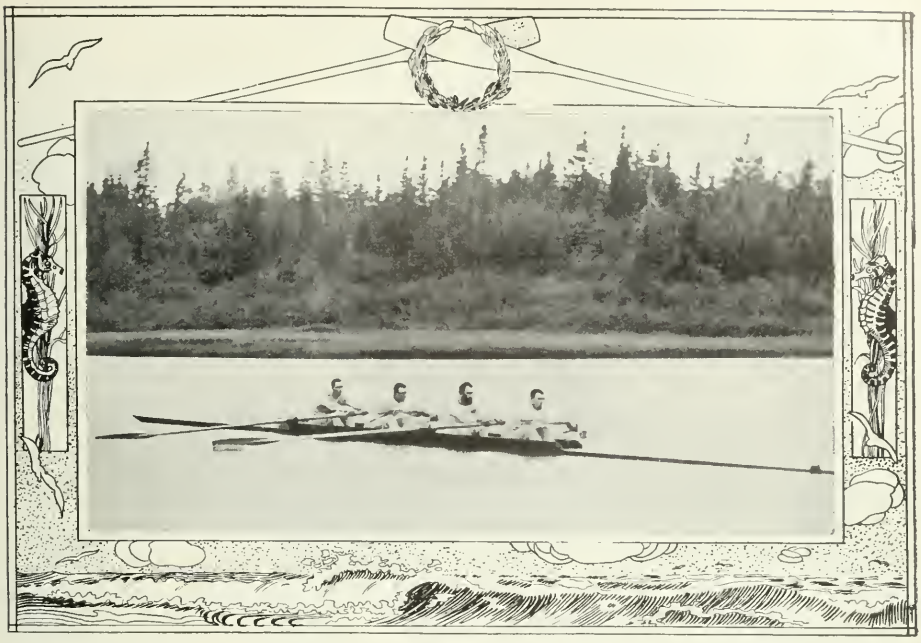
At Lachine the Englishmen, with every spurt, slid in their seats. The sliding seats came after. They were well equipped with sponges and washboards. The Canadians had none of these appliances, and as the river was rough, they rowed over the course with their light shell more than half-filled with water. The English boat, on the contrary, was dry. On the Kennebecasis the New Brunswickers were better prepared for emergencies, and when the morning dawned the weather was fine, and the noble sheet of water was as smooth as a pane of glass. The race took place on the 23rd of August, and it was the last important contest that the "Paris" crew was engaged in, though, five or six years afterwards, it took part in minor events.

The death by drowning of Hutton, recalls that race, and the awful tragedy which accompanied it. I reported the event for the New York *Herald*, and it is as vivid to me now, so long afterwards, as it was on the day that it occurred. The Englishmen had reorganized their crew, and when it arrived in St. John it was found that of the original four, in 1870, Renforth alone remained. His companions were Percy,



THE FAMOUS NEW BRUNSWICK "FOUR" WHICH WON FROM ALL COMPETITORS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION IN 1867

Chambers and Harry Kelley. The course was six miles, with a turn. The stake was five thousand dollars, each crew contributing one-half. Both crews appeared in fine form as they pushed from the shore, and as they dipped their oars the applause from the thousands of spectators who lined the banks of the river was deafening. The favourites, of course, were the local men, and whenever odds were given they were in their favour. It was twenty minutes after seven in the morning when the signal to go was given. The Canadians got first water, and went off with a spurt, leading easily for the first hundred yards. Eight minutes later the Tynesiders forged ahead and took the lead, making 42 strokes to the minute, while the Paris crew kept the pace at 43 strokes. Suddenly, some commotion was observed in the Englishmen's boat. Kelley shouted to Renforth, "Come, Jim, give us a dozen." In vain the champion put on all his force for a mighty effort, but, at the sixth stroke, he said "I can't do it," and then fell back into the arms of Kelley. The Tynesiders pulled for the shore, while the startled crowds on the banks and in the boats and tugs, thinking that a trick had been played them—for when Renforth threw up his hands the New Brunswickers were leading by two lengths—gave vent to their feelings by hisses and shouts and execrations. They did not want the race unless they could win it fairly, and their first suspicion was that Renforth had purposely broken an oar, preferring the contest to go by default than to being defeated by the Colonials. The mad cries of the spectators changed speedily to moans of woe when the fearful truth was known, and then a hushed silence prevailed all round. Renforth was carried to his quarters, breathing heavily. In a few minutes he died, his last words being "Good-bye, Annie," referring to his wife in England. The Canadians went round the course alone in 39 minutes, 20 seconds. They stood the ordeal well, and at the conclusion were nowise fatigued, nor was their appearance anything but fresh.



THE ENGLISH OR "RENFORTH" CREW WHICH DEFEATED THE NEW BRUNSWICK OR "PARIS" CREW AT LACHINE IN 1870, BUT WERE DEFEATED THE FOLLOWING YEAR, ONE OF THE CREW FALLING DEAD

Renforth's friends, at the first moment of the excitement, declared that he had been poisoned. The charge was unjust, and it was promptly resented. The *post mortem* examination, moreover, proved the falsity of the allegation which had so thoughtlessly been made. The oarsman owed his death to a mental shock. He had not overtrained. He was a man of great muscular strength and high courage. But he was also an epileptic, and careless about his living. He was peculiarly sensitive to excitement of any kind, and his temperament was highly nervous. The impression among many who witnessed the sad sight was that Renforth had not taken as good care of himself as he ought to have done, and when the shock came he was totally unable to cope with it. It was said at the time that even the Englishmen had not been properly trained for a race of six miles, their course at home being much shorter, and that they had undertaken the work in hand without proper superintendence. Renforth himself gave his weight at 11½ stone, but a chronicle of the time sets it down at 12. The *post mortem* revealed the fact that no vessel or vital organ had been injured. The death of Renforth caused general sorrow, and no demonstrations of any kind were indulged in.

# A BIRTHDAY IN BOGIELAND

*By E. P. MEDLEY*

ILLUSTRATED BY EMILY HAND

EVERYONE has a birthday, whether or not he or she wants it, but very few persons get exactly what they want on their birthdays. Some do, however; and Freddy Moore, on his ninth birthday, was one of the happy few. He lived in the country, so he chose what a town child would not care for.

It was a set of real gardening tools, and a little space of ground to make a garden for himself. Long before the day came he had planned the garden in his mind, so that he set about making it with right good-will. He lifted large lumps of earth on his spade, as he had seen the gardener do, and dug steadily for some time. It was harder work than he thought, so he sat down to rest, leaning against a tree.

When he began to dig again the ground seemed to have become much softer and the soil lighter to lift. He dug quickly and easily, and at last jumped into the hole he had made and dug deeper and deeper still.

Suddenly the earth gave way under his feet and he felt himself falling. He was terribly frightened, and shut his eyes tightly, expecting to come down with a thud; but what was his surprise and delight to find himself lying on soft green moss, and when he opened his eyes he was perfectly dazzled by the brilliant light around him. On every side were glowing little lamps even brighter than the electric light at an Exhibition.

He sat up, not daring to turn his head for fear of seeing something dreadful behind him, and shivered with fright when he heard a scampering sound not far off. He again closed his eyes and put his hands to his face, expecting the something to seize him, instead of which a sweet voice said:

"Welcome, mortal boy! I have long hoped to see you;" and there, riding on a milk-white rabbit, was a beautiful princess. Her dress was of a lovely green gossamer; her yellow hair was fine as silk freshly wound from the cocoon of a silk-worm; her eyes were blue as the bluest sky; her cheeks pink as the most delicate blush-rose; her lips were coral red, and her smile so sweet that Freddy felt very fond of her in a moment and, being a polite boy, he stood up. The princess looked just a little startled, and opened her blue eyes very wide, for to her he appeared a giant.

"What is the name of this place?" asked Freddy.

"This is Gnomeland," answered the princess, slipping down off the rabbit; shall I show you where we live?"

"No, thank you," said Freddy. "It is my birthday, and I shall be late for dinner. Will you please tell me how to get home?"

"How did you come here?" she asked.

"I fell through the ground," said Freddy, "and I shall never be able to climb up again without a ladder; besides, I cannot see the hole now; whatever shall I do?"

To tell the truth he felt inclined to cry, but as that would have been dreadfully babyish, especially before the princess, he put his hands in his pockets and began to whistle "The Bogieman."

"Oh! do you know that tune?" exclaimed the princess, joyfully clapping her hands. "It is our National Air in Gnomeland."

"Is it?" said Freddy. "What is a 'National Air'?"

"Why, 'The Bogieman,'" said the Princess.

"Oh! I know what you mean," said Freddy. But he did not, all the same.

"Have you ever seen a Bogie?" asked the Princess.

"No; have you?"

"Yes," she replied; "they live not far from us; in fact, they are our cousins. Would you like to know them?"

"Perhaps next time I come," said Freddy, not wishing to be rude, "but I have no time now."

All this while the white rabbit had been nibbling the moss; but, being satisfied with its meal, it raised its head and shook its long ears, whereupon the Princess caught hold of them and jumped on its back ready to depart.

"If you will follow me," she said to Freddy, "perhaps my papa can lend you a ladder."

"All right, I'll come," said Freddy.

Off started the rabbit, Freddy following; but he had not gone far when he missed his spade and ran back to pick it up. To his amazement, when he looked for the Princess and the rabbit they had vanished.

"What a sell!" he exclaimed, "but I will soon catch them up."

He ran on and on until he came to where two paths branched off. Which should he choose? He saw a sign-post, on which was written: "The

"Welcome, mortal boy! I have long hoped to see you"

longest way round is the shortest way home."

"Which is the longest way, I wonder, and how can it be the shortest way, too? It is awful nonsense," said Freddy. But the sign-post did not change its direction an inch, though Freddy hit it with his spade and frowned angrily.

At the same instant he thought he caught a glimpse of the white rabbit along one of the paths; and shouting, "Hi, stop, wait for me," he rushed wildly after it; but once more it had disappeared.

He wandered on feeling very unhappy, till all at once a most extraordinary sight met his view. Hundreds of little beings dressed in green were hurrying about, all most busily employed; though at first Freddy could not understand what they were doing. Some were working on platforms which were moved about from place to place, and on each was a master or captain holding a trumpet. Each little being carried one of the bright lights on his peaked green cap. Some used little rakes and some hammers, and others handed them forked pegs.

Directly Freddy appeared the whole assemblage stopped working and stood silent with astonishment. The captains on the platforms were the first to recover their senses. Each blew a shrill blast on his trumpet and bowed.

"Well, I never! What rum 'uns," said Freddy. Leaning on his spade, he began to whistle the chorus of "The Bogieman." The effect was marvellous! The captains, one and all, descended from the platforms and rushed towards him, holding out friendly hands; and seeing this, the workmen waved their hands and shouted "Rah-hu, rah-hu! pih, pih!" Freddy was rather taken aback, but he thought the best thing to do was to shout too, so he waved his spade round and round his head, crying "Hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!" at which the little captains retreated a short distance and blew another blast on their trumpets. Immediately there was a dead silence. Then one of the captains stepped forward and, bowing low to Freddy, said, "What are your Boyship's wishes?"

"Well, can you tell me which is the longest way round, please?" said Freddy.

"It is the shortest way home, your Boyship," answered the Captain, smiling pleasantly and bowing again.

"Yes, so the silly poet said," replied Freddy, "but which *is* the shortest way home?"

"Why, the longest way round, of course," repeated the Captain, still smiling, "at least, we always find it so here."

For a moment Freddy thought he was chaffing; but, seeing he was quite serious, he said, "Thank you very much; then I suppose I had better turn to the left?"

"Well," said the Captain, "it depends where your home is, but I will give you a rule to help you; it is this:

The rule of the road is a paradox quite
To observe as you're going along.
If you go to the left you are sure to go right.
If you go to the right you go wrong.

"What is a paradox?" asked Freddy.

"The rule of the road," said the Captain.

"Oh! I see what you mean," said Freddy, again not quite truthfully. "But I say, what are all these chaps doing?"

"They are employed by Government," replied the Captain, "to make new towns. We have already commenced many of the roofs of the dwellings."

"Are the roofs made first?" asked Freddy. "Oh! that's nonsense. I know better than that. I am nine."

"Your Boyship will excuse us if we go on with our work, I know," said the Captain.

"Fire away," said Freddy. For a few minutes he stood watching them, wondering how it was possible to make the roof to a house before the walls were built; but then he remembered his mother had told him it is better to ask to have a thing explained, so he beckoned to the same little Captain, who came to him. "Oh! I say, you know,

just tell us how you do it, because our houses are not made like that."

Then the Captain told him that for thousands of years the towns in Gnomeland had gone on increasing and were all made from the roots of trees planted by mortals on the earth above; that agents were employed to find out when and where these mortals made new plantations and with what kind of trees; and after a certain number of years, when their roots had penetrated to Gnomeland, the gangs of workmen were sent out and, as the roots pierced the ground overhead, they were carefully drawn through and gradually trained and twisted to form dwellings. The Captain led Freddy towards one of the nearly completed dwellings, and certainly it was a marvel of skill. The larger roots formed the outer walls and the lesser roots were woven into every imaginable shape that could add to the beauty or comfort of the dwelling.

Freddy expressed his admiration in most emphatic sentences.

"Awfully dodgy," "precious clever," "jolly fine," and "something like," conveyed to the ears of the delighted Captain his Boyship's satisfaction.

When he had looked over the house he heard another blast of trumpets and was told it was dinner time. This reminded him of the nice birthday dinner his mother had promised him, and he felt dreadfully hungry; so that when the Captain invited him to share their dinner he gladly accepted and followed him to another of the dwellings where all the Captains were waiting for him. He was helped first, of course, being a visitor, but never will he forget the disgust he felt at what was put before him to eat. Slices of raw potatoes with pieces of black stuff all round it. Truffles they called it, and evidently it was a very favourite dish amongst the captains; in fact, so intent were they on the dainty that they did not notice poor Freddy's attempts to eat.

"Will your Boyship have some more?" asked the smiling Captain. "Just a few more truffles. Do allow me," and he piled more on Freddy's plate.

"No, no," said Freddy, rude with hunger. "It is simply beastly, worse than olives."

Once when he was smaller his mother had a dinner party. He watched his opportunity and took two Spanish olives off a dish, hiding them till he went to bed. He said "goodnight" more cheerfully than usual, thinking of the coming enjoyment. Words cannot describe his bitter disappointment when he put his teeth into

THE SMALL FOOTMEN

the stolen fruit. It was so cold, hard and salt that he cried himself to sleep with sorrow and disgust. Now, although he was perfectly ravenous, it was in vain the kind captains pressed him to taste their different courses. Turnips, carrots, radishes, earthnuts, chopped up with onions and all raw, made Freddy feel positively sick, and at last he could bear it no longer. He got up suddenly and, saying "I am awfully sorry, but I must hook it," he darted out of the dwelling and ran he knew not whither for quite ten minutes.

■

## CHAPTER II

WHEN he stopped to take breath he found he was approaching what was evidently one of the older towns of Gnomeland. There were long rows of the root dwellings of all sizes and on some of the larger doors were names such as "Rootlet Cottage," "Fibril Villa," and one standing alone was called "Radical Hall." He hoped he would see a baker's shop soon, as his father had given him a bright shilling that morning, and the thought of the buns and tarts it would pay for made him still more hungry. Soon he saw written up "This way to the Stores." What visions of good things this brought before him! Sometimes his mother had taken him to the stores in London and always gave him something very nice to eat in the refreshment room, so he hurried eagerly along.

Never had he seen such curious stores in his short life, and all around as busy as bees were crowds of the little green-clad beings. Some were lading and unlading small carts drawn by rabbits. Some of them contained nuts of all kinds, and others every sort of root that is good to eat. Sometimes a messenger rode up mounted on a swift hare and, after giving an order, would ride away again in the shortest time imaginable. The choicest and best things were brought in carts drawn by four squirrels. Freddy was so much interested in the novel scene that he forgot his hunger, and unconsciously began to whistle his favourite tune.

One by one the little beings ceased their labour and looked at him with friendly faces. Then the Manager of the stores was called out, and came towards him with hearty greeting.

"We knew you were coming," he said, "our Princess Cyclamenia told us so a little while ago and she expects you to dinner."

"Where does she live?" asked Freddy. "I am precious hungry."

"If your Boyship will come with me I will take you to the Palace," replied the Manager.

Freddy had been told always to wash his hands and brush his hair before dinner; so when he heard he was to dine at the Palace he hoped he would have time to make himself tidy before he saw the Princess.

On the way the Manager told him that King Orchis and Queen Tulipina, with their daughter, the beautiful Princess Cyclamenia, lived in a splendid Palace "all made of oak-root," he added proudly, "and as for the precious stones in it, you never saw anything like them, and there are more than can be counted."

Great was Freddy's amazement when they arrived at the Palace. He had pictured to himself glittering diamonds and rubies and emeralds set in shining gold and silver, and when the Manager told him the pavement was all precious stones, and he saw nothing but dull-looking little lumps, he exclaimed:

"Oh, I say, don't try to humbug me, they are not real," at which the Manager looked very offended and, having conducted him to the entrance, left him with a bow, saying: "It is your Boyship who is pleased to joke, but mortals cannot know everything."

Afterwards Freddy knew that precious stones do not shine till they have been cut and polished.

Three footmen in green came forward to conduct Freddy to the drawing-room. He went across several halls all paved with gems and then up some wide stairs and along corridors;

and everywhere hung hundreds of the bright lights in rows and clusters so that there was no darkness anywhere. Freddy felt extremely tall, as his head almost touched the ceilings, but he smoothed his hair down and tried to think his hands were not so very dirty, and, still grasping his spade, he walked boldly into the room. The Princess came running towards him and, taking him by both hands, led him up to a little lady dressed in a sear and yellow-coloured gown, saying: "Here he is Mamma, and it is his birthday."

Freddy had never spoken to a Queen and felt rather shy; then he remembered that when his father met a friend he always said something about the weather, so he began:

"It's jolly hot to-day!"

"What is hot?" asked the Queen.

"Why the weather," said Freddy.

"What is the weather? Did you bring any with you?" she asked gently.

Freddy stared at her in astonishment. She looked quite serious, and evidently expected he had brought something new to show her.

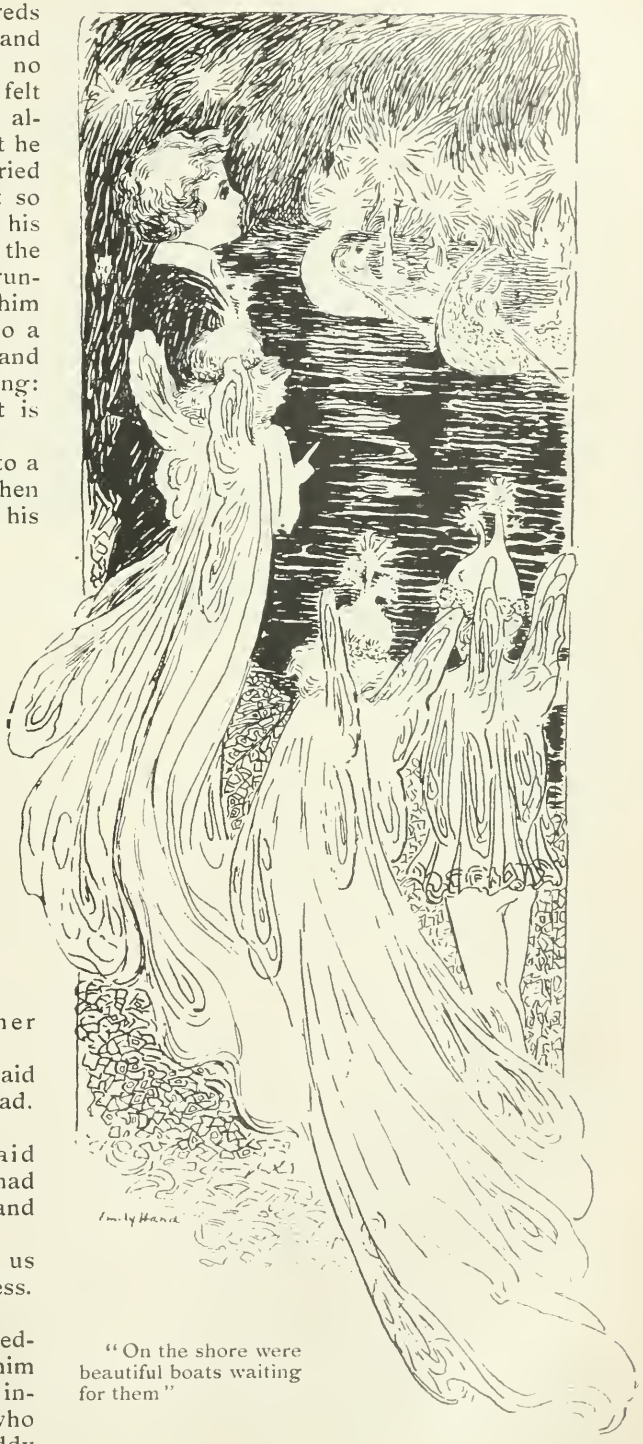
"Don't you have weather here?" he asked.

"We never heard of it," said the Queen, shaking her head. "I should like to see some."

"What tommy-rot!" said Freddy, but then he felt he had been rude, so he got very red and sniffed.

"Perhaps he will show it to us after dinner," said the Princess. "Papa is waiting."

"She *is* jolly," thought Freddy, as she took his hand, led him into the banqueting hall and introduced him to King Orchis, who asked him to be seated. Freddy



"On the shore were beautiful boats waiting for them"

"But they all persuaded him so much to stay"

sat down very carefully on the small chair placed for him.

"It is quite safe," said King Orchis, "it is made of the best gold."

Freddy looked to see if he were joking, for how could that rough dull stuff be gold. But this time he only thought "what greens they are," without saying it aloud.

The small footman then began to hand the dishes, but what was Freddy's disgust to find that the food was much the same as that given him by the captains. However, he was by this time so ravenous that he managed to eat a little of everything.

"I told my cousins I should bring you to tea this afternoon," said the Princess, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"But I must go home, please," said Freddy; "if you will kindly lend me a ladder."

"We shall be pleased if you will stay a few days with us now you have come," said the Queen kindly.

"My mother will wonder where I I am," he replied, taking up his spade, that he had laid on the floor beside him. "I would rather go home."

But they all persuaded him so much to stay, especially the Princess, that he had to give in, and presently they started to go and see the Bogiemen.

To tell the truth, Freddy was rather afraid of what they would be like, but he dare not let a girl know that he was so frightened. Grasping his spade tightly, he strolled along beside the King and Queen and the Princess. On the way the King asked him what he thought of the "Lampyris," and when he did not answer, because he did not know what he meant, the King pointed to the many lights.

"Oh!" said Freddy, "I think they give a very good light; they are something like glow-worms to look at."

The King answered that he had heard it was the common name for them used by mortals when they saw them on the upper-earth.

"You should see our electric light," said Freddy. "It is just splendid."

"Oh, indeed!" said the King. "Can you tell me how it is made?"

Freddy felt as if he were having lessons, and did not like it at all on his birthday.

"This is a holiday," he said, "and I cannot tell you."

"Perhaps you will to-morrow," said the Princess, "when your birthday is put away till next year."

"My father can tell you; he is quite old, you know; about thirty-five; so he knows a lot." This was a happy thought, as it would prevent them asking him the same questions to-morrow.

They had now arrived at a large lake. On the shore were beautiful little boats waiting for them, rowed by sailors dressed in green. Freddy asked if the lake was very deep, and the Princess said:

"Most terribly deep; *quite* two feet in the middle."

Freddy thought she must be joking, but she was really horrified when, after handing them into the boat, he asked them if he might walk across the water.

"But you will be drowned," they cried; "you must not risk it."

"No fear," said Freddy; "I will manage it;" and sitting down, he took off his boots and socks, and putting them into a boat told them he was ready. They anxiously watched him step into the water, but were much relieved to see him walking easily with the help of his spade; and by the time they had landed, and he had put on his boots and socks, the Princess evidently looked on him as wonderfully clever; so Freddy began to swagger about, whistling.

"Whist! whist!" they suddenly exclaimed; "here comes the Bogiemen."

Freddy stopped short, and hoped they would not notice how pale he became; he placed his spade on his shoulder like a gun and waited.

And what did he see?

Of course all children know, because they have been told that Bogies are horrid black people with cruel, shiny eyes, and most frightening in every way—Well, they are not. It is as wrong as wrong can be to think so.

Freddy could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw what he did see. If every child could see the same they would never be so silly as to be afraid of a Bogie. But it was so astonishing that a new chapter must be given to the description.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

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# EVERGREEN

BY JESSIE K. LAWSON

I'VE seen in mony a forest where a' was chill an' bare,
A'e tree still green an' bonnie in the snell an' frosty air,
Though scant the beild a wintry sun upon its beauty shed,
Yet lived it on as love lives on, when faith and hope are dead.

Nae ye may gang your ain gait, an' I gang mine;
But Love is like the evergreen, an' ne'er can memory tyne
The auld days, the dear days, wi' only you an' me,
An' the grandeur o' the hills an' the glory o' the sea.

There's weary feet upon the road that leads to nae hearthstane,
An' high the head for a' the heart may break, nor ance mak mane;
But O the sweet o' a'e summer nicht—the moon upon the tide,
An' the scent o' the sea in the starry gloam, an' we twa side by side!

# THE FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA

BY

A.G. BRADLEY

A HISTORY IN TWELVE INSTALMENTS

## CHAPTER I—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BRITISH-AMERICAN COLONIES AND OF CANADA IN 1750

THE war of the Austrian succession, ever memorable to Englishmen for the fierce fights of Dettingen and Fontenoy, was brought to a close in August, 1748, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. For her lavish expenditure of blood and money, Great Britain had reaped little other profit than a qualified measure of renown. She had shown to the world, however, that nearly thirty years of peace had not robbed her soldiers of their ancient valour, even when handled, as they too often were, with conspicuous incapacity and officered by a system that took no cognizance of merit and was based almost wholly on favouritism and corruption.

At Fontenoy the twelfth regiment, to take a chance instance, was led into action by a captain. At Dettingtn the major was in command, while James Wolfe, then a callow youth of sixteen, had to grapple as best he could with the onerous and responsible duties of adjutant, complaining bitterly in his letters of the lack of discipline. Marlborough's officers were dead or doting. Privilege and faction regulated the pay list, though it is well to remember that the beardless colonel died as freely and fought as courageously as the grey-haired subaltern. Let it ever be borne in mind, too, that the king himself and his burly son, the Duke of Cumberland, were bright examples of this cardinal virtue of physical courage, and asked no man to dare what they would not dare themselves—nay, were only eager to.

If the peace of 1748 left the country with little to show for its big bill, the renewal of the conflict eight years later proved in this matter of a profit and loss account a most singular and brilliant contrast. The mighty struggle, commonly known as the Seven Years' War, should be kept separate in Englishmen's minds from all other contests in which the nation has been engaged, for it lifted Great Britain from a constantly fluctuating position of more or less equality with rival powers to the first place among the nations of the world. It made her the permanent mistress of the seas and of a world empire unshaken by the military and social upheavals of Europe, whose territorial disputes and dynastic struggles

seem, by comparison, almost trifling but for the torrents of blood they caused to flow. Above all, it inspired her people with a sense of conscious power, of worthy pride sobered by the vast responsibilities that accompanied so great a position, and a self-confidence that was never again seriously shaken.

But as here we have to do only with the Western continent, and not with the contemporaneous founding of the Indian Empire, it will be enough to recall the main issue that was at stake in North America. Whether Canada —or, to speak more pertinently, what is now British North America—was to be French or English seems a sufficiently large question when weighed in the balance with the possession of Minorca or the boundary of a German duchy. But even this shrinks in importance when compared with the still greater issue of Anglo-Saxon or Gallic supremacy on the continent of North America.

Though nearly all Europe was in arms, it is with France and England that we are here alone concerned. Great as were the exertions put forth against other powers by these two nations, it was only each other that they had real cause to dread. Their respective armies might win or lose in the Low Countries or Germany, a million of human beings might perish and torrents of blood might flow, and volumes of military history might be made; but, so far as the Western actors in it were concerned, it began and ended with the game of war, waged upon wholly frivolous or personal accounts. Except for the still far-off results of the military development of Prussia under Frederic, the destinies of the world were but little affected by the long misery and suffering under which Europe groaned. To France and England, at any rate, the issue was as nothing compared to that for which their scattered outposts were contending in the pathless forests of America, on the burning plains of India, among the fogs and ice-fields of the North.

The peace, or so-called peace—more accurately described by some historians as an armed truce—which lasted from 1748 to 1756, witnessed the first stealthy efforts of the French-American policy, the awakening of England to her danger, and the actual opening of the struggle.

As a matter of fact, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle had not been signed, nor indeed actually formulated, when the French rulers of Canada, with the sympathy of their King and Government, commenced the operations from which they hoped so much. Their purpose, stated briefly, was to confine the future influence and territory of England to the thirteen colonies which lay, at present, a mere strip along the Atlantic coast. Behind the more northern of these the scope of Western development was limited, for obvious geographical and other reasons. The treaty Indians of the Six Nations occupied the rear of New England and New York; while behind these, again, stretched the great waterway of the St. Lawrence and its lakes, which constituted the Canadian boundary. But, at the back of all the other colonies, trending southwards and nearly parallel with the coast-line, the great range of the Alleghanies lifted its shaggy peaks. The limits of civilization had barely touched it. Nowhere had British settlement as yet aspired to leap this broad barrier of forest-covered mountains into the dreaded Indian-haunted wilderness beyond. The policy of France was to prevent it, if possible, ever doing so, and to make the rampart which nature and Indian hostility had already made so formidable still more effective by erecting a chain of military posts behind it. The French were well established on the St. Lawrence and its parent lakes. They had considerable settlements at the mouth of the Mississippi. Their cherished scheme was to connect the two by a long line of forest fortresses, to form firm alliances with the warlike Indians behind the Alleghanies, and to hold for themselves the vast Western territories, of whose value and extent their daring explorers had given them a due appreciation.

The English colonists may fairly be described as unconscious of these schemes or of their import. They had more than sufficient territory for their needs upon the east of the Alleghanies. The mass of them were stay-at-home farmers and planters. Neither Imperial dreams nor future divination were in keeping with their habit of thought. Frenchmen were but vague figures in the imagination of all men south of the Hudson, and the great West but a hazy expression. The British Government, too, troubled its head very little about its colonies; and if in the latter there was a smali handful of men who did divine a future so pregnant with vital issues, and raised the alarm, posterity has given them little more of honour than their contemporaries gave them of reward.

Before proceeding, however, to the story of the great struggle, it is indispensable that the reader should have some idea of the relative positions of the two parties to it in North America.

Now the French in Canada, exclusive of some 10,000 Acadians, who were nominally British subjects, numbered about 60,000 souls. The English colonists, on the other hand—or, to be more accurate, the colonial subjects of Great Britain in North America —were reckoned by the middle of the eighteenth century at nearly a million and a half. A fifth or a sixth of this number, to be sure, were negro slaves —a source of weakness rather than of strength. But, in any case, the preponderance of the British was so overwhelming that the notion of the French being a menace to their present security or a rival for future dominion seems at the first blush incredible. The test of numbers, however, was never a more fallacious one than in this particular case, nor is the apparent paradox at all simplified by the fact of the Englishman's robust personal qualities, both as a man, a soldier and a colonist.

A short glance at the situation and distribution of the rival races will, I think, show that though the French aspirations were sufficiently bold, they were very far from being hopeless. The French were concentrated at one point; the British were scattered over an immense area. The former bowed unquestioningly to an autocratic rule; the latter were divided into thirteen distinct self-governing commonwealths. While the Canadians were obedient to King and Church, were generally poor, alert and warlike, the English colonists were jealous of all authority, absorbed in trade and agriculture and eminently peaceful.

The reader will not resent, I trust, being reminded of the fact that the thirteen colonies whose growing power the French so dreaded, and, thus dreading, tried to stifle, are represented, with some slight modifications, by the thirteen original States of the Union. They may be seen in the map of today much as they were in the old French wars, trailing down the Atlantic coast from the Canadian border to the then Spanish province of Florida.

Not one of these thirteen commonwealths had any sort of constitutional link with its neighbour. The only tie that bound them together was their common allegiance to the Crown. They were, for the most part, jealous of each other, and more often inclined to thwart than to promote mutual interests. Some had affinities of race and creed, and in matters non-administrative more readily coalesced; while others, again, cherished towards one another a positive aversion. Each colony had, at some period during the preceding century, begun life upon its own account, and had grown up quite independently of its neighbour and after its own fashion. Some of them, indeed, in the elementary stages of existence, had gone so far as to indulge in mimic conflicts, and over the matter of boundaries there was perennial friction. This long straggling line of jealous and often jarring commonwealths resting on the sea-coast was the base of British action against the compact, military colony of France; and a most unsatisfactory base it for a long time proved.

The four New England provinces, with that of New York, had the friend-

ly but uncertain Six Nations and the French, with their bloodthirsty, so-called Christian Indians, more or less perpetually upon their flank. The rest, from Pennsylvania to infant Georgia, with rare exceptions, had forgotten the earlier horrors of Indian warfare, and had scarcely so much as even set eyes upon a Frenchman. Their pioneers had straggled through the forests that covered, as with a mantle, all Eastern America to the foothills of the Alleghanies ; but colonial life in its active and vital sense still clustered along the sea-coast, or hugged the waterways that led there. Between the Alleghanies and the ocean most of the colonies had a territory, roughly approximating to the size of England, with a population of but one or two hundred thousand souls in each. Their people wanted plenty of elbow-room, particularly to the southward, where negro labour was largely used ; but even in such case the time had hardly come when lust of land prompted perilous enterprises. Society was not yet dense enough to produce a surplus who considered it worth while to cross the mountains and renew the fight with a fiercer wilderness and a more formidable, for better armed, savage than their grandfathers and great-grandfathers had waged war against in the days of the Stuarts and William of Orange. Men who had a sufficient livelihood, too, were less feverish and more contented in those times than in later ones. Nor were they much better equipped for subduing the savage and the wilderness in the days of the Georges than they had been in those of the Tudors and Stuarts. Those all-powerful factors of civilization—steam and electricity—were undreamt of. Machinery and scientific road-making were in their infancy. It is not surprising that Virginia, for instance, with a white population of 200,000, and a territory between the mountains and the sea as large as England, and as generally habitable, should have troubled itself little with thoughts of distant adventure. There was no incentive whatever for the Virginian, or Carolinian, or Marylander of 1750 to cross the Ohio watershed and fight the most formidable savage warrior that the world has ever seen, for the privilege of growing corn and hay, or stock, that he could not get to any market, even if he lived to make the attempt. The average colonist of those days, leading, south of the Hudson at any rate, a humdrum, comfortable life, cannot be blamed if he failed to grasp the situation, or read the map of America as we read it now, and was inclined to look upon the reputed schemes of wandering Frenchmen as hardly worthy the attention of practical men till the rude awakening came.

A glance at the map will show that the New England colonies, at that time four in number, together with New York, had no outlet to the then scarcely known and little appreciated West. As I have said, they had behind them the famous "Six Nations," a leading factor in the American politics of that day, by far the most powerful Indian combination, and at the same time the most in touch with colonial civilization. Unlike the other Indian tribes, their sympathies had been consistently pro-English. But even so, they may be said to have held, in some sort, the balance of power between the English and the French, which latter nation were continually intriguing for their alliance.

Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, standing in the order named as regards relative importance, constituted the Puritan colonies of that day, Vermont and Maine being carved out of them later. These provinces alone understood, though perhaps not very perfectly, the art of combination for offensive and defensive war. They were practically homogeneous in stock and creed and habits of thought. Both the Indian and the Frenchman were still for them a burning reality, and they knew them only too well. They were much the most warlike group of the British colonies, not from choice, but from necessity. Their origin and Puritan tone of life are so familiar as to be hardly

worth an allusion ; but the vulgar error of supposing the New Englanders to be all of humble extraction, while the Southern colonists had a monopoly of blood, cannot be sufficiently held up to ridicule. Local government was highly organized, and politics a matter of universal interest. People lived in communities, very much under the eye of their neighbours, and of a public opinion to which no slight deference was paid.

This latter was narrow, vigorous, and at times tyrannical, and strongly influenced by a religious bigotry that bordered on fanaticism. Tempered by modern progress and a high education, the New England character has broadened into a type whose good points are greatly in the ascendant. In the colonial period the asperities of the average new Englander were uppermost, his virtues less evident to his fellow-colonists, by whom he was cordially disliked; while the same antipathetic feeling distinguishes the sentiments of all English travellers of that day. In education, however, at that time the New Englanders as a community were far in advance of the rest of the continent, and, for that matter, of the rest of the world. Indigence and ignorance were almost unknown; and though there were no rich people, there were scarcely any who were very poor. The same religious and political zeal which had created their schools, churches, and local governments made some sort of military organization easier for them than for their more apathetic neighbours.

At the same time, while better constituted for raising, feeding and paying regiments, their social system contained in itself drawbacks to military efficiency not so obvious in the other colonies. Every private, whether farmer, fisherman, or mechanic, was a politician, and, though ready to fight, watched with jealous eye, lest his terms of service, often loaded with conditions, were in danger of being infringed. Still worse, perhaps, the officers were chosen by the men they were to command—not a bad plan in a company of experienced bush-fighters bound on perilous enterprise, but one fatal to discipline when extended to a whole army of raw militiamen. Massachusetts was far the most powerful of the New England colonies, while Connecticut was easily second. These provinces, moreover, had produced both writers and preachers whose fame had crossed the Atlantic. They had performed, too, more than one spontaneous feat of arms which did them credit and gained them the thanks of the Mother Country. In the very last war, in the year 1745, and at a moment of depression to British arms in Europe, their raw militia, with the help of the fleet, had attacked and captured the great French fortress of Louisbourg. In the coming war they were to far eclipse the efforts of all the other colonies combined, and twenty years later, in that of the Revolution, were to hold an only less decisive lead.

New York to some extent had shared with the Puritan colonies the perils of French and Indian neighbourhood, and like them had been compelled, only in a less degree, to organize and to fight. She was widely different, however, both in origin and composition. The Hudson River was her great artery, and along its banks for the most part the life of the colony throbbed. The city at its mouth was then, as now, the most light-hearted and cosmopolitan upon the Atlantic coast. Its population was somewhat heterogeneous, but the English and the Dutch largely preponderated, and alone influenced the life and tone of the colony. On the seaboard nearly all trace of the early jealousy that had not unnaturally distinguished the two races had disappeared with the tie of a common danger, a common Protestantism and a free government. The cast of society was aristocratic, and in curious contrast to the Anglo-Dutch peoples of South Africa. The Hollanders were indeed partly responsible for the tone. Great estates upon the Hudson had been originally granted to Dutch gentlemen on condition of their

CANADA AND THE BRITISH COLONIES IN 1750

At this time the French numbered about 60,000, while the English Colonists along the Atlantic numbered over a million. The latter were scattered through the thirteen separate colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia, between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. The district northwest of the Alleghanies was unsettled, but was nominally part of Canada.

settling them with dependents in semi-feudal fashion. The Patroon families were few in number, but perhaps the nearest approach to a feudal aristocracy in North America. English families who had achieved wealth and distinction, or had official positions, intermarried with these, while there was a tendency in the older parts of the colony for broad acres and gentility to identify themselves together and to hold aloof from the mass of the people. In spite of the strong Dutch element, the prevailing creed was Anglican. The succession of William of Orange to the English throne, and still more, perhaps, a zealous Protestantism, and a lively dread of both the Indians and Catholic French, had produced a loyalty that, with some notable exceptions, was in a fashion more ardent than that of the republican Puritans of New England. Nor did the admirable Huguenot element, which found here a hearty welcome and freedom from persecution, in any way dissent from

the attachment to a Government that made their lives once again worth living. No stratum of provincial life was greatly agitated by religious or political dogmas. It was an easy-going, prosperous, but perhaps slightly colourless community, which at its capital went to balls and plays, and made merry according to its degree without any fear of the village deacon or the Quaker legislator. New Jersey, or the Jerseys—for it was once divided—and Delaware, were colonies of secondary importance, and somewhat polyglot in population; communities of farmers of various nationalities, lacking in any characteristics that one can take hold of without undue elaboration. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, from her size, prosperity, and large population, was of great importance. As a military factor, however, she was almost a cipher—a condition due, of course, to the powerful Quaker element in her population. What was not Quaker was very largely German, stupid for the most part, speaking only its own language, and always indifferent to everything but its own personal concerns.

Maryland and Virginia may, for purposes of general description, be fairly classed together. Negro slavery was a feature in all the colonies, but it was not till the traveller reached Maryland that he found it a leading factor in social and economic life. Then, as a century later, though in a less marked degree, the slave line, which was identical with the northern boundary of the old Catholic province, divided Anglo-Saxon America in half. The Southern colonies were already diverging upon lines so similar to one another, and so at variance with the rest, as to give them in time quite a reasonable pretext for posing as a separate nation. In 1750, however, things, had not gone nearly so far. Yet Virginia was even then so pronounced a type of the Southern provinces that a brief description of her condition will enable us to dismiss the others with a word.

As Massachusetts was the oldest and most powerful of all the Northern colonies, so was Virginia the oldest and most influential of the Southern group. Her people were almost wholly of English stock, and at this time numbered nearly 200,000, with more than half as many negro slaves. They were a community of agriculturists, divided into three practically distinct social grades. There were no towns worth mentioning, and no trade to speak of. The production of tobacco, and the foodstuffs necessary to those who grew it, was the sole industry; the ownership of land and negroes the test by which men were graded. Upon the basis of this an aristocracy arose, which was to some extent crystallized by laws of primogeniture and entail. All the world knows Virginia was the cavalier colony, and knowing this much has been greatly addicted to exaggerating its significance. Virginia was first settled neither by political nor religious refugees, nor yet by idealists of any kind. Its early colonists were Englishmen by blood, in no way discontented with English institutions, but on the contrary anxious to reproduce as nearly as might be another England beyond the Atlantic.

The contour of the country, the early shipment of convicts and others as indented servants, together with the episcopal and English spirit, encouraged after the first rude beginnings the unit of land as the fountain of power and influence. Some of the colonists were cadets of good families, though what proportion (a small one probably) they ultimately formed of those who emerged as large landholders and the founders of notable families is most uncertain and of little importance. At any rate, the period, though not remote enough perhaps to win respect from the Latin or the Celt, is sufficiently so to satisfy the modest genealogical requirements of the average Anglo-Saxon. The popular local legend that the Virginian gentry were largely descended from scions of the then small body of English nobility is too ludicrous to call for serious notice. They led patriarchal, isolated lives on plantations cut out of the forests, and for the

most part abutting on tidal rivers, whence English ships carried home their sole produce—tobacco—and supplied them with such necessaries as they could not procure at home, and such luxuries as they could afford. They were a pleasant, hospitable people who, unlike the typical New Englander, at once took the fancy of the stranger, their whole system of life being based on uneconomic principles. They were inclined themselves to be extravagant and to forestall their incomes, and as their one crop, tobacco, restricted by navigation laws to an English market, fluctuated terribly in price, the colony was liable to equivalent fluctuations in fortune. Its upper class, however, with many of the faults due to a life of peculiar seclusion from the outer world, and the demoralizing influence of negro slavery, were generally frank, sensible and able for any emergencies to which they might be called from their normal humdrum and comfortable life when once aroused.

The middling class owned in the aggregate a vast quantity both of land and negroes. But, unlike the Northern yeomanry, they had no education, for there were no schools. The presence of slavery had even thus early implanted a certain contempt for manual labour, which is wholly mischievous in a grade of society that has neither birth nor education, nor yet possessions sufficient to justify abstention from it. The energy and utility of the common farmers of Virginia and the Southern colonies were then, and for a century afterwards, greatly sapped by this demoralizing influence. Upon the class below it had a far worse effect, the "poor white" of the South from that day to this being the most degraded type of Anglo-Saxon in existence, and beyond all doubt the greatest outcast.

Virginia may fairly stand, with modifications, as a type of her Southern neighbours. Maryland had all her features, though in some points less pronounced. In her inception she had presented the unwonted spectacle of a Roman Catholic province inculcating the notion of complete toleration. With time and increased population, however, she had drifted into a community chiefly Anglican in creed as well as in blood and sentiment. North Carolina was a rough and rude imitation of both. Her upper class was weak, and did not stand out like that of Virginia. Though a large slave-owning colony, North Carolina never achieved the social *éclat* of her slave-neighbours. Her population, though largely of British origin, was much less homogeneous than that of Virginia, which had only a small German element in its back country, and a slight dash of Huguenot blood in its older settlements.

South Carolina, on the other hand, had a well-to-do, well-educated and powerful, though small, aristocracy. They drew their wealth from slave-tilled plantations of rice and indigo; but, unlike the Virginians who loved a country life and hated towns, the South Carolina planter was also a merchant, and lived mostly in Charleston, which seaport had some reputation for social elegance and even intellectual activity. There were plain up-country farmers, however, even then in South Carolina, largely Scotch-Irish, and many "poor whites." There was a great deal of Huguenot blood, too, in the colony, though the tone of life was wholly English. Of Georgia, which was destined to run upon similar lines, there is no need to speak, as she was still in her infancy.

Now there had been no considerable immigration to America during the first half of the eighteenth century. The increase of population, though it had been rapid, was mainly native born. The chief exception to this was furnished by the Scotch-Irish exiles who, since the beginning of the century, had been leaving Londonderry and Belfast in a steady stream. They had been introduced there, as every one knows, to fight the wild Celt of Ulster and to reclaim the lands he would not till, and they had done both with conspicuous success. Northeastern Ireland from a blood-stained wilderness had

become a land of plenty, busy with the hum of trade and agriculture. But the English merchants were afraid of the new linen trade that was arising in Ireland, and the Anglo-Irish bishops did not like the Presbyterians. So the Irish linen trade was crippled as the wool trade had been destroyed, and the Presbyterian religion was treated on a par with that of Rome. The first piece of insanity was the work of the English Government, the second that of the Irish House of Lords, under the influence of the Irish bishops.

These two crushing blows, falling near together, drove from a country that sorely needed them thousands of an industrious, hardy, virile and God-fearing stock. It is said that a hundred thousand of these Ulster Protestants crossed the Atlantic in twenty years. The Scotch-Irishman as a historical figure is regarded with no little respect, and justly so, as having been one of the stoutest contributors to the making of America. These early immigrants went scarcely at all to the New England colonies, landing principally at Philadelphia, and in lesser numbers at Charleston. They seemed determined not to place themselves again in the power of any Government, or again to trust themselves within reach of sectarian jealousy or unfriendly legislation. They found their way in no long time to the back-country of Pennsylvania on the north, and to that of the Carolinas on the south, and threw themselves, in both cases, with consummate courage upon the forest-covered barrier which was then the Ultima Thule of Anglo-Saxon America. Being continually reinforced from Ulster, they gradually pushed on to the rear of the outermost colonial settlement along the base of the Alleghany mountains. Those from Pennsylvania crept slowly southwards into Virginia. Those from the Carolinas moved northwards in the same fashion, till the second generation of the original immigrants formed a continuous, though thin line of settlements, stretching behind the Southern colonies from Pe nsylvania to Georgia: a vanguard of virile frontiermen, who were equally handy with plough, axe, rifle or tomahawk. They crossed the line of five colonies, but had little traffic with any, being, in fact, a people unto themselves, worshipping God in their own fashion, and educating their children to the best of their power, as they pushed their clearings deep into the shadow of the Alleghanies, and fought Indians so continuously that their austere natures took on, in some sort, the bloody traditions of the wilderness. If they lost something of their old-country morality and piety, they were of inestimable service in defending the Indian frontier and, in later times, conquering and settling the States that lay immediately behind it. To meet the Indian of that period in the woods upon equal terms required a special training and an exceptional hardiness. The average colonist was no match for him. The rangers of New England and the Scotch-Irish frontiermen of the middle and Southern colonies were almost the only men who could be relied upon to successfully face them in the woods upon anything like equal terms. The battle of the Great Kennawha, fought a quarter of a century later between a thousand picked borderers and a thousand Indians is, in the opinion of the best living authority, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the first occasion on which a body of Americans defeated an Indian force of like strength in a pitched battle in the forest. I mention this to give some notion of the quality of the foe whom English and French alike had to face, and that ideas derived from the discrepancy in arms between modern civilization and barbarism may not obscure the tremendous difficulties of Indian warfare in eighteenth-century America.

The red man was not quite such a sure shot as the American borderer, but he was better at taking cover and at ambuscades than even the most accomplished backwoodsman. His discipline, too, which perhaps sounds strange, was better. He was rarely foolhardy, for a warrior's life was precious to the tribe. A maximum of

damage to the foe with a minimum of loss to themselves was the recognised Indian principle ; and when this was practised by crafty savages, who scarcely knew what fear meant, it told heavily against white men, who frequently threw their lives away in useless exhibitions of courage, and often refused to recognise inevitable defeat. It must not, however, be supposed that these Alleghany borderers were all Scotch-Irishmen. They formed, indeed, the main element, but many Germans, as well as adventurers from the English settlements, joined their communities, sharing the perils of the border wars, and the scarcely less hazardous pursuits of an ever-doubtful and precarious peace.

It will now, I trust, be obvious how ill adapted were these disintegrated and self-absorbed provinces for effective and active combination. The vast distances that separated them, with the consequent lack of intercourse and communications, the abundant elbow-room that each still enjoyed, the jealousies and mutual prejudices which swayed them, the number of Governments that had to be consulted, with their narrow views and diverging interests, all conspired to make unity well-nigh impossible. It was fortunate that a handful of men were found who rose superior to these difficulties, or, to be more exact, saw at a glance their insuperable nature and aroused England to her danger before it was too late.

Let us now turn to Canada, the seat of French transatlantic power, and note the contrast she presented. Her southern boundary was roughly identical with that which now divides the Dominion from the United States, except as regards Acadia or Nova Scotia, a province which, though as yet peopled only by French peasants or *habitants*, had been for long under English rule. Coming westward, however, to Lake Ontario, we approach more debatable ground and, on passing the great Canadian fort at Niagara and reaching Lake Erie, the French could look southward over a vast country which both nations vaguely claimed.

So far as the French were concerned, this vagueness was now to assume more definite shape. But Canadian life at this time was mainly concentrated upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, having Montreal for its western limit and Quebec, with the settlements immediately below it, for its eastern and greater rallying point. With the numerous and scattered trading posts far remote from these old-established centres I will not now burden the reader's mind.

Though the colony was actually much older, as a substantial reality it can only be said to date from the immigration which Louis XIV poured into it about the middle of the seventeenth century. Founded by clerics of the narrowest ultramontane school, in a period of over fifty years it had accumulated a population of only some 3,000 souls. The pioneering exploits of the Jesuit missioners form a heroic page of American history, with which, however, we have nothing to do here. It will be sufficient to say that everything had been made subsidiary to maintaining the religious dogma which had sent these early Fathers cheerfully to the stake and torture. The material result of this policy was disheartening, as may be gathered from the statistics quoted above. The feeble colony had, in fact, just contrived to hold its own by dint of hard fighting and the divisions of its Indian enemies, aided by the consummate diplomatic skill of the Jesuit pioneers.

But Louis XIV, while still young, had set himself with no little energy to rectify this state of things, and by dint of great inducements poured quite a large stream of immigrants into New France. Officers and soldiers already out there were given grants of land. Peasants, selected with some care, were shipped out from Dieppe and Rochelle, more particularly from the former, as the Huguenot atmosphere of the Biscayan seaport alarmed the rigid Catholics of Quebec. No English colony had been either started or nourished by the Crown in this fashion. Convicts and the victims of unsuccess-

ful rebellion were the only class of persons that the British Government had directly interested itself in transporting free to its colonies. A remarkable feature, however, of this paternally organized exodus to Canada was that families or married couples formed no part of it. Shipments of single men were forwarded to replace the bachelor soldiers whose swords had been turned into ploughshares, and single women, gathered in the same fashion and not without care in the selection, were sent out in succeeding shiploads. Under the immediate supervision of the Church these ex-soldiers and imported maidens, making choice as best they could, were joined together in the bonds of matrimony.

The girls were divided into two classes, demoiselles when possible for the officer settlers, while the humbler majority were allotted to the peasant soldiers. The King himself took a keen interest in this matrimonial mart, and was determined that Canada should be populated without loss of time. The young Canadian who remained single was pulled up before the authorities and made to show good cause for his backwardness, while those who continued obdurate were singled out for taxation and other unpleasant attentions, and their lives made generally miserable. If a father did not see to it that his daughter was married on arriving at a suitable age, he was soundly rated; and, if he did not then take the hint, worse things befell him. On the other hand, the willing and blushing bridegroom was presented with a handsome bonus, and substantial premiums were offered to those who contributed most abundantly to the increase of population. A noblesse was part of the scheme, and a noblesse was consequently formed and gradually added to. It was not very easy to make one. The tendency to acquire and settle upon a large tract of land, and gather dignity from the importance it gave, which distinguished the Anglo-Saxons of the more Southern colonies, had no counterpart in Canada. The French theory of aristocracy was somewhat the same; but the Frenchmen in Canada who had to play the part were generally not much better suited for it than was the country, which gave but small returns for most laborious work, and whose social life centred chiefly in one capital. A considerable number of the portionless, lower noblesse with which France swarmed had come out with their regiments to Canada; but, in spite of inducements to stay, most of them, with the natural gregariousness of Frenchmen added to the chances of military renown, had returned to France. Blue blood and an old name, both in the France and England of that day, preferred the sword to the ploughshare or the monotony of the backwoods, save where really stirring adventure offered a compensation.

The Canadian noblesse, however, was an artificial affair, a forced matter in its inception and, though a very distinct order of society, acquiring but little substance. Just as an early Governor of Virginia wrote that everybody wanted to be a gentleman, so the seventeenth-century Governors of Canada reported that there was a universal craving to get a patent of nobility with its somewhat barren accompaniments, and assumptions of empty rank were common and easy enough in a country where, outside the official class, neither noble nor simple at that time earned much more than their food or clothes. Seigneuries, large in extent, covered with dense forests, cleared only on the river front, formed the unit of life outside the few towns. The log-houses of the peasant tenantry extended along the river front, while the scarcely superior mansion of the seigneur, with the inevitable mill and not seldom a parish church, stood close at hand. Trifling rents, and those paid, when paid at all, in kind, just served to keep this strange species of nobleman and his family in food and clothes. Even this result was not always achieved, kings of France having more than once to send out provisions to save their transatlantic nobility from starvation. Sometimes even their wives and daughters worked in the field. Whatever his origin,

however, once ennobled, the seigneur was not at liberty to follow any trade or calling, and it is small wonder that "sloth and pride," according to contemporary French writers, were his distinguishing points. But these very attributes and the conditions of his life, while inimical to success in peace, made him formidable in war. The ragged Canadian *gentilhomme*, inured to the chase and a stranger to luxury, equally at home in the trackless forest or on the boiling rapid, was the *beau ideal* of an irregular soldier. Brave, hardy, adventurous, and somewhat callous to human suffering, he was an admirable leader to a peasantry who shared most of his qualities and were only less ready than himself to answer the call to arms.

But by the period we are treating of Canada had made some advance in prosperity, and in normal times was at least self-supporting. There were a few prosperous seigneuries and a handful of well-to-do seigneurs, though, whether rich or poor, the pride of caste, greatly aided by official encouragement, had been maintained. But neither seigneur nor *habitant* had any share in the government of the country, which was wholly autocratic.

In the city of Quebec, unsurpassed for its pride of pose by any capital in the world, was centred the power to which all Canada yielded unquestioned obedience. There, in the chateau of St. Louis, upon the famous rock, whence cannon frowned over the spires and gables of church and monastery, sat the all-powerful Viceroy of the King of France. Nor was he, like the governor of an English province, commissioned to this important post with little or no regard to personal capacity. On the contrary, much care was usually exercised in his selection. He was nearly always a fighting man or statesman of approved ability; sometimes he was both. To speak of him, however, as all-powerful is perhaps hardly accurate. It would be more exact to describe him as the leader of a Triumvirate, of whom the other members were the Intendant and the Archbishop. The former of these two functionaries was a person of legal acquirements rather than of rank. He looked after the finances, and to some extent shared the government with his chief. He did much of the confidential correspondence of the colony with the home authorities, and may be described as a check in the King's interest upon the absolutism of the Governor. The third member of the trio, the Archbishop, guarded the interests of the powerful Church of Canada, with its monasteries, convents, colleges, and wide landed possessions, and kept watch over that supremacy which it regarded as vital to the salvation of Canadians and in some sort its due on account of the great share it had taken in the early struggles of the colony. To this Triumvirate was joined in times of stress a military commander, as will be amply demonstrated later on. However much these officials might disagree among themselves in times of peace, when outside danger threatened they sank their differences for the moment, and showed a united front. In Government circles, the ecclesiastics and perhaps the Governor himself excepted, a system of monstrous corruption flourished. The fur trade, which formed the real wealth of the colony, though little enough of it remained there, was practically a Government monopoly. It employed perhaps a third of the Canadian population, at bare living wages, and made the fortune, by means of well-understood devices, of a small handful of officials, who hurried back to France with their gains. Supplies, too, as well as large sums of money, were continually pouring into Canada for public purposes, and were manipulated by the official clique at Quebec, with a corrupt disregard for the public welfare that even for those days was remarkable.

In spite of all this, however, a fine daring and much patriotic zeal animated the French Canadian people as a whole. Bigoted, ignorant, and superstitious, they marched against English Protestants or Indian savages as upon a crusade. They had infinite belief in

their superiority to the former, and a childlike faith in anything told them by their ecclesiastics, who beyond a doubt severely tested their credulity. The spacious West, to which they all had access at one time or another, was the finest of schools for backwoods warfare, while the habit of obedience to social or military superiors went hand in hand with an unquestioning loyalty to their Church. They had been accustomed to ravage the New England frontier and, having often got the better of the industrious Puritan farmer, had imbibed some contempt for the colonial Englishman as a soldier, which an extraordinarily boastful temperament made appear even yet more blatant. The impecunious, idle, and numerous noblesse were always at hand to lead in every kind of adventure. Numbers of them lived almost wholly in the woods among the Indians, adopting their dress and costumes, egging them on against the English settlements, and frequently leading them on their bloody raids. Compared with that steady, plodding subjection of the wilderness by the British colonist, Canadian civilization was a failure. One can have nothing, however, but admiration for the courage and enterprise with which its people faced the unknown in the trackless, perilous path of the fur trade. Montreal was the dépôt and starting-point for all concerned in it, and stood near the Western limit of civilization. Frontenac, where Kingston now stands, was the first great outpost in the forests beyond. Niagara, whose name indicates its position, was a still remoter station of great import, and Detroit, yet farther on, was a still larger one. The stormy waters of Lake Superior were familiar even then to the French voyageur, whose canoe crept along its gloomy shores and exploited its lonely bays. The militia of Canada, in which every male between sixteen and sixty served under compulsion, were reckoned at this time as between 15,000 and 20,000. There were also in regular garrison some 2,000 troops of the colonial marine, officered and mostly raised in France. There were usually, too, some troops of the line in the colony, their numbers varying of course with the state of current events. Of the number of Indians utilized in war by the French it would be vain to hazard any estimate. Save for the celebrated "Six Nations," whom neither French diplomacy nor French successes could ever wholly win from their neutrality and English sympathies, most of the Indian tribes ultimately espoused their cause. There were a large number, too, of Mission Indians, nominally Christians, and bound to the interests of the French, being under the influence of their priests. But of the numerous wild tribes to the westward and the fragments of the neutral nations nearer home, it would be superfluous to attempt a classification. To do so would be to thrust upon the reader a mass of detail which he is probably neither prepared nor inclined to digest, even if it were essential to the understanding of the great Anglo-French struggle, in which I hope to engage his interest.

TO BE CONTINUED

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# THE SOUL'S LYRIC

BY INGLIS MORSE

Bleed, O heart, and break
For memory's sake!
This be thy story
Told ere the sunset's glory
Fade into night.

Sing, O heart, rejoice
That life's richest choice
Is here to make thine own,
Ere the day has flown
And darkness once again has
merged in light.

# UP THE LONE HOLLOW BRANCH

*By HOPKINS J. MOORHOUSE*

THE night foreman happened to speak about it shortly after Bob McFadden's engine rolled into the round-house. McFadden was one of those big, good-natured fellows, who would cheerfully go a mile out of his way any time to give a sneak a kick or stand by a hard-working man; so when he heard what the night foreman said he made a few remarks of his own. Afterward he talked with his fireman, button-holed the master-mechanic, and went home. That Christmas eve, not long before midnight, Engine No. 333 stole out of the round-house and went rapidly up the yard to the east with her safety popping.

The trackmen on the T. & B.L. had had Christmas Day to themselves for so many winters that the holiday had come to be accepted as an indisputable right rather than anything in the way of a favour from the Company. That was why the rumour made such a commotion when it ran along the Ridges Division to the effect that precedent was to be thrown to the winds and the holiday cancelled. But it was only a rumour after all, and Christmas was beginning to look like something more than plain December 25th on the card when a gang of fifty hands was ordered away up the Ridge to repair a section of road on the Lone Hollow branch. They worked overtime in order to get through, and seven o'clock Christmas eve found the tool-car stored and everybody ready for home. The "jigger" had been run up to Lone Hollow, and the operator there had wired for an engine.

"Can't spare engine for 24 hours. Work down line. D. A. M."

That was the message the "jigger" carried back to the boss. "D. A. M." meant Mitchell, the master-mechanic, and when the boss spoke "DAM" was what he said; so did the others.

McFadden was not given to profanity, or that is what he would have said also when the night foreman told him how things stood.

"What's the matter with Mitchell, anyway?" he demanded. "'S if those fellas were wantin' the Limited, with the President pinchin' in front an' the G. M. swingin' the scoop. There ain't any old gravel-train scrap-iron 'round here, I s'pose, nor there ain't a wiper as knows a coal-scoop from an oil-can —Oh no!—Huh!"

McFadden was angry. He had a wife and a couple of little tow-headed McFaddens at home writing letters to Santa Claus, and Christmas would be no Christmas at all if he was not there to see them stuff themselves with turkey and plum-pudding and things. That was the way *he* felt.

. . . . . .

Somewhere about three o'clock Christmas morning a few screeches from a locomotive a mile off in the bush tumbled fifty trackmen from their bunks up the Lone Hollow branch, and when McFadden's engine bore down around the Gore it was greeted with a yell that could have been heard all the way to the settlement.

Soon bright lantern-dots were flitting along the track, and everybody was joking and laughing and shouting and whistling as if they had suddenly lost their reason. Then, when the engine had danced off to a switch and the tool-car had been coupled on, and everybody had scrambled aboard, the whistle tooted twice and the wheels went round.

"Tommy," chuckled McFadden as a loud chorus broke from behind, "I wouldn't 've missed this for two night's sleep."

"Same here," said Logan, who was busy heaving coal into the hot fire-box.

"We'll pull the gang into the yard 'fore daybreak or bust."

Logan knew then that they were

going to make speed, and he laughed vaguely to himself; he had fired on the Moguls and liked excitement.

The Lone Hollow branch was a rough stretch of road at best, but was really bad at only one or two points. At Sullivan's Creek there was a nasty grade with an old wooden trestle across the ravine at the bottom.

The night was not altogether dark, for though there was no moon, the snow threw a twilight and carried afield the broad yellow of the headlight. McFadden notched the throttle and settled down on his cushions to watch the sweep of the light across rocky scaurs, along gorges, down valleys, through the bush, up-hill, down-grade, around bluffs—mile after mile. Logan kept an eye on the gauge and threw coal.

Just how it happened neither McFadden nor Logan knew exactly. The oil-cans were generally stowed back in the coal-tank, and that is where the kerosene should have been. The can had leaked itself empty, and the deck was dry, but neither driver nor fireman had noticed that. They were running free, for McFadden knew he had a clear track, so he burned steam. Jogging leisurely on his arm-rest, his eyes travelled ahead along the steel threads that stretched away into the night. He knew they were not far from Sullivan's Creek, but there was plenty of time yet to choke her head for the grade. Logan threw open the feed-door, and the lurid glare flung out over the snow and played with the ribbon of steam that was hissing back from the dome.

"Bob!"

McFadden twisted quickly in his seat, and a glance showed him what had occurred. With a jump he was back in the tender seizing the bucket of water that Logan handed down from the tank.

It was a mere tongue at first—but that kerosene! Even before the water was drawn the whole cab seemed to burst out into flames.

"Quick!" McFadden shouted as he scrambled back amongst the coal.

A pail of water was hastily dashed upon the deck, but it might have been a thimbleful for all the good it did. The two men could smell the fumes of the oil and they worked fast, but the fire had caught in a spare supply of engine-oil. It had all happened so suddenly that the feed-door had been left open, and a stream of flame and heat was shooting from the furnace, where the white fires curled and writhed under the crown sheet. A sudden wave of it sent McFadden reeling back into the coal-tank. Logan dropped the bucket and got the door closed with the aid of the slash-bar.

Just then the engine gave a quick lurch and swung sharply round a curve, but her nose hung well to the steel. McFadden jerked his head up from the tank to note the reason for the sudden forward pitch and the increase in speed, and that glance made him throw down the bucket in consternation.

"Stop her!—Stop her, Bob!" yelled the fireman above the tearing of the flanges and the roar of the wheels. "*Sullivan's!*"

McFadden's face shone white in the red glare as he realized that he had forgotten to shut the throttle, and now the flames intervened and they were at the top of the worst grade on the whole line with a deep ravine and an old bridge at the bottom.

Faster and faster 333 flew, pitching and rolling down hill at sixty miles an hour. Her bell was clanging and the din of her running settled into one long roar. The draught fanned the cab into a furnace. McFadden heard the glass of the indicator on the boiler-head crack to pieces, and he clenched his teeth.

"Bob, you're crazy! You're crazy, I tell you!"

Logan jumped for his shoulders, but missed his grab, and a blow on the jaw sent him sprawling amongst the coal. There was no time for hesitation.

McFadden whirled about and sprang like a cat to the top of the tank. Just beyond the sheet of flame was the roof of the cab. He leaped, landed square

upon it, and felt himself rolling, rolling—then he clutched the edge. It took all his strength to retain his position with that wild pitching from side to side. The wind stung him like whipcord, the cinders flew in his face and blinded him, and he knew his overalls were scorching. In a moment he was lying at full length, hanging over the edge of the cab. His clenched fist went through the window with a crash, but it was to no purpose that he struggled to reach the throttle. It was a question of a few moments only before she would leap the rails; no engine on wheels could hold her head and "wildcat" down a grade like that. McFadden knew, and his muscles became rigid with the strain he placed upon them, for he saw visions of little children with arms full of Christmas toys, and wives, sweethearts, mothers—fifty homes wrecked on Christmas morning.

He never remembered how he got hold of the levers, but once he did it was the work of a moment to choke her steam, send the brake-shoes grinding into the drivers and open the sand-box. There was a great tearing of steel against steel, and flying of sparks and gritting of sand, then they struck the curve and he was pitched forward against the running-board and tumbled off into blackness.

The runaway came to a stop with her pilot on the trestle. Men with scared faces hurried from the car and got the burning cab under control without much difficulty now that the engine was at a standstill. McFadden was picked up unconscious a few rods up the hill. He escaped without serious injury, though he was badly bruised. One of his wrists was sprained and his shoes were nearly burned off.

It lacked an hour of daylight when they passed the first switch-shanty and pulled into the upper yards. By the time the coupling was thrown fifty men in overalls were lined up beside the track, and as engine 333 rolled away for the round-house a mighty cheer went after her.

"Just listen those fellas hollerin' for their turkey and stuffin'," chortled McFadden. "Er-a—Merry Christmas, Tommy."

"Same to you, Bob."

Then they shook hands and grinned at each other like two great, big boys.

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## THE LOVE OF LATER YEARS

BY BLANCHE E. VAUGHAN

THE dreams that young love dreams are fair,
The sighs that young love sighs are sweet;
Glad angels hover watching, where
The lips of coy young lovers meet.
The skies above young love are blue,
The laughter of young love is gay;
To young love all the world is new,
And all its troubles far away.

But send to me the sweeter, later
Love, blossoming where sorrows lie—
The deeper love, the broader, greater,
That comes to flower, but not to die.
For him, when youth's wild dreams are spent,
And Time has withered many a hope;
God's gifts are best if Love he sent
To lead him down the Western Slope.

# THE LEGEND OF THE MAPLE

*By GRACE CHANNELL*

I

I AM the oldest of the Maples in the Northland. This that I tell you was told me by the Wind, when the snow lay white and thick upon the ground in the time of Winter. For more years than even he could remember, he had told this tale to the trees; and one cold night when the stars shone brightly, he crept over the snow, up the valley, and whispered it to me.

II

Years and years ago, long before the red men or the white men came to this country, the ground bore no flowers and fruit by the sun heat.

To the court of Queen Nature went the Sun complaining, crying that he could not make this wild, rough land beautiful, for the ground turned coldly from his wooing.

There was much consternation then in the heart of the Queen that her child should be so unruly. She called the Sun to her and bade him draw nearer to this part of her country for a brief season of the year. This the Sun did, and the Earth, thrilled to its centre, felt a strange, new life awake within her, and sensitive, quivering children, which had lain sleeping so long, pushed their way through the soil to the light above.

Then the Queen called to her the maiden Beauty and sent her with a message to the Northland.

So it happened that one clear day this messenger came out of the blue heavens, bearing in her hand a rod that shot back the radiance of the sunlight. She was robed in a wonderful garment, which seemed like a rainbow twisted and twined about her. Her eyes were blue as the sky from which she came. Her hair shone like gold in the sun. Her skin was white as the lily flower—and her lips like the petals of the red rose.

Down upon the just awakened earth of the Northland she flew. She bade the Wind bear to the fir and the pine and the cedar, and the other hardy children of her Queen, a message:

That to her was it given to make all things that grow beautiful. For a few months of the year the Sun had been bidden to shine more warmly upon this land; that flowers would bloom and birds of a summer season live among them.

When the Wind had carried this message to the trees they moaned piteously and cried, "Give unto us a sister of our kind who will love the Sun."

The messenger, on hearing this, took the rod that she carried and thrust it into the earth. Calling the Wind, she said, "What I promise to this rod, do ye remember. For through the years must you carry it until such time as it may be fulfilled."

Turning, she put her hand upon the rod and spoke slowly, "I bid you grow great in this land and reign over all of your kind. Grow tall by looking at the Sun. Spread out your branches that a shade be cast about you in which men may rest in the heat of the day. Your juice shall be sweet-flavoured and a drink pleasant to the taste. Ere you drop your leaves for winter, I bid you turn them yellow for the sunlight and crimson the colour of man's blood. Thousands of years from now, a race of men shall come to these shores, to whom you will stand for that which is dear to them—their Home and their Country."

The beautiful messenger stooped and placed her lips upon the rod. As she did so tears fell from her eyes upon it. "Ah," said she, "shall not the tree which grows from Beauty's rod, be beautiful, and the juice of a tree, first watered by Beauty's tears, be sweet?"

She turned and looked upward toward the Sun and cried, "Be kind to this child of mine, O Sun, and give it

strength!" and with her arms outstretched in entreaty, she flew back into the heavens.

A hush fell upon the Northland. From the South rose a strange, black cloud. It came towards the North, nearer and nearer, until it spread over all the country. A faint melody was wafted down to the wild creatures of the forest and the listening trees. It grew stronger and stronger, and, as the sun set upon the first day of summer, the air was filled with the singing of birds.

III

Mighty in numbers and great in the land we grew. Each year saw us taller and stronger. Each year spread we more broadly our branches about us.

Time to us was as nothing. Our leaves must be perfect in curve and in colour, our trunks be straight, bending neither to right nor to left.

Each summer, as our leaves reached maturity, they were more beautiful than the leaves of the year before.

There is no messenger in Queen Nature's court more inexorable than the messenger Beauty. To make one of us perfect she sacrificed a hundred.

She would call the Wind and show to him the trees which must die. "There are too many," she would say, "the others must have light."

The Wind would come in the night, howling and blustering upon them, and at dawn the trees would lie dead upon the ground.

Was it not strange that as the Sun rose in the morning, and the Wind was still again, the messenger Beauty would creep down through the pale sunbeams and try to warm the half-grown dead trees to life? "My children," she would cry, "do not think I killed you. It is the Queen! It is the Queen!"

So passed the years. By the mighty rivers, and shading the brooks of the hillside, thousands strong in the forest or sentinelled down through the valley —as soldiers shoulder to shoulder, and strong heart to strong heart—we guarded our country.

Whether it were in the beauty of the birth of Springtime, or the full maturity of summer; when, with the crimson and gold leaves of autumn, we perfected the colours of sunset, or bore meekly the white snows of winter, we were waiting! Waiting!

IV

Wild through the forest at night sounded the scream of the red men. They were a cruel and savage people, and loved nothing better than the sight of a dead man before them. But they were brave and hated a coward.

The mountains, the lakes, the rivers and plains were as dear to them as now they are to the white man. Their law was the only law that they knew—the only law that we knew—"He who is strongest shall rule."

The strong trees lived; the weak ones died. Such is the law of nature. Such was the law of the red men.

When there came among them strange gentle priests, with a message of love and peace, can we wonder they killed them?

It was to our hearts came that first message, for as their blood crimsoned the ground and the warriors shouted the death cry, we knew that these whom they killed were our children.

What meant these new teachings to those who knew but one way to the heart, that of the death-blow?

There were priests who prayed, and soldiers who fought. In daytime and in night-time there was one unending horror of torture and death, and the wail of helpless women.

At last the triumph song of the strangers rose to the heavens, and faintly echoing back came the funeral hymn of the red men.

There was the ringing of the chapel bell. There were the thankful hearts of people bowed in prayer, the joyful rustling of our leaves, and the laughter of children. Peace had come.

V

Dark hair against fair hair—true heart against true heart—turned these strangers one against the other.

We could not understand why they had cheered at the red rags floating in the breeze, why they died crying "Vive le Roi!" or "England forever!"

We knew only that they were our children, the dark haired and the fair haired.

A day came when the air was filled with tumult, confusion, and the groans of the wounded, and the sun that had risen upon two flags set upon one.

Sadly they half-masted the one flag and we heard the funeral dirge and the chanting of priests. The wind told us that peace had again come. We remembered the funeral hymn of the red men, and wondered if the song of peace and victory must always rise from beside an open grave.

Clearly a trumpet peal sounded from the east to the west of the Northland. From treetop to ground we trembled. We heard a voice saying to us: "Now is a nation born, christened by the blood of the noblest of two races. It shall be called neither the land of the Fleur-de-Lys nor the land of the English Rose, but "The Land of the Maple!"

VI

You know not on a summer night when you hear the soft rustle of our leaves as the light wind goes by, that we are singing your rest songs. You know not as you rest wearied in our shade that we have spread our branches only to sometime shelter you. You know not as you gather the autumn leaves that they are crimsoned because it is the colour of your own rich, warm blood.

Still, you love us. Your children make wreaths for their hair of our leaves and sing of us until the woods ring. Your young men and maidens make love trysts under our branches, and those other of you who have known the sorrow of life whisper your anguish to our hearts.

I am the oldest of the Maples. I have lived to see the eyes of old men grow dim at the sight of a faded maple leaf, and sin-stained hearts read in its lines the forgotten purity of childhood. Those who are strangers in a strange land turn their eyes longingly homeward as one drops from the opened letter. They can see the hills and the valleys and the rivers, the fireplace in the winter time, and the dear faces of loved ones.

You shall be great, my children, but hasten not. Greatness of nations comes slowly. We have waited many, many years for you.

Yesterday there passed through the forest hundreds and hundreds of children. They carried great branches covered with our leaves, swinging them and singing. We told the Wind to be silent as we listened.

Child of sunshine, child of beauty,
Emblem of our own dear land;
To thy children thou hast given
Love of heart and strength of hand.

From this wild and wondrous Northland
Look we forth o'er all the world;
From this land of stream and forest
See the nations' flags unfurled.

See them floating bravely, proudly,
Over lands and over seas;
See our Maple, in the sunlight,
Shine and tremble in the breeze.

CHORUS—O! the Maple,
How we love thee!
All thy children here,
To the Power
That rules above,
Bow with thanks sincere.

As the last word died in the distance the Wind carried the song out and away towards the sky. Swiftly back to us came the cry, "My children, it has come!" and the thousands of us over the Northland echoed "It has come!"

# THE STRATAGEM OF TERRANCE O'HALLORAN

*By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT*

TO the north of the city of Hull, in the Province of Quebec, stretches a rugged and picturesque country drained by the Gatineau River. There is good land between the hills and good farms also. Not fifty miles from the mouth of the river, Stag Creek mingles its waters with the larger stream, and here begins what is known as the Stag Creek District, famous for the turbulent nature of its inhabitants and the size of its speckled trout. The former are Irish and have a long score "agin the Gov'ment," the chief item of which is an unjust demand for taxes upon land which they were told was free from all such unholy burdens. Year after year had the county authorities tried to collect the taxes, but without success. After these repeated failures the settlers felt secure. Their good money was in their breeches pockets where they meant it to stay. In the autumn of 1895 a detachment of the local Canadian militia had to be sent to enforce the law; but this story is of an earlier year.

In the fall of 1892 Jacques Plamondon was in need of employment. He had commenced life as a tally-keeper in a lumber camp and now he was a half-fledged notary who conceived he knew a thing or two more than the Attorney-General at Quebec. So when he heard of the annual trouble at Stag Creek he offered himself.

"I will collect your taxes," he said melo-dramatically, "give me your roll book."

"You will do what no one else has been able to do."

"Good, but I will do it."

So the roll book and the instructions were shortly handed over to him. Soon he was boasting in all the bar-rooms of Hull that he would return triumphant after spoiling the wild Irishmen on Stag Creek. He expounded his theories most publicly, and before long rumors of his plans reached the ears of Stag Creek, and Terrance O'Halloran, happening to be in Hull for a day, overheard Mons. Plamondon in the bar-room of the Imperial Hotel and confirmed the reports himself.

Terrance was a Stag Creek squatter, a small man of nimble wit, whose shock of red hair lay well over his small twinkling eyes. His nose was spread wide upon his face, his expression was one of childlike simplicity. He carried his shoulders hunched up to his ears, and he "wore" his pipe upside down as if he were in a continual shower of rain. When he heard Mons. Plamondon bragging of his plan for collecting the Stag Creek taxes he looked more simple and red-headed and "hunched up" than ever. Mons. Plamondon's theory was that he should succeed by politeness. He explained this to his friends in voluble French.

"You see I will approach these poor people with deference, not like a cut-purse. I will explain to them why they should pay their taxes, and as I show them this plainly, they will be glad that the Bureau has sent me and there will be no more difficulty." Sometimes he will drop into English, and he was very proud of his English.

"Dis Irish I will na' tak her by the t'roat an' curse it; when I go onto de 'ouse I will be urban, I will say 'you 'av been badly tret my frent, when I tink 'bout dat it mak my tear burn; but you shod pay de tax. And I will kees de babie,—manifique babie,—I will tol de mudder. My Heaven! de wole of Hull know 'bout dat manifique babie! And when de people see hes not goin' 'a be choke by de t'roat he say Mr. Plamondon, you are one vera good genelman, not anoder juss same

as you. Then she's bring her money hout of where she hide it, and she's pay me all de back tax, and me go over the wole Stag Creek parish dat way wit no trouble 'tall. What? Guess so? Eh! !" At this the eyes of Terrance O'Halloran twinkled more than ever.

A few days later he was warning his neighbours in his slow drawl, without a smile:

"There's a gintleman from below goin' to call upon ye, and yese'll have to pay yer taxes fur shure."

"Will we that, now Terence? And why fur shure?"

"He's a Frinch gintleman by the name Plamondon, and its the sthile af him as 'ill be the ruinetion af yese. The tongue in his head will call a burd af the bush. The manners af him is iligant. I heard him down at Goyette's, and if I hadn't left me pocketbook on the piana and hadn't nothin' in me mit but a dirty quarter I'd ha' payed him me taxes on the spot."

"Well Terry, me brave boy, he'll come to ye furst, and if he gits by ye, the whole Township 'ill pay him and pray fur him."

"Sorry I am the day I iver squatted where I did," said Terry, "and many a salty tear I'll shed, fur he's sure to come it over poor Terence O'Halloran, and that'll be a cold day fur Stag Creek wid all the dirty taxes paid up. Sure me house is the furst in the Township, and it's meself must be first to meet the Plamondon wid his ways and his smiles of politeness."

Meantime Mons. Plamondon had talked so much about his mission that when he found himself ready to start from Hull, he was the centre of a circle of admiring adherents. He wore his best, as the expedition had to his mind a diplomatic character. His tall silk hat, black clothes and bright red necktie gave him a festive appearance. It was a beautiful September morning. The leaves had just begun to turn and the moderate air was full of sunshine and life. As Mons. Plamondon had a good horse it was not many hours before he found himself in the Township of Low, through which Stag Creek runs, and soon after he drew up before Terrance O'Halloran's. He observed a scurry of children into the house and he saw a woman come to the door and look out. Mons. Plamondon was gratified; he felt that already he had created a sensation. He drove into the barnyard and tied his horse to a ring in the log wall of the stable. A few hens scuttled away from his feet. A small, lean, solitary-looking pig which was rooting about in the straw paused as Mons. Plamondon went by. It had a tousle of hair between its ears, a roguish eye twinkling in a pink eye-socket and a pucker of wrinkles around its jaw. It seemed to smile as the tax collector went up to the door.

When Mons. Plamondon looked into the house he saw Mrs. O'Halloran preparing the noon-day meal, a sizzle of bacon was in the pan and its aroma on the air. Her back was turned toward him. She was in her bare feet and wore a short drugget skirt and a loose print blouse. She turned about promptly when he asked if Mr. O'Halloran was at home.

"He is that, Sor."

"Me, I'm Plamondon of Hull."

"You don't mean to tell me," cried Nora, turning fully toward him. "Shure I thot it was yerself, Sor, when the childer rushed in and sid the Prince of Wales was comin' up the road. Sez I to meself, shure as the pork's in the pan it's Mr. Plamondon himself. Take the weight aff your legs;" indicating a chair with the point of a two-pronged fork with which she had been turning the pork. Mons. Plamondon took the chair. The children had disappeared, but he could hear them snickering in their hiding-place. Only the infant remained. She was rolling on the floor, clothed in a single garment, her face covered with treacle. When Mons. Plamondon sat down she began to crawl toward his boots on all fours. Mrs. O'Halloran turned again to her work of minding the dinner.

"It's jest this mornin' we was spaking af ye, Sor; sez I, Terry, de ye

think the Hon. Mr. Plamondon will be comin' the day? Niver a bit, sez he; we'd ha' seed it on the paper and the Leftenant Guvnor w'ud hav' writ to Father Burke about the same. De ye think now, sez he, that a man like Mr. Plamondon is goin' about wid a bushel basket over his head?"

Turning her head she saw the progress of the small child toward the shiny boots. "Come out o' that now, Honora," she cried, "come out o' that or I'll go there and warm ye, ye bould lump ye." Whereupon Honora rested.

"Ye mayn't mind me, sez I to O'Halloran, but there is a fine lookin' man in me taycup, and Mr. Plamondon may turn up the day unexpected like, like a tief in the night, as Father Burke would say—God bless him!" Plamondon wondered at the cordiality of his reception; he was prepared to use civility, but overwhelmed by this ready flattery he could not command his English.

"I did not tink it necessare to make an announcement."

"Necessare— Niver a bit; we're as glad to see ye as if ye came wid a brass bugle and a barrel drum. And when I caught ye wid me eye, sez I, Terry me boy, be ready for the Guvment man, whip down below and sphade up the mustherd tin where we hid the tax money; and down he went like one 'a them duck-divers at Mud Lake, and he hasn't come up agin. Terry," she called, approaching an open trap door in the floor, "is it all night yer goin' to be?" The voice of Terry was heard in imprecation from below.

"Maybe, Mr. Plamondon, ye wudn't mind condischending to sthep below and see the ould man himself, and then ye'll both be comin' up to have a bite o' vittles."

Jacques rose gallantly and descended the steep stairs, little better than a ladder, into the gloom, carefully guarding his tall hat. Just as his foot touched the earth there was a flash of light and the noise of a door opened and shut. He heard the bang of the trap-door, the light was cut off from above, and at the shock his hat bounded into the thick darkness.

"Sapriste!" he cried. "Mr. O'Halloran, I canna see mesel'." No one answered him. There was a sound of a scuffle of feet overhead, then silence. Mons. Plamondon felt about him in the dark, and as he became accustomed to it he discovered light breaking in through the cracks in a door which evidently communicated with the barnyard. But this door was securely fastened, so was the trap-door in the floor. He was a prisoner. He shuffled cautiously over the uneven earth-floor seeking his precious hat, but without success. He could find nothing in the cellar but a bunch of straw in one corner. He climbed the ladder and beat upon the floor with his fist and shouted till his throat felt as if it was raw, but no one paid any attention.

He heard the chairs drawn up to the table, the clatter and yammer of the children, the bland voice of Nora, and a short grunt or two from Terry himself. He began to feel the pangs of hunger, for he had had a long drive in the fresh air; but he heard in despair the sound of the dishes being washed and put away. The afternoon wore on, and from sheer weariness he fell asleep on the heap of pea-straw.

He was awakened by a violent stamping and shuffling overhead, cries and the grind of a fiddle. All Stag Creek had been invited to a dance at Terrance O'Halloran's; all Stag Creek had accepted and was dancing above the head of the defeated Plamondon. Hour after hour the rout went on. The fiddle never stopped and Jacques could hear the talk of the boys when they came out into the night to take a pull at the bottle.

It must have been nearing morning when the unfortunate tax collector felt that he could stand it no longer. He had found under the pea-straw an elm stake, sharpened at one end, such as is commonly used on a wood-sleigh. Seizing this he thrust its point with all his force up against the floor. The stake struck between two boards; it

went through; six inches of it appeared in the room above. The noise and the dancing ceased together. There was a pause as if for an explanation. Then he heard Terry's voice, "Ladies, it's the card of Monshure Plamondon, of Hull, callin' upon yese."

"Hurroo!" There was a shout of laughter and the dance went on, madder than ever. But another day was breaking, and by and by the company began to disperse. Before long the only sound which Mons. Plamondon heard from the room above was the snoring of some one who was unable to carry his load of the good potheen, which was made up in the hills, not a day's journey from Terry's door.

As he listened he passed into forgetfulness of his sorrows and dozed on his straw; when he awoke the door was open and the broad daylight was struggling into the cellar. Without waiting to look for his hat Mons. Plamondon rushed out. His horse was standing harnessed and impatient, for he had been well fed and groomed. Mons. Plamondon had been twenty-four hours without food and he yearned for the flesh-pots of "Moore's," the nearest hostelry. He leaped into his cart and, as he was, hatless, his clothing covered with mould and wisps of pea-straw, he never drew rein until he reached "Moore's." Then he asked for "three fingers of gin," and got it.

For a week there was a pilgrimage to Terrance O'Halloran's to see Mons. Plamondon's card; even Father Burke came to see it. Then it had to be removed for the convenience of the family. But Terry still shows the headgear of Plamondon. It hangs amid his household gods, under the picture of the holy St. Patrick who drove the snakes out of Ireland.

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# PETER: A SON OF ERIN

*By MARY STEWART DURIE*

PETER knelt on the grass border beneath one of the hospital windows, bending laboriously over the tulip-bed, as he rooted out stray grass-seedlings and saucy weeds from the smoothly-heaped curve of the earth. As he worked he apostrophized these little upstarts in an undertone.

"Out wid ye thin, ye tormints! Is it spilin' me tulips on me that ye're afther, or what?"

The tulips airily flaunted their gay heads beneath the old gardener's kindly eye, as though frankly conscious of his pride in them, as he straightened his shoulders and knelt back on his heels to contemplate the result of his labours.

His keen old eyes ran observantly first over his tulips, then over the smooth, tender green of the lawn beyond, dotted with an occasional short-stemmed dandelion; then to the bright yellow daffodils under the south windows of the Surgical Ward. Pride shone in his eyes as he looked.

Along the gravel path that led from the Nurses' Home at the north end of the garden came a group of seven or eight nurses in blue cotton dresses and white linen aprons, bibs, and caps that glistened white in the morning sunshine. They chatted as they walked in twos and threes, some talking merrily and laughing, others discussing something evidently more serious. None of them were too engrossed to join in the chorus of "Good morning, Peter!" that greeted the figure grubbing at the tulip-bed.

The old gardener touched his cap, looking up cheerfully at the group with a mixture of friendliness and respect.

His face was clean-shaven, and as clean as laundry-soap and cold water could make it. His mouth drooped at

the corners in the melancholy manner of even the merriest of Irish mouths when in repose. His smile was Irish, beaming—indescribable, a sort of "clear shining after rain," good to see.

When, a few minutes later, the head nurse, Miss O'Brien, passed him on her way to the wards, Peter's manner of salutation was adorned with, if possible, more respect, tempered with the friendly admiration one sees occasionally in old servants. "Good morning, Peter!" said she.

"Good marnin', Miss Molly, Ma'am."

(He insisted, in spite of rebukes from the Superintendent of Nurses, on calling Miss O'Brien "Miss Molly.")

"A beautiful marnin' this, Miss!"

He scanned her face anxiously, and finding it more serious than usual, added:

"Nothin' wrong wid ye, I'm hopin', Miss Molly?"

"No, no, Peter, what makes you ask?" she said cheerfully. "And, oh, Peter, what beauties your tulips are this year!"

The girl bent down to pluck one of the scarlet, gold and green parrot-tulips, and fastened it in her dress, to Peter's delight. He smiled approval and pride as she said good-bye.

"Och, good-bye, an' God bless ye, Miss Molly, dear!" he said. It was to Peter's mind the only appropriate way of ending any conversation with Miss O'Brien, however brief.

To tell the truth, Peter himself had been the subject of the girl's thoughts. Only that morning she had been informed of the decision of the board of directors of the hospital to amalgamate with the great new Emergency Hospital in the centre of the city. Nurses and officers, patients and servants were to be transferred from the old suburban hospital to the large new building in the very heart of the bustling city. What would become of Peter?—Peter, who had worked in the hospital garden for forty years; who knew no life but his happy out-of-door one amid sunshine and flowers; Peter, whose short winters of comparative idleness and comfort were even now little short of martyrdom, even with the consolation of tobacco and seed-catalogues.

She wondered if she should drop a hint to him of the coming change. No. The change could not be made before the autumn. She would wait, Micawber-like, for "something to turn up" for Peter.

The long summer days were wearing themselves out, and the hospital garden bloomed as it had never bloomed before. Peter's heart sang within him. Never since a young stripling of eighteen, newly emigrated from Ireland, he had first worked in this Canadian garden, had he seen such profusion of bloom. Never had he seen such lily-of-the-valley, such sweet-peas, such larkspur! Never had the nasturtiums come forth so variously garbed! Never were the hollyhocks so fine, so frilly, so richly-coloured or so tall! Their pink and crimson and amber-coloured rosettes flared gorgeously against the blue of the sky one September day, when Peter, measuring-line in hand, descended from the step-ladder he was obliged to use in order to reach with his measure the haughty chins of the tallest hollyhock blooms. He was chuckling to himself as he carried away the step-ladder.

"Tin feet foive inches, no less, as I'm a livin' sowl. 'Twould be hard to foind the bate av thim, if I *do* say it as shouldn't!"

His pride in his garden appeared to have reached a climax.

One day soon after—a day in earliest October, Peter was again grubbing on his knees, planting the crocus bulbs for the next spring's blooming. A trowel lay beside him, but hands were fashioned long before trowels, and Peter's thumb was making deep holes for the bulbs in the soft rich earth more deftly than any trowel could have done. As he worked he was planning his crocus beds' arrangement. This coming year the purples and the mauves and the yellows would not be placed in separate patches. He would grow them altogether, a gorgeous mass of color. This matter de-

cided, he sang as he planted the bulbs, in muffled, rusty tones, but withal, gaily enough, a song learned in his youth.

Dr. Mainguy, the House Surgeon, smiled as he came towards Peter, and heard the tune and the words:

"Och hone, my petticoat red!
Sure round the world I'll beg me bread.
Oh, how I wish that I was dead,
*Medilla Mavourneen Shlawn!*"

The happiness of the croaky voice contrasted oddly with the plaintive wail of the Celtic words. The doctor wondered how Peter would take the news he had to give him that morning. In two weeks more the garden must lose forever its presiding genius.

"Poor old soul!" thought Dr. Mainguy, bracing himself to pronounce the old man's doom.

Peter rose somewhat stiffly from his cramped posture, as the doctor spoke to him, and rubbed his hands together to free them of the clinging leaf-mould. In ten minutes the news had been broken.

Peter's interrupted song repeated itself dully in his mind as he listened. A vague idea of the meaning of the doctor's words began to dawn upon him. His weather-browned cheek paled and his voice quavered out:

"Say it wanst more, sorr, plaze, that I may be unnerstandin' ye betther. Savin' yer prisence, sorr, who'd be tendin' th' owld gardin, like, widout *I* did it?"

The doctor explained. A puzzled, mournful look drifted across the innocent, ignorant eyes. Then he understood and nodded his head slowly.

"Yes, sorr, I see, sorr; but it's the truth I'm tellin' ye whin I say, I can't tell what I'll be afther doin' widout the crather, afther these forty years bein' wid her like, and bringin' her up like, an' this year bein'—"

Great sobs choked his utterance, shaking him from head to foot. To leave his garden! It was more than mortal could bear.

That night Peter sat pondering deeply in his bare little bedroom under the hospital kitchen. His shoulders drooped wearily. The stunned look had gone from his visage, but it had left behind it deep, sad lines in brow and cheek. There was no sleep for Peter that night, but before midnight he had decided upon a course of action. He set his little room in order and sat down again to collect his thoughts. He did some slow and clumsy ciphering on the back of a blank seed list. When the lazy October sun rose at last he bestirred himself once more and, just as the pink dawn was bathing his garden in the fresh, eerie light of daybreak, he issued forth from the kitchen door, taking care to make no noise with his heavy shoes. As he shut the door behind him, a quick, sharp pang of homesickness made him cover his eyes tightly with one hand, while with his other he groped his way to the back gate, lest he should behold again his dearly-loved garden. He could not look at it to say farewell.

Eight o'clock found Peter in a clothier's shop in town, anxiously making purchases. A suit first, a hat, overalls, an entire outfit in short, including a tie "wid a bit av green to it."

The clerk smiled at his eagerness and haste.

Did they keep Catholic prayer-books too? Or pocket books?

The clerk shook his head, suppressing a smile as he tied the huge parcel and snipped the twine. The old man shouldered his bundle with difficulty and departed to complete his purchases elsewhere. This accomplished, the way lay plain before him.

Heavy footed and with the uncertain step of the aged, he plodded to his destination. From the foot of the hospital garden sloped the orchard, a neglected wilderness of ancient gnarled appletrees and currant bushes, and at the foot of the orchard lay a low, marshy field. Beyond it and lower still lay what was known as "Cat Swamp," a dark bog in the centre of which were three deep, treacherous pools. To Cat Swamp Peter took his weary way. He had heard of a poor despairing wretch who had solved his earthly problems in the depths of one

of these weird ponds, and he vaguely felt that here he, Peter Malone, was saying good-bye to the old life and beginning the new and strange one. For this he meant to do.

He cast aside his well-worn familiar garments, laid them neatly beside one of the great, fallen trees which stretched itself along the edge of one of the pools, and proceeded to don his new garments bravely. The tears dimmed his eyes as he felt himself encased in the new, strange clothes, the stiff creaking boots, innocent of acquaintance with the muddy earth of the garden. A faint gleam of pleasure lighted his countenance as he struggled with the newly purchased tie, a wonderful creation of green and black stripes. He dashed the tears from his eyes and set out as briskly as his age and his untried boots allowed him, creaking along the country sidewalks, and clattering and squeaking on the pavements of the town till he arrived at the narrow lane that led to the docks. On the pier he hired as a truckman, and Peter's new life had begun.

. . . . . .

Months passed and Peter the truckman worked as hard as ever Peter the gardener had done. "Malone," they called him and sometimes "Paddy." This last when they laughed good-naturedly at his strange ways. For he had strange ways in those times and "was a bit queer in the upper storey." So, at least, the dock men were apt to say.

. . . . . .

Peter's sudden disappearance and the finding of the neat bundle of clothes in Cat Swamp naturally led to but one conclusion. The daily papers headed their accounts in this manner:

"A Unique Case of Suicide."

"Drowned in Cat Swamp: a Faithful Servant Chose Death Rather than Dismissal."

But the papers, for once—or *twice*, were entirely wrong.

This they discovered one day in the following June when the ambulance brought to the Emergency Hospital, on a stretcher, a certain old man from the docks. A packing case had fallen on his leg and crushed it. The head nurse had received the patient and had cried out:

"Why, it's Peter—our dear old Peter! Where did he come from?"

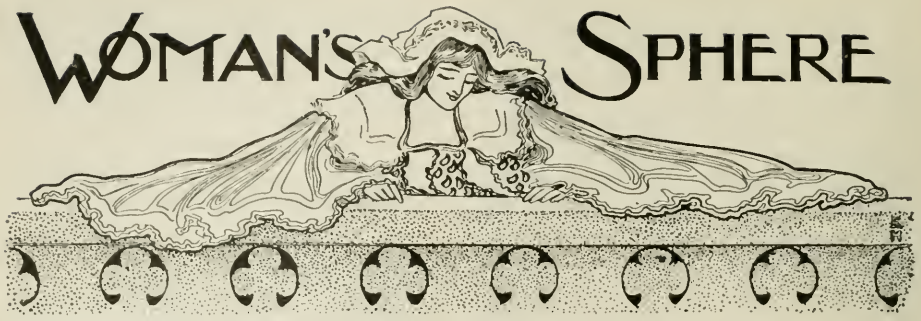
When Peter's senses returned to him he found himself in a snowy bed in a ward, his leg in a splint. On the glass-topped table by his bedside some pink and white tulips were saucily reaching their heads from a glass of water. A dart of memory shot through the bewildered mind at sight of them.

Molly O'Brien bent over him smiling.

"Peter, Peter," she was saying, "how good it is to see you again! Where have you been? Do you remember me, Peter?"

A puzzled look crossed his face.

"Peter?" he said slowly, "Peter? Och sure, Miss Molly, ye mane him as used to tind th' owld garden beyant. Sure him and me was the great owld frinds — God bless ye, Miss Molly dear!"




Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

Here's a motto, just your fit—
Laugh a little bit;
Keep your face with sunshine lit,
Laugh a little bit.
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Man may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a bit,
If you have the grit and wit
Just to laugh a little bit.

—*E. V. C.*

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OF all the creeds, philosophies and New Thought cults with which this rich age of ours is brimming, none is so greatly to be lauded and encouraged as that philosophy which teaches the eternal blessedness of laughter and gladness, and which expects every man to do his duty with regard to increasing the sum of the world's sunshine. It is, indeed, a splendid thing to be able to say with Henley:

"In the strong stress of circumstance,
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody, but unbowed!"

But our joy-philosophers insist upon more than this. It is not enough that the head should be unbowed; the eyes must not only look out steadfastly, serenely, but they must shine with the light of laughter, and the firm, unfaltering lips must be wreathed with a smile.

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating duties and concerns. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them *with laughter and kind faces*; *let cheerfulness abound with industry*. Give us to go *blithely* on our business all this day," petitions Stevenson in that wonderful little prayer of his, which to read is to remember forever.

And only those who *can* meet life's duties, small and great, with "laughter and kind faces" can ever fully know that keen joy of living which made Browning cry through David:

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

In that progressive country to the south of us there are numberless weekly and monthly publications devoted to spreading far and wide the wholesome gospel of laughter and kind faces. *Think* gladness, joyfulness and happiness, they say; *Be* gladness, joyfulness and happiness and, in obedience to the unalterable law of attraction, gladness, joyfulness and happiness will fly to you, will enwrap you all about and wait upon your footsteps throughout life's journey, whether the path you follow leads through flowers or brambles, deep woods or sunlit meadows.

It is a good gospel—could we have a better to carry with us through the new year?

●

One of the most ardent advocates of the philosophy of gladness and good cheer is Mrs. Cynthia Westoner Alden of New York, the founder and President-General of the International Sunshine Society. This society, whose members number more than fifty thou-

sand, is devoted to "giving the greatest amount of happiness to the greatest number of people at the smallest possible expense. Its watchword is 'Pass it on;' give to others of your love, your kindness, your sweetness, your sympathy, all that is best in you in the simple ways of everyday life."

The International Sunshine Society and the splendid work it is doing are too widely known to make necessary any detailed account of either here. The headquarters for the Canadian branch of the society are at Westmount, Montreal, whence "sunshine," practical and inspiring, is diffused to all parts of the Dominion.

The personality of Mrs. Alden is most fascinating. Her life has been full of strange experiences, and its story would make a very thrilling melodrama. The following is quoted from a brief biography of her which appeared recently in an American contemporary: "Mrs. Alden's life has been one long note of helpfulness for others. When a motherless child of only four years, she was taken by her father, an expert mineralogist, from her home in Iowa to Colorado in the pioneer days. She lived the rugged outdoor life of the plains, studied, rode, hunted, was expert with the lariat, handled the bow and arrow with the skill of an Indian, and was the first white child enrolled in the schools of Colorado.

"In the seven journeys made with her father across the Rockies, she had stirring adventures. She crawled through the high grass; bathed and dressed the wounds of a stage-driver who had been scalped by the Indians; saved the life of a miner who was to be lynched by a mob, by standing between the victim and the angry crowd till its fury calmed; was lowered over a precipice to bring up the body of a child who had been killed; threw herself on a miner's lamp that had fallen near gunpowder and smothered the flame; killed a black bear that attacked her; rescued some snow-bound miners, and had other adventures suggesting dime novels rather than the life of a twentieth century woman of New York society.

"She has made a name in journalism, has written two successful books and speaks five languages fluently. Her voice would bring her fame as a singer, yet despite all offer for stage and operatic work she has given her time and energies to her chosen life of journalism, club work, and all lines of activity that lead to bettering the world."

●

Canadian women should take a special interest in the annual Exhibition of the Women's Institute of London, England, which was held during the week of December 5th, from the fact that for the first time in its existence the articles exhibited were not entirely local, but that space was given for a Canadian Arts and Handicrafts Exhibition.

To the Woman's Art Association, and primarily to its clever President, Mrs. Dignam, belongs the credit of having "discovered" and made known to the world at large the home industries of Canada.

Only four years have passed since Mrs. Dignam began to interest herself in native arts and handicrafts, and already a small market has been created for the handiwork of Canadian women, particularly for the homespuns of Quebec.

The Woman's Art Association bestirred itself, and, following the example set by the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and other ladies of England, its members have personally visited the native weavers of Quebec, and by friendly sympathy and encouragement are gradually raising the existing standards of taste in colour and design. Vegetable dyes, which will not fade, have taken the place of cheap aniline colouring matter. Designs are more pleasing, the tones softer and more harmonious, and a great improvement in the texture of the hand-woven textiles is already apparent.

Two years ago a committee, consisting of members of the Woman's Art Association, was formed in Montreal

for the purpose of bringing to the notice of the public the homespuns, rush chairs and other hand-made products of Quebec, the committee acting as middlemen between producer and consumer—if one can be said to *consume* homespuns! Successful efforts have also been made to improve the quality of the hand work done in the West by the Doukhobortsi, Galicians and other women-workers who have recently settled in Canada.

The Exhibit sent to London last month consisted of Indian quilt-work, homespuns, tufted work and bead work, all of which aroused a great deal of interest and admiration in those attending the Exhibition.

Many English ladies, including the Duchess of Argyll, have given orders for homespuns, and the various other Canadian native work exhibited.

Truly Canadians owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Dignam and the other ladies who have so quietly and efficiently devoted their time and energies to a work of such tremendous national importance.

And, by the way, I wonder if we Canadian women fully realize and appreciate the fact that the Woman's Art Association of Canada is the only organization of its kind in the world. Having grasped the full significance of this fact, does it not behoove each one of us to see what we are doing towards maintaining and extending the influence of an association of which we are all so justly proud?

●

The ever-present problem of the scarcity of female labour in Canada is still continuing to occupy the attention of those immediately concerned from a business standpoint, and those interested through philanthropic and patriotic motives.

Under the last head comes the National Council of Women, which has recently made an arrangement with the British Women's Emigration Association, by which English servant girls are brought to Canada. The object is not so much to persuade the contented young women of Great Britain to leave a country where they are sorely needed, but to offer the protection of the Associations, one on each side of the ocean, to those girls of good character and respectability who are already determined to emigrate, and to endeavour to persuade them to come to Canada, where they are really needed, rather than to go to South Africa, where there is practically no demand for their services.

So far the demand in Canada has far exceeded the supply, and the girls who have already come out (each accompanied by a travelling matron) have all been placed in situations within a few hours after they have had the needed rest after their long journey, which rest the Association pledges itself to provide. In writing of this work the Secretary of the National Council says: "It will be seen that these young women can only be secured in the places where local Councils are formed, not only because of the arrangement aforesaid, but also because the demand for them in these thirty towns and cities where the local Councils are formed is so great as to fully equal, if not exceed, the supply that can be secured."

●

So much for the Domestic Service part of the problem. In order to do away with the dearth of female factory hands, a Mr. Stark has recently arrived in this country from England for the purpose of interesting manufacturers and others in a scheme for bringing out female labourers to Canada.

A society has been formed in England for the purpose of placing girls in the Colonies, and Mr. Stark's plan is to form an organization here to co-operate with the English society and look after the girls in their new homes, as it would be most dangerous and unwise to bring a number of young girls to a new country and then leave them to shift for themselves in any boarding-house into which they might happen to fall.

Mr. Stark has been endeavouring to interest the Canadian Manufacturers'

Association in the plan, but so far nothing definite has been decided upon.

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For the benefit of the many Canadian ladies who have recently developed an enthusiastic fondness for wielding a broom—on ice—I transcribe the following from the Gravenhurst *Banner*: "To join the curling club you must believe in oatmeal and predestination, and if you are an elder you may be elected a skip the first season. If you can say *Cam a rashn ahku*? even if you do not spell it any better than this, you are sure to be a prominent member of the club. For the rest, ask for the usual cash discount on the club fees as a canny Scot should. This, and always be on time when your skip wants you."

●

In these days of terse, pithy, *multum-in-parvo* book-titles it is rather interesting to read the cumbersome and high-sounding names which the writers who flourished under Charles I and Cromwell bestowed upon their works.

A pamphlet published in 1626 is called "A Most Delectable, Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell At."

Another is "A Pair of Bellows to Blow Off the Dust Cast Upon John Fry," and another is entitled "The Snuffers of Divine Love."

Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title pages. A book on charity is "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches." We also find "High Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness," and "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." An imprisoned Quaker published "A Sigh for the Sinners of Zion Breathed Out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish."

About the same time was also published "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "Salvation's Vantage Ground of a Louping Stand for Heavenly Believers," and "A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Hindquarters Through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." The author of the last work speaks directly to the point.

Then came "A Reaping Hook, Well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation," and "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuis' Handful of Honeysuckles and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, now Newly Augmented."

●

A correspondent has sent in a copy, taken from an old paper, of "A New Loyal Song for the 1st of January, 1793, the 104th Year of Britain's Liberty." The first stanza we still use, having changed only the first line which then read "God Save Great George, our King." The second refers feelingly to "that Reformer Payne," and the third and fourth are as follows:

"England's staunch soldiery,
Proof against treachery,
Bravely unite.
Firm in his country's cause,
His sword each hero draws
To guard our King and laws
From factions' might.

When insults rouse to wars,
Oak-hearted British tars
Scorn to be slaves;
Rang'd in our wooden walls,
Ready when Duty calls
To send their cannon balls
O'er ocean waves."

Of the remaining four stanzas this is probably the best:

"While France her children mourns
And sorrows o'er their urns,
We happy live.
Hence Discord with thy train,
Thy ruffian aims are vain,
For loyal Britons sing
God save the King!"

*M. MACL. H.*

# Current Events Abroad

By JOHN A. EWAN

BEFORE the Alaska Boundary case is finally relegated to the archives there is one point worth referring to. A cry, almost of horror, went up when it was suggested that Lord Alverstone had been influenced by considerations other than the documents of the case and the arguments founded upon them. To those who are familiar with the annals of the office of Chief Justice there is nothing so outrageous in such a supposition. Lord Campbell, the author of the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" and the "Lives of the Chief Justices," who himself eventually filled both offices, had no difficulty in believing that Lord Lyndhurst was capable of being influenced by political considerations, and it was a matter of common notoriety that Baron Huddlestone, who was known as a "society" Judge, was at times influenced in his attitude towards litigants by his friendships among the "smart" set.

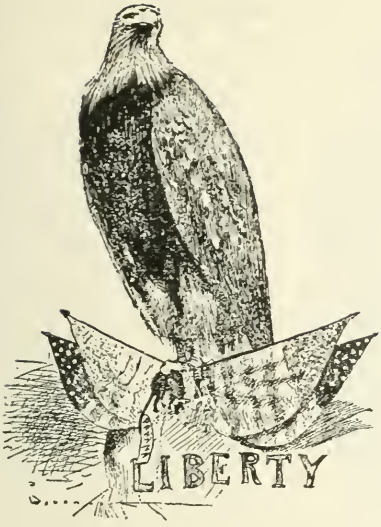
That Lord Campbell was ready to believe that some of even his greatest predecessors could be guilty of prejudice is patent enough to anyone who reads in the "Lives of the Chief Justices" the account of the trial of William Hone. Hone was a quiet, quaint, mild-voiced, mildewed old bookseller and author, whose name is still preserved to this generation by the survival of "Hone's Everyday Book" and similar publications. Hone, like many men of his class, had espoused the cause of the indiscreet queen of George the Fourth. He manifested his partisanship by publishing three satires on the subject, "The Late John Wilkes's Catechism," "The Political Litany" and "The Sinecurist's Creed." There was a great desire among the Court party to commend themselves to the King by zeal in attacking his opponents, and it was, therefore, determined to proceed against Hone on the charge of impious mockery of sacred things, the books in question bearing some resemblance to passages from the services of the church. It was expected that the awkward, simple book-worm and recluse would be an easy mark. The case concerning "The Late John Wilkes's Catechism"

A DEPUTATION OF ENGLISH GIRLS ASK MR. CHAMBERLAIN FOR A PROTECTIVE DUTY ON AMERICAN HEIRESSES

[Mr. Chamberlain himself married an American wife.]

—*The Queen* (London)

THE PANAMA SITUATION



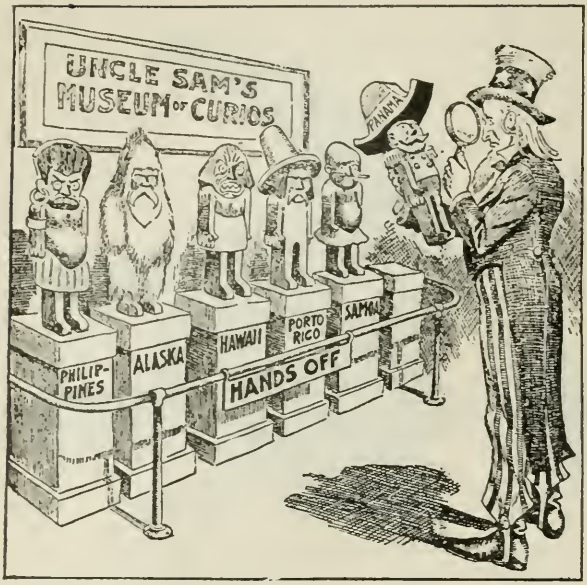

HAS IT COME TO THIS?—*New York American*

UNDER HIS WING—*Philadelphia Telegraph*

came before Mr. Justice Abbott, one of the puisne judges. That passion for the rights of free speech which seems ingrained in the Anglo-Saxon nature, seemed to transform and inspire the snuffy, shabby Paternoster bookseller. He defended himself so skilfully that he secured a verdict of "not guilty." Lord Ellenborough, who had been absent from the Court for some time by reason of his infirmities, determined, at all hazards, to preside himself on the occasion of the trial of the charge with reference to "The Political Litany." As he took his place on the bench Hone said, "I am glad to see you, my Lord Ellenborough, I know what you are come here for." "I am come to do justice," his Lordship replied. "Is it not, rather, my Lord," said Hone, "to send a poor bookseller to rot in a dungeon?"

Hone's plan of defence was to read from the works of the greatest names in literature to prove that the form of satire he had employed was a common weapon in the hands of satirists from Swift to Canning. These humorous pieces caused much laughter in Court, which his Lordship vainly endeavoured to suppress. The charge of the Chief Justice was strongly against the prisoner, but the jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of "not guilty." Lord Ellenborough, very unwisely, determined to proceed against Hone on the third charge, and on the following day scenes of a similar kind ensued, ending with another verdict of acquittal and a popular exhibition of resentment at the Judge as he drove from the Court. These two days' struggle with a humble citizen is said to have broken the old Judge's heart, for he never again held his head up in public.

This interesting case is related for the purpose of reminding the world that judges are human. It is not necessary to believe anything nefarious of Lord Alverstone. A man has not accustomed his mind all his working days to the processes by which black is made to appear to be white, without having acquired the power to deceive even himself. It would be quite natural for his Lordship to have at the back of his mind the conviction that the supremely important matter was not the Alaska Boundary, but the pres-




"I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO PUT IT IN MY COLLECTION"
—Philadelphia *Record*

ervation of the entente between Great Britain and the United States, and that a decision made in that direction also made for righteousness.

At the time of writing, negotiations are still in progress between Russia and Japan. Both sides are keeping their own counsel, and the exact stage of the negotiations are therefore unknown to the outside world. It is understood, however, that the Russian diplomatists are endeavouring to convince Japan that it is not more territory which she needs, but enlarged markets. The possession of Korea or Manchuria, they say, would not be as important to her as access to the Russian markets in Asia. It will be difficult to convince the Japanese on this point, for the real problem they have to face is the maintenance of forty millions of people, constantly increasing, on so limited a territory as the Japanese islands afford. Colonies are even more essential to them than to the over-crowded countries of Europe, for Europeans can go to other lands, while the Japanese are the victims of a pretty general policy of exclusion.

Larger markets would afford the home population increased employment, but there would be a feeling that no treaty could bind the faithless Slav to his engagements, whereas the actual possession of the land would be sure and steadfast. It is altogether unlikely, therefore, that Japan will be content with anything short of territorial advantage. The people are ready to fight for it and the hopes for peace rest in the moderation and wisdom of the governing classes. The prorogation of the Diet is distinctively in the interest of peace. In the meantime the Russian officials can scarcely conceal their chagrin at being stopped in their plans by these negligible little brown men, after the difficulties with the great nations of the West seemed to have been safely surmounted. It is true that the United States firmly insists on the principle of the open door, but that obstacle has not to be met immediately, whereas the objections interposed by Japan strike at the very basis of Russia's plans and have to be met at once. Russia does not want war, but rather than be balked of the substance of her designs she will fight. The fact that the achievement of these designs is scarcely reconcilable with Japanese interests constitutes the elements of a clash in the far East.

A despatch from Capetown says there is great distress there owing to the arrival by each boat of large numbers of working people for whom no employment can be found. It has been pointed out in these pages more than once that South Africa is not a field for general European immigra-

tion. Even in the centres of industry such as Kimberley and Johannesburg, there is but little room for the working white man. White labour is too costly and too independent for the rough work of the mines. Farming in South Africa can only be engaged in by a man with considerable capital, and even then there is no certainty of profit for men unaccustomed to the life. An immigrant, be he ever so enterprising and stout-hearted, cannot go to South Africa, as he can to Canada, and with no capital but his two strong and diligent arms make himself in a reasonably short time independent. A good deal of the talk, therefore, about increasing the numbers of the British people in South Africa is idle and misleading. With large schemes of irrigation something might be done in this line, but very little without it.

DOES HE RECOGNIZE PANAMA?—WELL, RATHER

—Detroit *Journal*

The extraordinary event of the month was the rebellion in Panama, the haste with which the revolutionary Junta was recognized by the United States, and the high-handed course of the latter in virtually preventing Colombia from restoring her authority on the peninsula. The only obligation assumed by the United States was to maintain traffic undisturbed on the railway between Colon and Panama. The people likely to disturb traffic were those who had risen against constituted authority. These the United States, however, did not repress or attempt to repress, but on the other hand recognized the leaders as a government before it could be known whether they represented the people of the peninsula or not. If the Government of Colombia were standing in the way of constructing a canal, almost any procedure would be legitimate in the interests of the rest of the world. But that is not Colombia's attitude. She is the possessor of a valuable right-of-way and she wants her price for it. The United States have offered ten millions of dollars. Colombia asks twenty-five millions. If Colombia's demands were extravagant there was surely room for negotiation. At all events, nations no more than individuals have a right to seize by chicanery what they cannot get at their own valuation. The bold statement of the thing is that in order to save $15,000,000 in an enterprise involving an ultimate expenditure of hundreds of millions, the United States have run up the black flag in South America, rendered their claims to guardianship over South America farcical, and made it impossible for them to speak henceforth with any authority on questions of international morals.

# People and Affairs

## CORRUPTION

THE desire to stem corruption in politics is quite general, if one believes the professions of the publicists and the journalists. In his message to Congress President Roosevelt declares there can be no crime more serious than bribery. He prophesies that democracy will fail if bribery is tolerated, that both the briber and the bribed must be punished even as murderers are punished. The fact that President Roosevelt has openly and brazenly abetted the bribery which encouraged the revolutionists of Panama to set up an independent government there, does not alter the value of his condemnation of bribery.

There are three causes which make for bribery in Canada, in addition to the lack of conscience among ignorant voters. These are: the value of franchises to be obtained from municipality and parliament ; the existence of a class of men who are determined to make a living out of politics ; and the secrecy of the campaign funds.

The value of franchises has led to the most extensive bribery known in this country. The Canadian Pacific Scandal is one notable instance, and the Government of the day was justly punished. The sale of the Toronto Street Railway franchise was another notable case, and one or two men were forced into voluntary exile and several others—judges, lawyers and business men—were branded for life. The most effectual reform would be government and municipal ownership. All franchises for railways, bridges, express companies, telegraphs, telephones and similar monopolies should be granted for limited terms of years or on some other basis which would retain the fee simple in the people of Canada. In the same way the waterworks, gas supply, electric lighting, street railway and other municipal monopolies should never be granted in perpetuity. This is the first step in government and municipal ownership. Such a plan will not prevent bribery, but it will limit it by limiting the value of the concessions which elective bodies may grant.

The second cause of bribery, the existence of professional politicians, is perhaps the most difficult problem which this continent is facing. The statesman or the publicist, who is content with a moderate living and a reputation, may be and usually is a credit to his country. The politician who looks upon government as a game out of which to make money is a most dangerous person. The Dominion of Canada and its parliament have known several such persons who, though dividing their spoil with the party purse, have yet gained much for themselves and their friends. No federal government has ever been free of them, not even the present one ; nor are we likely to soon have a government in which these enterprising speechmakers and experts in human depravity will not be able to gain a position. The same may be said of our provincial governments. At the present time one provincial cabinet contains a man who is said to have amassed several millions of dollars since his entrance into the political arena. His plan has been to acquire stock in companies which get special privileges or legislation, most of the stock being given him for his influence and sympathy. Much of this is said to be standing in the names of his dummies. This class of corruption is very difficult to deal with, so long as the public worship the dollar and prefer wealth to honour.

The third cause of corruption is the secrecy of the campaign committee and of the campaign fund. In Great Britain the funds are collected by polit-

HON. R. W. SCOTT AND MRS. SCOTT, OTTAWA
Who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day

ical clubs and disbursed by the same machinery. The officers of these clubs are well known. The subscriptions are not secret. The amount of money handled is public knowledge. The man who subscribes to the campaign fund may do so openly and without singeing his conscience. In the recent general election in Ontario an attempt was made to introduce a similar plan. The Conservative leader and a few prominent sympathizers formed a campaign fund, and stipulated only that the money should be used legitimately, every candidate receiving assistance being compelled to make a declaration of nobility of purpose. At first this plan was kept fairly secret. Some time after the election the information concerning the fund and the method of canvass and administration were given to the public. The people received the information with mixed emotions. The party press on both sides did not quite know what to make of this new plan. The secrecy of campaign capital had previously been accepted as one of the planks in both political creeds, and the lifting of the plank rather puzzled them. Finally, the Liberal organs decided that secrecy was still necessary, and that the Conservative innovation should be condemned. Whether the new plan will be successful and finally the accepted one remains to be seen. It is an improvement, no doubt. It will, however, be seriously opposed by the franchise hunters and the profes-

sional politicians. It means revelations which will open the eyes of the public; that bye-elections will cease to be buy-elections; that certain large corporations cannot contribute to the election funds of two opposing parties without their double-dealing being known. It means a limiting of corruption. Because it means so much, it is a reform which will meet with much opposition, part of which will doubtless come from men who honestly cannot find justification for it.

## CANADIAN, BUT BRITISH

SINCE the Alaskan award was made public, there has been much internal turmoil among the citizens of Canada. The citizen whose grandfathers and grandmothers were born in this country and whose affection is monopolized by his native country, has been somewhat freer in the expression of his view that in all situations he is Canadian first and British second. Not that he loves Britain less, but that he loves Canada more. He loves her more because she seems to need his affection at a time when Great Britain is treating the United States with at least as great generosity as she extends to Canada. This has brought this particular citizen into conflict with two classes.

In the first place, the ardent Imperialist objects. He tells the Canadian he is forgetting the protection which Great Britain has always extended to this colony, the debt which Canada owes to the Motherland, the claim upon his regard which Imperial interests should possess. The Imperialist loves Great Britain as a wife loves her husband; though she be beaten and scorned, her love is steadfast. The Imperialist in Canada is a noble type, such as only a noble country like Great Britain could produce.

In the second place, the Canadian comes into conflict with the enthusiast who desires to see Canada an independent nation. This man wonders how anyone who believes in Canada first and Britain second cannot see that Canada's interests will be best served by independence. He usually says "ultimate independence," having a great affection for that adjective—not being quite sure himself that present independence is advisable.

For seventy years Canada has been gaining a larger measure of self-control. At present the power of Great Britain over this country, in a constitutional as opposed to a sentimental sense, is confined to a few features: the control of the treaty-making power, the Imperial veto of Canadian legislation which is not purely domestic, the appointment of the Governor-General and the choosing of a Major-General commanding the Canadian forces. At the present moment a cablegram from London states that another of these few features is to vanish, since the Imperial authorities have consented to allow Canada to appoint a Canadian to take command of the militia of the Dominion with the rank of Brigadier-General. This reduces the Imperial control by a most important feature. Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes to reduce the control still further, by asking for the treaty-making power.

This growth in self-government and the notable increase in the patriotic sentiment throughout the country does not necessarily mean a lessening of the affection for Great Britain. This is the lesson which our history teaches and it cannot be insisted on too strongly. The man who would propose an agitation for Canadian independence at the present moment would find himself in a more hopeless minority than at any time during the past century. There is no desire for it; there is a greater respect for the Empire of which Canada is an increasingly important part. The motto "Canada for the Canadians" is not necessarily antagonistic to the motto "Canada for the Empire."

Let these bickerings cease. Canada will gain in self-government and importance, but she must remain part of the Empire for many years to come. When this country has twenty-five millions of population she might safely cut the painter, but even then her

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM KIERSTEAD, COLLINA N.B.

Who, on October 27th, celebrated the seventy-second anniversary of their wedding day; Mr. Kierstead is 94 and Mrs. Kierstead 90 years of age

greatest partner and ally would doubtless be the country known as Great Britain.

## MARRIED FOR LIFE

THERE are few features of Canadian life so remarkable as the permanency of the marriage relations and the scarcity of divorces. In Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and the Territories, divorces can be obtained only by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, and from 1868 to 1900, only 69 were so secured. In the other Provinces they may be obtained in the Courts, and during the same period Nova Scotia has granted 92, New Brunswick 73, British Columbia 47, and Prince Edward Island none. This is in marked contrast to the situation in the United States, where divorces are easily obtained.

When Canadians marry, they do so with the full knowledge that the ties cannot be readily broken. The contracting parties, knowing the difficulties which the laws present to those who desire a marriage annulled, and knowing the disfavour in which all divorced persons are held, are forced to make the best of their new conditions, to exercise mutual forbearance and mutual sympathy, in order that the happiest life may be experienced. Lady Montagu has well said that "where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another." Knowing that they must be contented, the married couples are contented; and, to quote the words of Molière, "In marriage, as in other things, contentment excels wealth."

As a consequence of the permanency of the marriage relation, and because Canadians are long-lived, there are many couples in Canada who have lived happily together for fifty years or more. Two examples of this may be mentioned, not because they are uncommon, but because they come from different strata of our socicty and illus-

trate the universality of this domestic feature.

The Hon. R. W. Scott, who will celebrate his seventy-eighth birthday next month, was born in Prescott, and as early as 1852 was elected Mayor of Ottawa. He was a member of the first Legislature of Ontario, but joined Hon. Alexander Mackenzie's Cabinet in 1873. He has been a Senator since 1874 and a Cabinet Minister again since 1896. He is best known as the father of that piece of temperance legislation usually termed "The Scott Act." The other day, in Ottawa, where their son is now a candidate for the mayoralty, he and Mrs. Scott celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

The other example is drawn from the rural population, of which Canada is so largely composed. Mr. and Mrs. Kierstead have just celebrated the seventy-second anniversary of their nuptials, having been married in 1831. On the anniversary day, in spite of his ninety-four years, Mr. Kierstead drove six miles from his home at Collina N.B., to Millstream, to vote in a municipal election, returning home to receive the congratulations of friends and relatives who had gathered for the purpose. On the same day his eldest son and his wife celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of their married life in their home in the United States.

*JOHN A. COOPER*

# Book Reviews

## FRASER AND THE WEST

THE Canadian West owes a great deal to W. A. Fraser. He has embodied its romance in undying story. Gilbert Parker did something, Ralph Connor did more, John McDougall, John Maclean and E. R. Young have made some feeble attempts, but W. A. Fraser is the real interpreter of prairie life. In his first volume were "His Passport" and "The Conversion of Sweet-Grass," two splendid short stories, and the magazines have since contained many others; in "Mooswa" and "The Outcasts," the animal life of the West has been well described; and in his latest story, "The Blood Lilies,"* the life of the outposts is vividly portrayed. Fort Donald is typical of the little stations on the outskirts of civilization; Mas-ki-sis is typical of the modern Indian youth, overcome by the conflict of two civilizations; Malcolm and Sandy Cameron are types of the adventurous and hardy Scots who have been the foundation stones of the new West; Joe Descoigne and Felix Benoit exemplify the vicious but hardy breed; while Ross Bruce towers over all the others as the patient and self-sacrificing missionary, fighting single-handed against the evils which follow in the train of our so-called civilization.

The book really contains two stories. The first is an exciting tale of how Malcolm Cameron travelled three hundred miles on foot to bring the Rev. Ross Bruce to celebrate his nuptials with the Roman Catholic daughter of the French Factor. To thus keep his future family Protestant he must, by reason of a compact between the two family-heads, race for the Bruce, while Joe Descoigne races a similar distance for the good Père Lemoine and his mother church. The contest is most exciting and the finish dramatic. The other story is that of Mis-ki-sis, the Indian lad who goes to Winnipeg to lay before the representative of the Great Queen the proofs of the innocence of his father confined in

*The Blood Lilies, by W. A. Fraser. Illustrated by F. E. Schoonover. Toronto: William Briggs.

Stony Mountain jail because he was supposed to have stolen some horses. Mis-ki-sis succeeds, but is himself captured by the mistaken kindness of the Governor, who desires to have him educated. The close confinement in school gives him lung-disease and he goes back home only to die. Yet before his passing he performs one grand deed, justifying the great love of the stolid old mother, and the highest qualities of a long line of brave and intrepid chiefs.

It is a pity there should be two stories in the book, but the merits of the volume far outweigh the faults. It is a strong, tense bit of life, written with the passionate earnestness of a man who is an artist and an idealist and no time-server. It is a story which must live forever in Canadian annals. The description of the evil effects of smuggled liquor on the breed is most vivid:

"In September the fire that Bruce had pictured lapping at their souls took possession of the post with the insidious velocity of sunlight.

Like the unrest that comes to horses when their fine sensibility knows of an unseen danger was the telepathic knowledge possessed of all that liquor was at hand. Darkness had shielded its advent, and no tongue told of its coming nor of its sponsors. A gentle hilarity, like the smile of springtime, pervaded the atmosphere.

Behind Fort Donald the up-reaching hills of the Saskatchewan lay bathed in warm sunlight that picked out ruby lights from crimson-leafed maple, and splashed the sheen of gold from yellow and tawny oak. . . . .

But in the manifest evidence of all this glory of God's creation Fort Donald was swift drifting into a vortex of hopeless inebriation. Louis Gourelot had slipped a little way into the temptation, and others swam it."

## ANOTHER CANADIAN POET

A new Canadian poet has arrived with some promising work. To accentuate the surprise, this work is in the form of a ballad—a most uncommon form in Canadian poetry. The title is "The Soul's Desire,"* and the poet tells the story of Cain, who is represented as a sort of Wandering Jew, condemned to live on through all the ages, or until such time as he finds a flower "The Soul's Desire." This flower is a red lily, supposed to have been white until an angel took the blood which flowed from Christ's breast on Calvary and spread it on a lily-bed.

VERNON NOTT
A NEW CANADIAN POET

When that red flood of blessed blood
Had touched those lilies white,
Lo! they were changed to Soul's Desires:
The angel 'mid them stood
And said that whoso God had curs'd
Come to that garden might,
And in that hour he pluck'd a flower
His soul should find God's light.

Cain meets a youth much as the Ancient Mariner did, and tells him his story. He explains how he came to slay Abel. The serpent in the form of a beautiful woman came to them and said she would be wife to the one who loved her most. The sacrificial test gave her to Abel, but she told Cain she would be wife to him in spite of the adverse result. In the argument which followed, the great crime which introduced murder upon this earth was committed.

The poem contains about two hundred and fifty eight-line stanzas of al-

*The Ballad of the Soul's Desire, by Vernon Nott. London: Greening & Co. Montreal: A. T. Chapman. Cloth, 124 pp., 85 cents.

ternate tetrameters and trimeters, with the first line rhyming with the fourth and the second with the sixth and eighth. The work is very evenly done, the story well told, the style dignified, the words well chosen, and the whole effect most dramatic and pleasing.

Vernon Nott, the author of this Ballad, is a young Canadian who is fitted by training and talent to give a new impetus to Canadian poetical art. Perhaps he may prove to be the "Stephen Phillips" for whom the country has been waiting. Perhaps he will raise Canadian poetry from the slough of the commonplace in which it seems mired.

## NEW FICTION

One of the cleverest first-novels that has appeared in this country for some time is crudely entitled "How Hartman Won," by Eric Bohn. Apparently it is written by a medical man, since it accurately describes the experiences of a doctor in a small Canadian village. The style is plain but dignified, the story is a real story, the episodes are real bits of life, the sentiment is sweet and wholesome, and the whole effect pleasing and satisfying. The author has avoided the long descriptions which authors love, but which are apt to tire those who read for "the story." The action is rapid and the characters numerous enough to prevent monotony. Of course, the book is far from being a masterpiece; but it is better than most of the much-boomed United States stories which Canadian publishers hawk about in "artistic" covers.

"The Magic Forest"* is a delightful tale of a boy's adventures in that region of Canada known as "New Ontario." He is a somnambulist, and wanders off into the woods in the early spring, falling in with a tribe of Indians, with whom he spends the summer. He learns about the animals of the north country, and how they are shot or trapped. It is not so heavy a tale as "Mooswa," or the animal stories of Mr. Seton, nor are the four-footed beasts required to talk nonsense about themselves. It is a plain, simple tale such as a plain, simple woodsman and story-telling artist would produce. This is the second book which Mr. Stewart Edward White has written on that part of Canada, and "The Magic Forest" differs so greatly from "Conjuror's House" that Mr. White may be fairly accused of versatility. The drawings are numerous, quaint and really illustrative. Every Canadian boy should read the book.

"In the End"* is the story of a boy who lived for a while on earth and for a while in heaven. The author, Frederick Rogers, is a Sault Ste. Marie lawyer, who boasts his belief that love between the sexes is immortal, and exists in heaven. His description of life in paradise bears out this idea. The story has not literary charm; yet it is a curiosity in its own peculiar way.

"The Wings of the Morning;"† by Louis Tracy, is a book full of thrills, a real volume of adventure. It is similar in scope to "Robinson Crusoe," and almost as thrilling. It may not be literature, but it is the work of a genuine amuser of the people, and any person desiring to be entertained by the adventures of a shipwrecked young couple on an island in the China sea, will not be disappointed.

"Crowned at Elim" ‡ is a romance with the scenes laid in Canada and Russia. The dedication to the memory of the late Sir Casimir Gzowski to some extent explains why the daughter of Casimir and Madame Zamosyski, Polish emigrants in Canada, should be the heroine of the tale. She falls in love with David McGlashan, the young minister of the Kirk in the village where the Zamosyskis had come to live. They were married and began life very happily. Unfortunately Madame Zamosyski always considered it

*Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Illustrated, 146 pages.

*New York: The Editor Publishing Co.
†Toronto, McLeod & Allen.
‡ New York: Smith & Wilkins.

possible that she should return to Russia and, that through her daughter, the family should be reconciled to their aristocratic kin in St. Petersburg. This ambition leads her back to the capital of the Russias and into actions intended to break the happy relations of the young couple. The story bears the evidence of being "made;" the artist has not been able to conceal the brush-marks. In other words, the genius of the writer is manifest, but the art is still crude. Miss Asling has done well for a first attempt, but she has still much to learn of the novelist's technique.

When "The Pensionnaires" was ready for publication, Mr. Carman found little difficulty in getting a United States publisher to take the book rights. Several leading New York and London publishers, however, rejected the MS. for serial publication, only THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE being willing to take it. The book is now meeting with wonderful success, and Mr. Carman will have no similar difficulty with his next manuscript.

The index at the back of Thompson Seton's new volume, "Two Little Savages"* tells a tale. The book is intended to be more than a story for boys who love animals and the experiences of the bush; it is a handbook of flower, bird and animal lore. For example:

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  White, 78.
  Illustration of, 79.
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Blackbirds, Red-winged, 162.
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  Sam's Story, 280.
  Guy Kills the Old Woodchuck, 432.

It is much the same style of book as Sandys' "Trapper Jim," but is more artistic in style and illustration. It is doubtful, however, if either book would be classed as literature. Both are books which will interest boys and divert their minds into wholesome channels of exploration and research. On the other hand, White's "The Magic Forest" is real literature, a genuinely artistic story. Mr. Seton's book is beautifully illustrated, printed and bound.

* Toronto: William Briggs.

MARION CRAWFORD
AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF ROME"

## BOOKS OF THE YEAR

The following list of the important books of 1903 by Canadian authors, or about Canada, is not intended to be exhaustive. It is hoped, however, that it will be useful and instructive:

### FICTION, 1903

My Dogs in the Northland. Egerton R. Young. Revell. (Fair.)
The Little Organist of St. Jerome. Annie L. Jack. Briggs. (Fair.)
Oliver Langton. G. A. Powles, New York. (Poor.)
Izolda. J. W. Fuller. New York. (Fair.)
Conjuror's House. Stewart Edward White. Copp. (Good.)
Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Oliver L. Lyman. McLeod. (Fair.)
A Detached Pirate. Helen Milecete. Montreal News Co. (Good.)
Bubbles We Buy. Alice Jones. Turner. Briggs. (Good.)
A Rose of Normandy. W. R. A. Wilson. Morang. (Fair.)
Jason, Nova Scotia. P. W. E. Hart. Unwin. (Fair.)
The Plowshare and The Sword. A Tale of Old Quebec. Ernest G. Henham. Copp.
In Music's Thrall. Lilla Nease. Briggs.

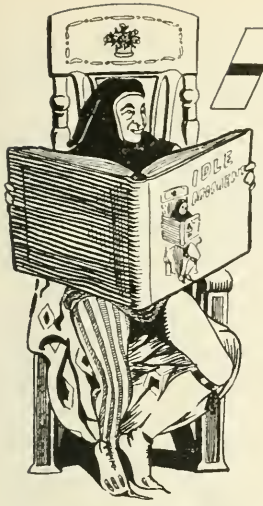
Anne Carmel. Gwendolen Overton. Morang. (Fair.)
Trapper Jim. Edwyn Sandys. Morang. (Good.)
Sacrifice of the Shannon. A. E. Hickman. Briggs. (Good.)
Earth's Enigmas. Roberts. New edition. Copp. (Good.)
The Silver Poppy. Arthur Stringer. Briggs. (Good.)
Over the Border. Robert Barr. Copp. (Good.)
The Old Orchard. Mack Cloie. Briggs.
The White Letter. Eva Rose York. Briggs.
Algonquin Indian Tales. E. R. Young. Revell. (Fair.)
How Hartman Won. Eric Bohn. Morang. (Fair.)
Colin of the Ninth Concession. R. L. Richardson. Morang. (Fair.)
The Pensionnaires. Albert R. Carman. Briggs. (Good.)
Two Little Savages. Ernest Thompson Seton. Briggs. (Good.)
The Blood Lilies. W. A. Fraser. Briggs. (Good.)
Crowned at Elim. Stella E. Asling. Smith & Wilkinson. (Fair.)
Story of the Foss River Ranch. Ridgwell Cullum. Copp. (Poor.)
Shadows of the Deep. Charles Sparrow. Briggs.
The Story of the Gravelys. Marshall Saunders. Briggs.
The Forest. Stewart Edward White. Morang.

POETRY, 1903

Songs of an English Esau. Clive Phillips-Wolley. Morang.
Pipes of Pan. Vols. I, II and III. Bliss Carman. Copp.
The Book of the Rose. C. G. D. Roberts. Copp.
Summer Songs in Idlenesse. K. H. McD. Jackson. Briggs.
Hephaestus, and Other Poems. Arthur Stringer. Briggs.
Ballad of the Soul's Desire. Vernon Nott. A. T. Chapman.
A Glimpse into My Garden. Thornapple. Thorold Post.
Canadian Born. E. Pauline Johnson. Morang.
Verses. Horace Lester Hale. London, Ont.
Sea Murmurs and Woodland Songs. S. E. S. Faulkner. Briggs.
Poems of the New Century. Robert S. Jenkins. Briggs.

MISCELLANEOUS, 1903

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party. J. S. Willison. Two volumes. Morang.
Two Country Walks in Canada. Arnold Haultain. Morang.
Presidents of the United States. T. G. Marquis. Linscott.
McGill Medical Faculty. Maude E. Abbott.
Frontenac et Les Amis. Ernest Myrand Dussault & Proulx, Quebec.
Papers of Pastor Felix. A. J. Lockhart. Briggs.
History of Manitoba. D. M. Duncan. Gage.
History of New Brunswick. G. U. Hay. Gage.
The Founder of Christendom. Goldwin Smith. Morang.
Sixty Years in Canada. William Weir. Lovell.
Days of Red River Rebellion. John McDougall. Briggs.
Canadian Annual Review. J. Castell Hopkins. C. A. R. Pub. Co.
Camping and Canoeing. J. E. Jones. Briggs.
Annals and Aims of the Pacific Cable. George Johnson. James Hope & Sons, Ottawa.
Canadian Politics. J. Robert Long, St. Catharines.
Possibility of a Science of Education. S. B. Sinclair. Copp.
The Anglo-Saxon Century. J. R. Dos Passos. Putnam.
The Kinship of Nature. Bliss Carman. Copp.
Old Quebec. Parker and Bryan. Copp.
Lord Elgin. Sir John Bourinot. Morang.
Journalism and the University. Collection of Essays. Copp.
Life in Canada. Thomas Conant. Briggs.
The Secret of the Divine Silence and Other Sermons. B. D. Thomas, D.D. Briggs.
What Ails the Church? John May. Briggs.
The Gospel of the Home. D. C. Hossack. Briggs.
The Canadian Garden. Annie L. Jack. Briggs.
The Interpretation of the Apocalypse. F. H. Wallace. Briggs.
Life and Memoirs of Joseph Russell Little. L. Bartlett. Briggs.
A Corn of Wheat. The Life of Rev. W. J. McKenzie, of Korea. Elizabeth A. McCully. The Westminster Co.
The Romance of Canadian History. Pelham Edgar (Editor). Morang.
The British Nation. G. M. Wrong. Morang.
Egerton Ryerson. Nathanael Burwash. Morang.
England's Story. Saul and Tappan. Morang.
Ranching with Lords and Commons. John R. Craig. Briggs.
The White Chief of the Ottawa. Bertha Wright Carr-Harris. Briggs.
Canadian Dairying. H. H. Dean. Briggs.
The Beginnings of Methodism Throughout the World. G. O. Huestis. Briggs.
Types of Canadian Women, Past and Present. Vol. I. Henry J. Morgan. Briggs.
Our Own and Other Worlds. Joseph Hamilton. Briggs.
Misunderstood. H. D. Kennedy. Briggs.
The Heart of Sz-Chuan. Edward Wilson Wallace. Briggs.




# IDLE MOMENTS

### AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD

ONE afternoon during a lull in the bathing demands on a certain transatlantic liner, George, the youth who had charge of the five bathrooms used by the saloon passengers, decided to take a bath, so he locked himself in one of the rooms used by the men. Suddenly he was disturbed by a rap at the door, and heard a woman's voice: "Honey! Honey! Are you there?" No reply coming from the room, the lady spoke again. "Honey, are you there?" As an explanation was needed, George spoke: "Beg your pardon, lady, but this ain't no beehive; this is a bathroom."—*Argonaut.*

■

### WISDOMETTES

Most of us believe in freedom of speech, not *for* but *regarding* others.

A man without habits is an athlete stripped for the race of success.

The reason why some men are called "Captains of Industry" is because they float their corporations on so much water.

Sentimentality is merely selfishness with sugar on it.

The man that would truly conquer himself must fight fair.

It is better to renounce your own follies than to denounce those of others.

Most society witticisms need a great deal of brilliance to justify their rudeness.

Sentimental people seem to think that if you don't squeal you don't feel.

No man can realize how successful he is until his wife sues him for alimony.

One of the worst things about being poor is that your hospitality is claimed more and appreciated less than it would be if you were rich.

It is wonderful how many distasteful doses we have to take as children that we are able to do without when we get big enough to fight.

*James Knox.*

■

### THE WHIRLPOOL OF LIFE

'Mid the Go and the Come and the gath'ring Scum
In the mad round-sweep of Things
The Flotson Fool looks
Down and laughs at
The Far Below;
In
The Far Below
Where the darkling
Slough is the Depths of
A Great Despair, the Jetson Fool
Looks up and laughs at the Go and the Come
And the gath'ring Scum in the mad round-sweep of Things.

*Hopkins Moorhouse.*

■

### A CURZON ANECDOTE.

Lord Curzon has been long noted for his penchant for making cutting and cold remarks. Some years ago, says the railway official who tells the story, Lord Curzon came down from London by what was then the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, to address a political meeting at one of the Kent coast resorts. Lord Curzon was in a hurry. The train made its twenty miles an hour all right, but the future viceroy thought it the slowest train on earth. He said so to the guard. That dignitary, as usual, took the remark as a personal insult.

"If you don't like the speed of this

CROWDED OUT

Stage-struck Coster (to his dark-coloured donkey), "Othello, Othello, *your* occupation 'll soon be gone!"—*Punch*

train, mister," he said, "you can get out and walk!"

Lord Curzon was not crushed. Tart as vinegar came the reply:

"I would, only they don't expect me till this train gets in!"—*Answers.*

■

A NORTH RENFREW ANECDOTE

Mr. Thomas Mackie, M.P., who, with his six feet three of personalty, is the vanguard of the Liberal fight in North Renfrew, is probably the most tactful man of his inches in Canadian political life. Great size is usually associated with a disposition to rush at things, but not so with Pembroke's great lumberman.

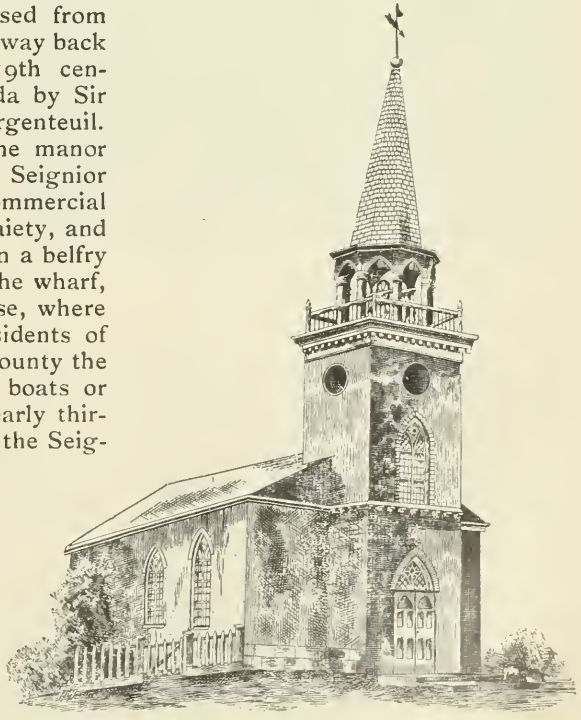
The year he defeated the Hon. Peter White for the Federal seat was a great year for Prohibitionist "heckling," and Mr. White and Mr. Mackie were on one occasion conducting a joint meeting. "Mr. Mackie," said a devoted temperance worker in the audience, "what is your opinion on the liquor question?" "Well," said Mr. Mackie, very confidentially, "I will tell you, gentlemen. I believe that whiskey may be made a great evil, and I believe that the saloons do a great deal of harm, and I would rather that my own boys did not drink. But I don't believe you can stop men drinking by passing a law to say they shan't. And, to tell you the truth, I like a little drop of whiskey myself, and I sometimes —yes, quite often—take a small drink at home. And there's always some of it in the house. Now, you may wonder at my being so frank and telling you all this, when some of you believe in prohibition and so forth, but the fact is I'm afraid to tell you anything else. You see, here's the Hon. Peter White right here on the platform, and I'm afraid that if I told you I hated whiskey he'd get up and say I was a liar, and tell you how he and I have often had a social glass together up at my house. So I had to tell you the truth."
—Toronto *Star.*

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

## AN ANCIENT CHURCH AND BELL

ST. ANDREWS, in the County of Argenteuil, in the Province of Quebec, boasts of an ancient bell—in a relative sense, of course, for anything, after all, only coequal with the history of Canada cannot be said to be ancient in a wide sense. The bell in the illustration, however, is the oldest in use in any Protestant place of worship in Canada. It was cast in France, as its date shows, in the year 1759 (a very interesting year for Canada—the year in which our land passed from French to British rule), and away back in the early dawn of the 19th century, was brought to Canada by Sir John Johnson, Seignior of Argenteuil. In those pre-railway days, the manor house or residence of the Seignior was the centre of much commercial activity as well as of social gaiety, and Sir John had the bell placed in a belfry over a large store-house on the wharf, in close proximity to his house, where it duly announced to the residents of the village and surrounding county the arrival and departure of all boats or barges. Some time in the early thirties a fire destroyed part of the Seignorial building, but fortunately the wharf and store-house escaped. Shortly after this the Seignior generously donated the bell to the Anglican Church of St. Andrews, where for nearly three generations it has rung out its merry peals upon festive occasions, tolled sadly in times of sorrow and affliction, and never failed to call the faithful together in lowly worship.

The Parish of St. Andrews is one widely known throughout Canada and the United States. It belongs to the Archiepiscopal diocese of Montreal, presided over by his Grace the Venerable Archbishop Bond, and dates back to the closing days of the eighteenth century, at which time one of the great church organizations of London sent Reverend Richard Bradford, M.A., as



EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH, ST. ANDREWS, P.Q., ERECTED IN 1820—ITS BELL WAS CAST IN 1759

THE BELL OF ST. ANDREWS, P.Q., SAID TO BE THE OLDEST IN CANADA

first incumbent or missionary. Some years later (1820) the present existing church was built (the land having been previously donated by the Seignior), and the Reverend Joseph Abbott, M.A. (son-in-law of the preceding), became first rector of St. Andrews. Mr. Abbott was a man of profound learning and of many parts, and was prominent in that group of educated and refined society which particularly marked the early history of the church and district. In this connection a few of such names may not be amiss. Commissary-General Charles John Forbes, whose military career included service in Egypt and the Mediterranean, the Peninsular war, Waterloo, the West Indies, where for a time he was Governor of Jamaica, and finally Canada, where he acted during a period as adviser to Sir John Colborne, Governor-General and Commander of the Forces. His remains now repose in the St. Andrews cemetery. Captain John Wainwright, a retired naval officer, and son of Admiral Wainwright, whose services in the Persian Gulf have long since passed into British history. Capt. Wainwright having lived in St. Andrews for some years at his beautiful home, "Silver Heights," went back to England, and died about thirty years ago. Many others might be mentioned, such as Sir Francis Cunynhame, Captain Richmond Powell and Robert Stikeman, whose names are familiar even yet to the younger generations. The first rector of the parish, the Reverend Joseph Abbott, became the father of one who was destined to have his name incorporated in Canadian History for all time. It was in the year 1821, that, at St. Andrews rectory, there was born one who afterwards became in turn, a great civil lawyer, a Member of Parliament for his native county of Argenteuil, Mayor of the city of Montreal, Dominion Senator, and finally Prime Minister of Canada—Sir John Joseph Caldwell Abbott.

*George Flanagan Shaw M.D.*

### NEW BANKS

A STRIKING development, contemporaneous with the recent influx of population, and the general progress of prosperity all over the land, has been the opening up of new branches chiefly in Quebec, Ontario and the Far West. Statistics compiled by the Toronto *News* indicate the proportions to which this movement has extended. Since January 1st, 1903, the Canadian chartered banks have opened up no less than 149 new branches, and 9 new sub-branches, or 158 new offices in all. This expansion has been participated in by 23 out of the 33 chartered banks in the country, but those which report the greatest number of new branches for the year are: The Union Bank of Canada with 21, the Commerce with 11 opened and 17 acquired by amalgamation, the Sovereign with 13, the Merchants with 8 new branches and 5 new sub-offices, the Traders with 11, the Bank of B.N.A. with 10 new branches, 3 new sub-offices, the Union Bank of Halifax with 3, and the Metropolitan with 10. Of course, it should be remembered that the rapid expansion of the Sovereign and the Metropolitan is due to the fact that they are new institutions just establishing their original offices.

### MUNICIPAL SUCCESS

Public ownership of the Street Railway is popular and profitable in Port Arthur. *The Times-Journal* of that city supplies the testimony in these words: "Port Arthur has shown the world that public franchises owned and operated by the people are just what is claimed for them. This year the franchise will pay four mills on the general assessment in addition to operating expenses and large additions to the plants. The street railway has purchased several thousand dollars' worth of rolling stock, besides putting the whole system in splendid repair and adding to the value of the franchises. Track and equipment both show the impetus that has been given by the increase of population. With the people to carry, there is no doubt of the line being a splendid taxpayer, and all the time the unseen part of such an enterprise—the franchise—is constantly growing in value."

### THE EMBARGO ON CANADIAN CATTLE

Lord Onslow, the British Minister of Agriculture, is reported as saying: "I frankly admit I have no reason to suspect that there is any disease at the present moment in Canada, but if Mr. Henderson repeats his visit and tells us what Canada can give us in return for the reconsideration of this question, then perhaps I shall go into it."

We are not sure that there is any general desire in Canada for a reconsideration of the Imperial Government's policy with regard to the embargo upon Canadian live cattle. The impression is growing that the embargo has done Canada more good than harm by encouraging the fattening of

cattle in the Northwest. In frankly admitting that, in his opinion, there is no dangerous cattle disease in Canada; that the real reason for continuing the embargo is for the protection of the British farmer; and that the ostensible reason is only a false pretence, Lord Onslow has done about all that Canadians generally want in connection with the matter. What the people of Canada have been objecting to is, not that the Imperial Government should afford the British farmer a certain measure of protection, but that this protection should be granted under a guise which was nothing less than a deliberate slander upon Canada. Lord Onslow is the first British Minister of Agriculture who has had the courage to tell the truth upon this subject. His predecessors were not all guilty of telling untruths, but they all suppressed the truth.—Montreal *Star*.

### JURIST AND DEMAGOGUE

That "jurist of repute," United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, returned to Washington with Alaskan laurels clustering thick upon his brow and remarked:

> "Thank God the flag of Spain has gone back to Europe, whither in the fullness of time all the flags of Europe must return."

The Union Jack is the particular "flag of Europe" to which the speech of Senator Lodge must have referred.

The demagogue who hastened to speak in such terms about the flag of the Empire which had lavished its hospitality upon him is the possessor of the calm, judicial mind that appealed to Lord Alverstone as against the findings of Sir Louis Jette and A. B. Aylesworth, K.C.

Is it within the limits of human probability, Lord Alverstone to the contrary notwithstanding, that a rampant, roaring jingo like Henry Cabot Lodge could take a more judicial view of an international set of facts than Canadian jurists who are neither jingoes nor politicians?—Toronto *Telegram*.

### THE PROPHET ELIHU

Mr. Elihu Root, one of the "jurists of repute" who represented the United States on the Alaska Commission, expresses the opinion that the Stars and Stripes will some day float over the whole American continent. If territorial disputes could be referred to such commissions as that of which Mr. Root was a member, no doubt the result would be brought about in due process, but if Mr. Root means that irresistible impulses are at work that will carry Canada into voluntary union, one might ask him why he did not place dependence on this broad view when dealing with the Alaskan boundary. Why haggle over a strip of coast of little value to the United States and of great value to Canada—why seize and keep it and thus retard the development of Canada, if, as he says, the Dominion is absolutely certain to become part of the republic as soon as this country develops a little more and feels need of a larger life?

Mr. Root should not mislead his countrymen with vain hopes, nor should a man of his pretensions allow his wish to father his thought. He should travel in Canada. He should consult with American farmers in the West who have been three or five years in the country. He should make a note of Lord Strathcona's prediction that within ten years the population of Canada will be double that of to-day—a prediction that all Canadians expect to see fulfilled.

A big country with unparalleled resources, diversified products, and ten millions of hardy inhabitants, will not be a country subject to armed conquest nor to trade harassments that will weaken the resolution of the people to complete their nation-building task.—The Toronto *Star*.

THE LATE HERBERT SPENCER

BORN APRIL 27TH, 1820 DIED DECEMBER 8, 1903

*(See page 342)*

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1904 No. 4

## THE PORT OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

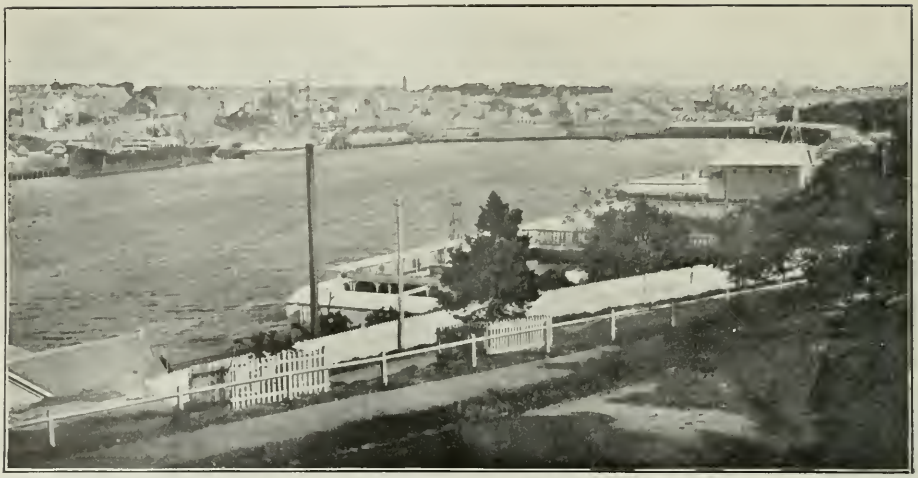
*By GEORGE A. KING*

THE question of the selection of a site for the capital of Australia is at present occupying the public mind throughout the Commonwealth, and although, under the Constitution Act, Sydney is debarred from becoming the permanent seat of the Federal Government, there is no doubt that the city will remain the commercial centre of the island continent. Sydney has always held the honour of being the first city in Australia, and the marvellous growth of its trade long since earned for it the privilege of being included among the huge shipping ports of the world. The natural advantages of Sydney Harbour are world-famed, and the possession of those have materially assisted the city to retain the position of premier port of the south. Although the buildings as a whole are creditable the manner in which the city is laid out is far behind the younger cities of the Commonwealth. Melbourne, for instance, is laid out on such an excellent principle that Sydney cannot be compared with it.

The history of the port of Sydney really began in 1770, when Captain Cook, after hoisting the British flag at Botany Bay, proceeded north and passed Port Jackson (on the southern shores of which Sydney stands), making an entry in the *Endeavour's* log that "At this time (noon) we were between two and three miles distant from the land, and abreast of a bay or harbour in which there appeared to be a good anchorage, and which I called Port Jackson."

Cook's glowing account of the eastern portion of Australia eventually led the Government to fit out an expedition to form a settlement in the new territory, and this expedition, known as the First Fleet, and under the com-

SYDNEY—GOV. PHILLIP'S STATUE, GARDEN PALACE GROUNDS



SYDNEY HARBOUR—WOOLLOOMOOLOO BAY
PHOTO BY A. V. WILKINSON

mand of Captain Arthur Phillip (the first Governor of the new colony) anchored in Botany Bay early in January, 1788. On examining the bay Phillip was not so impressed with it as Cook apparently was, and the absence of fresh water, the shallowness of the bay, and the fact that it was exposed to the swell of the Pacific, caused him to abandon the idea of forming his settlement at the spot. An examination of the coast north of Botany Bay was made and Phillip, entering Port Jackson, "had the satisfaction of finding the finest harbour in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in the most perfect security." After a minute examination of the port Phillip decided to found his settlement on the shores of an inlet which he named Sydney Cove, in honour of Lord Sydney. The inlet is now Circular Quay, and in it the huge mail steamers of the various companies are berthed. After deciding where he should found the settlement, Phillip returned to Botany Bay and the First Fleet sailed round to Port Jackson. The settlement was formally inaugurated on January 26 when, after the "colonists," consisting of more than 1,000 convicts, had been landed from the ships, the Union flag was hoisted and the commissions of the various officers of the colony read with as much ceremony as circumstances permitted. The officers then gathered round the flagstaff and the health of the King and the Royal family was enthusiastically drunk; and thus was laid the foundation of what is now the Commonwealth of Australia.

Notwithstanding that his material was of the crudest, his "colonists" being men and women who had

"left their country for their country's good,"

Phillip was so agreeably surprised with the district that he was able to report to the Home authorities in one of his early despatches that he did not doubt but that the colony would prove "the most valuable acquisition Great Britain ever made."

But in the early days the country passed through many vicissitudes—for years the colony was face to face with famine, while stern measures had to be resorted to to prevent rebellion. But the early naval Governors—Phillip, Hunter, King—and their successors faced the situation courageously and eventually a prosperous era set in and the colony made rapid progress.

Australia certainly cannot be accused of having neglected the memory of the

SYDNEY HARBOUR—WOOLLOOMOOLOO BAY
PHOTO BY A. V. WILKINSON

great men who discovered the continent and founded the first settlement at Sydney. Magnificent statues of Captain Cook and Governor Phillip occupy prominent positions in the city, the former standing in Hyde Park and the latter in the Garden Palace Grounds, both overlooking the harbour. The Government has also commemorated Cook's discovery by dedicating as a public reserve the spot where on April 28th, 1770, he first set foot on Australian soil. Kurnell is the name given to the reserve, which is situated near the south head of Botany Bay as it is now called, or Sting-Ray Bay, as the great navigator named it. Kurnell is about seven miles from the city of Sydney and, considering the distance, is one of the most difficult places to reach round the metropolis. A monument, erected by the late Hon. Thomas Holt, M.L.C., marks the landing place of the great navigator, and on the opposite headland of the entrance to Botany Bay is La Perouse, named after the gallant Frenchman whose ships, the *Boussole* and *Astrolabe*, anchored in the bay on January 26th, 1788—the day on which Phillip inaugurated his settlement at Sydney Cove.

No attempt is made in this article to give a history of Sydney as a city—for that would require much more space than is available in a magazine article; but it is intended to trace the growth of the trade of the port, which has grown to such a magnitude as to warrant the Government constituting a Trust, consisting of three commissioners, to administer the affairs of the harbour. The shipping records of the colony were carefully kept by the early Governors, but the registers containing the trade statistics prior to 1822 have disappeared. Shortly after Captain P. G. King took the reins of Government in 1800—and here it may be

SYDNEY HARBOUR—THE DOMAIN

SYDNEY HARBOUR—THE BOTANIC GARDENS

remarked that in those days the Governor administered the Government in the fullest sense of the word—he imposed, by means of a Port Order, the first wharfage rate of 6d. for each "cask or other package of goods landed for sale by English ships not in the Government service." In 1822 the shipping of the colony amounted to 71 vessels entered, with an aggregate tonnage of 22,924 tons, and 60 vessels (with a total tonnage of 20,793 tons) cleared. Three years later—in 1825—the total tonnage of vessels entered and cleared amounted to 47,247 tons, the imports being valued at £300,000, and the exports at £100,000. In 1830 157 vessels entered, with a total tonnage of 31,225 tons, while 147 vessels, the aggregate tonnage of which was 28,822 tons, cleared. Two years later an inward wharfage rate of 2s. 6d. per ton was imposed on goods which were not charged certain specified rates. Under these specific rates a box of tea or a bag of sugar was charged 1½d., a ton of salt or potatoes 1s. 6d., a dozen of spades 1d., a bottle of paint 2d., one hundred deals 2s. 6d., and a ton of iron, steel or lead 2s. 6d.

By the year 1840 the shipping entering the port of Sydney had increased to 709 vessels, with an aggregate of 178,958 tons, and bringing imports to the value of £3,104,189, while 665 vessels, with a total tonnage of 163,704 cleared, exports to the value of £1,399,692 being taken away during the year.

SYDNEY—THE CUSTOMS HOUSE

In 1850, just before the separation of Port Phillip, the shipping entered at New South Wales ports numbered 976 vessels, of an aggregate of 234,-

215 tons, and 1,014 vessels, with a tonnage of 263,849 tons, cleared. In 1851, the year of the separation of Victoria from New South Wales, the trade of the State fell to 553 vessels entered, measuring 153,002 tons, and 503 vessels cleared, of 139,020 tons; but in 1860, the year following the separation of Queensland, the shipping entered at the port of Sydney numbered 852 vessels, with a total tonnage of 292,213 tons, the figures for the whole of New South Wales being 1,424 vessels (427,835 tons) entered and 1,438 vessels (431,484 tons) cleared. In 1870 1,006 vessels entered Sydney, their aggregate tonnage being 385,616 tons, while in 1880 1,277 vessels, with a total tonnage of 827,738 tons, entered the port. In the last-mentioned year the tonnage entering the whole of the ports of New South Wales (including Sydney) amounted to 1,242,458 tons (represented by 2,108 vessels), while, during the same year, 2,043 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,190,321 tons cleared. The whole of the foregoing figures, it should be mentioned, are exclusive of coasting trade, of which no record was kept.

SYDNEY—THE GENERAL POST OFFICE

The basis of the wharfage rates laid down by the Act of 1880 was 1s. 8d. per ton on goods inward and 10d. per ton on goods outward at any public or private sufferance wharf, and these rates remained in force for more than twenty years, the trade of the port meanwhile increasing in 1890 to 1,523 vessels inward of 1,644,589 tons, in 1900 to 1,819 vessels inward, with an aggregate tonnage of 2,716,651, and in 1901 to 1,884 vessels inward, of 2,953,511 tons, carrying imports to the value of £22,208,555. Of the number of vessels entered in 1901 1,581 were steam and 303 sail, the respective aggregate tonnage being 2,647,277 tons and 306,234 tons. In the same year the outward shipping trade of Sydney consisted of 1,444 vessels (1,313 steam and 131 sail), the aggregate tonnage of which were 2,460,166 tons (2,305,449 steam and 154,717 sail.)

The shipping tonnage of New South Wales exceeds that of any of the other Australian states. Victoria stands next, after which come South Australia, Western Australia, Queensland

SYDNEY HARBOUR—MAN-O'-WAR ANCHORAGE

and Tasmania. The following table shows the shipping entered and cleared from the several States in 1901:

| State. | Entered. | | Cleared. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Vessels. | Tonnage. | Vessels. | Tonnage. |
| N. South Wales. | 3,452 | 4 196,408 | 3,375 | 4,324,826 |
| Victoria ..... | 2,418 | 3,392,226 | 2,347 | 3,323,265 |
| S. Australia ... | 1,128 | 2,045,240 | 1,139 | 2 080,126 |
| W. Australia.... | 884 | 1,842,236 | 901 | 1,872,027 |
| Queensland ..... | 684 | 853,515 | 675 | 832,205 |
| Tasmania ..... | 816 | 706,044 | 820 | 726 681 |
| Total Com'nw'th of Australia ... | 9,382 | 13,039,669 | 9,257 | 13,159,230 |
| New Zealand ... | 688 | 1,063,274 | 691 | 1,075,906 |
| TotalAustralasia | 10,070 | 14,102 943 | 9,948 | 14,235,136 |

It is now interesting to compare the relative importance of the various Australian ports, and from the following table the position of the capital of the Mother State becomes evident.

| Port. | Entered, 1901. | | Cleared, 1901. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Shipping. Tonnage. | Trade. £ | Shipping. Tonnage. | Trade. £ |
| Sydney..... | 2,953,511 | 22,046,243 | 2,460,166 | 19,347,007 |
| Newcastle ... | 1,036,178 | 854,782 | 1,573,683 | 2,505,062 |
| Melbourne .. | 3 236,149 | 15,576,424 | 3,129,954 | 17,015,767 |
| Port Adelaide & Adelaide. | 1,692,255 | 4,863,284 | 1,603,853 | 4,349,225 |
| Albany ..... | 866,374 | 182,609 | 801,333 | 394,181 |
| Perth and Fremantle . | 894,183 | 5,990,009 | 970,012 | 7,405,024 |
| Brisbane .... | 610,037 | 3,811,176 | 597,258 | 2,494,730 |
| Auckland.... | 421,892 | 3,023,566 | 314,113 | 1,922,792 |
| Hobart..... | 437,373 | 796,615 | 433,360 | 769,617 |

From the foregoing figures it will be seen that Melbourne takes the first place as regards tonnage entered and cleared, but the fact that the great ocean steamers whose terminal port is Sydney are reckoned once on the way round to New South Wales and again on the homeward voyage to England must be remembered. Thus, for purposes of comparison, the figures regarding Melbourne should be reduced by say 350,000 or 400,000 tons entered and an equal quantity cleared to allow for that circumstance. It will, therefore, be seen that the shipping, as also the trade, of Sydney exceeds that of Melbourne. In the figures given for Adelaide the tonnage of the mail steamers is reckoned twice, as in the case of Melbourne. Wollongong is the only other port of New South Wales which can be compared with either Sydney or Newcastle. In 1901 the vessels which entered Wollongong direct from places outside the State totalled 108,526 tons, while during the same year the shipping cleared at Wollongong totalled 192,173 tons, the value of exports being about £120,000.

Mr. T. A. Coghlan, the Government Statistician of New South Wales, has made some interesting calculations

SYDNEY HARBOUR—THE CIRCULAR QUAY

regarding the shipping trade of the State, and he estimates that the average tonnage of sea-going vessels lying in the port of Sydney is about 80,000 per diem. The daily average at the port of Newcastle is about 35,000 tons. On the day on which the greatest number of ships are in port, in the wool season, the tonnage at Sydney is equal to about 125,000, and that at Newcastle to 84,000. The value of the shipping ordinarily moored or anchored in the port of Sydney may be set down at £2,000,000, and of that in the port of Newcastle at £500,000. The greatest value of shipping afloat in the two ports on any one day is about £4,500,000.

Having considered the relative importance of the trade of Sydney in comparison with the other principal ports of Australasia the magnitude of the commerce of the first port of the Commonwealth may be further realized by viewing it in connection with the trade of the principal ports of the United Kingdom. In the matter of tonnage only five English ports: London, Liverpool, Cardiff, Newcastle, and Hull, surpass Sydney; while in the value of trade the Australian port is exceeded by only London, Liverpool and Hull.

In the matter of fitting and repairing ships Sydney is amply provided for both by the Government and by private enterprise. There are three graving docks, five floating docks and three patent slips, in addition to another large graving dock now in course of construction. The Sutherland Dock, which is the property of the Government and is situated on Cockatoo Island, is not only the largest dock in Australia, but is one of the largest single docks in the world, being capable of receiving vessels drawing 32 feet of water. During the year 1901, 161 vessels, of which 22 were British warships, were docked at Cockatoo Island, 65 being docked in the Sutherland Dock, and 96 in the Fitzroy Dock, the gross tonnage of the vessels being 304,795. The dock receipts during the year were £8,204, and the expenditure £2,717, exclusive of interest on cost of construction.

The natural facilities of the port for shipping are unrivalled. The length of the foreshores of the harbour is about 200 miles, and the water is so deep that the largest vessels can be berthed alongside the numerous wharves, the available frontage of which is about 20,000 feet. The depth of water at low tide ranges

between 12 and 30 feet, and at a number of the wharves steam cranes and other appliances for the discharge of the largest ships have been constructed. The total revenue derived from shipping dues in New South Wales in 1900 amounted to £188,205, of which £134,851 was collected at the port of Sydney and £40,693 at Newcastle.

The coast of Australia is well provided with lighthouses, and in addition leading lights and light-ships for harbour navigation are numerous. The Macquarie Lighthouse, which is situated on the southern head of the entrance to Sydney, and not far from the "Gap," at which spot the ill-fated *Dunbar* was wrecked, is the largest of its kind in Australia, and the light is the most powerful in the Southern Hemisphere. The focal plain is 346 feet above sea-level, the light being of the first order, sixteen sided, dioptric revolving white light, and shows a flash of eight seconds every minute. The light is visible about 21 miles, while the reflection can be seen 60 or 70 miles. The lighthouse is one of the most efficient in the world, and with the full power of the electric light at the focus, the mean intensity of the flashes in the direction of the sea horizon is equal to between five and six millions of candles. The total cost of erecting the lighthouse was £20,000.

While the trade of the port of Sydney is so great, Sydneites, in addition, boast of their "beautiful harbour," which is undoubtedly one of the loveliest in the world. Sydney is the headquarters of the Australian Naval Station, and the natural advantages of the harbour and the excellent docking facilities the port possesses make it a unique naval port. There are at present sixteen vessels on the Australian Station, but it is seldom indeed that the major portion of the Admiral's command is together, while steam tactics on anything like a large scale are almost unknown. Many of the most important of the South Sea Islands are within the boundaries of the Australian Station, the extent of which makes the patrol work, which keeps vessels from headquarters, very heavy. But, notwithstanding that, the climate and the social advantages make the Australian Station one of the most prized by naval officers. One of the accompanying pictures shows the naval depot at Garden Island, which was conceded by the New South Wales Government to the Imper-

SYDNEY—STATUE IN HYDE PARK TO THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT EXPLORER, CAPTAIN COOK

ial Government some years ago in return for certain Imperial property, including Dawes Point Battery, the naval stores at Circular Quay and the Victoria Barracks. The agreement also provided for the erection on Garden Island and at other places in Port Jackson by the Colonial Government of certain workshops, stores, etc., required for the British squadron in Australian waters. Garden Island, roughly described, is a small elongated piece of land covering an area of one and a half miles. Previous to its being thought of as a future naval establishment, it consisted of two hills running nearly north and south. The northern is still remaining, but the southern hill was demolished and in its place has been erected a number of workshops, barracks, offices and stores. In the picture the vessel in the foreground is the torpedo gunboat *Boomerang*, while the ships alongside the island are the *Royal Arthur*, the flagship of the squadron, and the *Katoomba*, one of the vessels of the Australian Auxiliary Squadron, towards the cost of maintaining which Australia contributes. Another picture shows the Man-o'-War Anchorage off Farm Cove, while Man-o'-War Steps is a favourite spot for "Young Australia," who delight in watching the pinnaces and launches of the ships landing liberty men.

Sydney is also the headquarters of the military forces of the State, and the port is strongly fortified. In the old days the fortifications were confined to inside the harbour, and one of the old-time defence works is shown in the picture entitled "Fort Denison." The fort occupies a prominent position in Sydney Harbour, and is now generally known as Fort Denison, although the island on which it stands was known by numerous names. In the early days the island was a picturesque rock rising perpendicularly in a slender column to an elevation of 75 feet and was called by the natives Mal-te-wan-ye, but Governor Phillip altered it to Rock or Rocky Island.

The first colonial "criminal court" assembled in February, 1788, and, according to one account a convict was found guilty of stealing some biscuit and was sentenced to be confined on the island ( which is opposite Farm Cove, the site of Phillip's farm, but now the beautiful Botanic Gardens ) for a week and to be fed on bread and water only. This punishment resulted in the unpoetical name of "Pinchgut" being bestowed on the island by the other convicts. One of the colony's earliest historians relates that "on November 29, 1796, eight men had sentences of death passed upon them. Francis Morgan, for murder, was executed and his body hung in chains on the island of Mal-te-wan-ye. This spectacle, shocking to the refined mind, served as an object of ridicule to the convicts and terror to the natives, who, though hitherto particularly partial to that spot, now totally abandoned it less the malefactor should descend and seize them in the same way as their superstition prompted them to imagine spirits did." During Governor Denison's regime an idea was conceived to erect a fort on the island, and the work was carried out at an abnormal cost. It was not, however, until the work had been completed that it was discovered that, owing probably to the porous nature of the sand-stone upon which the fort was built, it was impossible to fire a gun, even as a signal, without danger. The fort is now used to display a red beacon light at night. It was recently suggested that the fort should be demolished, and a memorial commemorative of the inauguration of the Commonwealth erected in its place, but the proposal, though made by a cabinet minister, was not received with favour by the public on account of the cost.

THE DOMINION OBSERVATORY, OTTAWA, NOW BEING ERECTED

# A NATIONAL OBSERVATORY

*By W. J. LOUDON*

EVERY one in Canada who takes an active interest in the study of Astronomy, whether for scientific reasons or because of the unalloyed intellectual pleasure to be derived from its pursuit, will be pleased to learn that the Dominion Government has recently decided to establish a National Observatory, not far from the city of Ottawa.

The building proper will be erected on a portion of land within the boundary of the Experimental Farm, about two miles from the city limits, and so chosen as to secure an uninterrupted view towards all points of the compass.

It is to be built of stone, and consists of two wings, each about forty feet square, not parallel to one another, but including an angle of thirty degrees, and joined together by the wedge-shaped central part of the building, the front of which is in the form of a tower, about thirty feet in diameter.

In the centre of this tower and immediately opposite the main entrance will be the large pier which runs up sixty feet and projects above the roof to form the support for the large equatorial telescope.

Semicircular passages on each side of the pier lead to the rear of the central part which forms the main or staircase hall; and on each side of this main hall are situated offices for the staff.

The first floor is of similar plan to the ground floor, and the basement but little different.

The right wing on the ground floor will contain the office of the Director, the correspondence room and the Library; the western wing is for the offices of the astronomers and computers.

There is to be also a Time room on this floor.

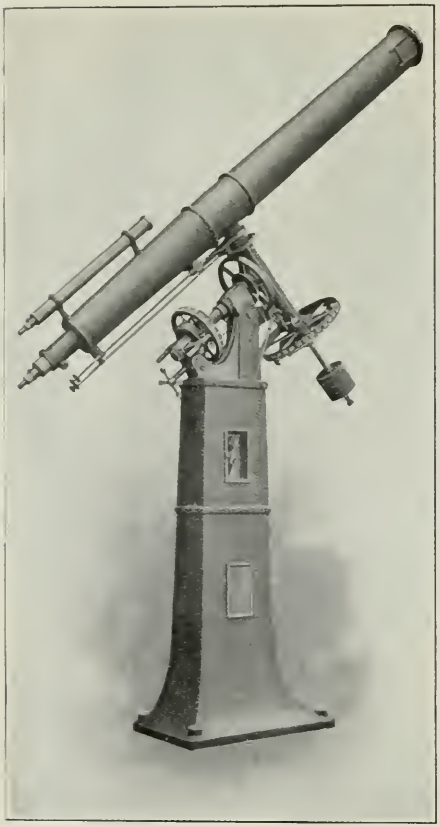
On the upper floor, besides a draughting room and small offices, are the photographic rooms and, in the eastern end, a large public hall, suitable for evening lectures and demonstrations, which are to form an important element in the conduct of the Observatory. In the basement will be the clocks, seismographs and other instruments which require either a solid foundation or one quite free from extraneous vibration.

In addition to the main building there will be erected small transit and meridian circle houses for special work, as well as suitable shelters for the ordinary instruments used in the study of problems connected with meteorology.

The main telescope is to be of fifteen inches aperture and about nineteen feet and three-quarters focal length, with a covering dome thirty feet in external diameter; it will have two finders, a two-inch and a four-inch; also, a camera attached to the middle of the telescope with a doublet lens of eight

W. F. KING
CHIEF ASTRONOMER FOR THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT

DOMINION OBSERVATORY, OTTAWA, IN COURSE OF ERECTION—DECEMBER, 1903

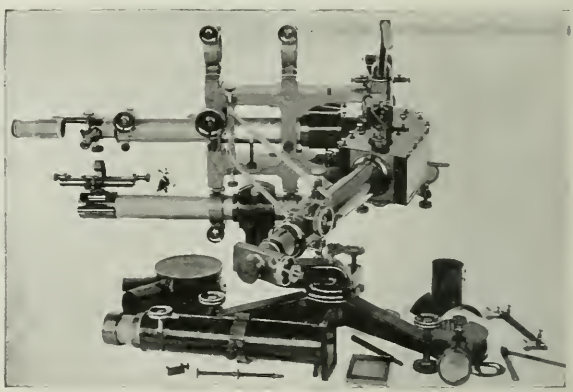


FIFTEEN-INCH EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE

inches aperture, which will thus allow photographs to be taken of star groups and nebulæ.

A large spectroscope can be applied to the eye end of the equatorial, and will have three prisms and a grating and be adapted both for visual and photographic work; this spectroscopic attachment will have also all the latest conveniences, including a guiding eye-piece (to be used when spectrum photographs are being taken), a position circle, apparatus for comparison spectra and automatic adjustment of the prisms to positions of minimum deviation. The other instruments in use at the Observatory will be a transit circle for observation of right ascension and declination, and portable transit instruments for time-work in the observatory, and for longitude determinations outside, the largest being two Cooke instruments of three inches aperture and thirty-three inches focal length. Chronometers, chronographs and minor instruments complete the list of astronomical apparatus. The usual meteorological instruments and a seismograph, as well as several pendulums (portable and others) for the determination of gravity, will be provided; but it is not proposed that magnetic observations shall be recorded, as the building is not constructed for such purposes: the constants of the magnetometers, used in the field, will be determined at the Magnetic Observatory near Toronto (Agincourt).

ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK



SPECTROSCOPIC ATTACHMENT FOR EQUATORIAL. FOR VISUAL AND PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK

It is intended by the Government that the Observatory shall not only perform astronomical work of a strictly scientific nature, but that it shall also be the head office of boundary and other surveys, the accuracy of which depends largely upon correct astronomical data: thus an important part of the work of the staff of observers and computers will be the examination and testing of instruments of various kinds, the rating of chronometers, the investigation of field methods, the correction and improvement of maps, in addition to ordinary routine work of reduction of observations made in the field.

The office will also undertake the determination of local time and will supply an electrical time-service to the Parliament Buildings where several master clocks will be placed to regulate electric dials in as many of the Government offices as required, these master clocks being in turn controlled by the mean time clock at the Observatory.

The direction of the affairs of the Observatory will be undertaken by the Dominion Astronomer, Mr. W. F. King, a distinguished graduate in mathematics of the University of Toronto, who will be assisted in his work by a competent staff of observers specially trained in those higher branches of mathematics and physical science, an intimate knowledge of which forms so essential a portion of the education of an astronomer.

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# THE UNSEEN

BY INGLIS MORSE

IN glamorous summer days
When the wind a soft tune plays,
What is sweeter to the ear
Than to hear
The merry sound of labourers a-field
Gathering up the harvest yield !

Such music of the Earth
Is blent with peace that fills the heart
Of him who slumbers 'neath the silent sky,
Or wakes betimes to hear some song of worth
That draws his soul apart
To wonder at Life's mystery.

And often as the song
Of man or bird
Is heard,
It genders thoughts that in their passing bring
A never ending throng
Of pulses from a world unseen,
That come as on the wing
And pass; yet he, who will, can glean
Therefrom a mystic Word to feed his soul
And lead him nearer to his goal.

WILLIAM R. HEARST

# MR. HEARST OF THE UNITED STATES

*By GEORGE JACKSON KNEELAND*

WILLIAM R. HEARST owns the New York *American*, the New York *Evening Journal*, *Das Morgen Journal* (German), the Chicago *American*, the San Francisco *Examiner* and the Los Angeles *Examiner*. In these papers he advocates the annexation of Canada to the United States. Apparently, he is convinced that our ultimate destiny is to be a part of the Union. One of his papers recently described Canada as being in "colonial cold-storage" until such time as the United States could turn its attention in this direction. From the Canadian point of view, he is a man to be watched, since he is an extreme expansionist, and believes that the United States is the greatest nation on earth, and that no country is too good to come under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

Mr. Hearst graduated from Harvard in the early eighties, and almost immediately took charge of the San Francisco *Examiner*, the property of his father, the late Senator Hearst. Charles Dexter Cleveland, who was then in charge, advised him not to be a "tag on a money-bag," but to put his whole strength into producing a newspaper. Young Hearst apparently took the advice. He studied his business thor-

oughly, and soon made the paper the leading "yellow" journal of the Coast district. He came to New York and bought the *Journal*, and spent large sums of money in making it the prominent newspaper it is to-day. In 1900 he started the Chicago *American* and later added the other journals mentioned above. He claims to have about three and a half million readers every day.

Behind all great enterprises there is a fundamental idea which tempers and gives them colour and life. Mr. Hearst's idea is to reach and aid the masses of the people. Although a man of great wealth, he has succeeded in gaining the confidence and friendship of the poor. Whenever he starts a newspaper the wages of his employees have been raised. He has always been a firm supporter of the Trade Unions, and as yet has had no serious trouble with them, although he is one of the largest employers of skilled labour in the country. Because of his friendliness toward labour, his opponents claim that he is an enemy of capital. Those who know him best declare that such an accusation is absurd. Here are his own words.

"My ambition is to forward the interests of the seventy million or more of typical Americans who are not so well looked after as the five or six million of the more prosperous. My interest is in the average American citizen. The welfare of the country demands that he, too, shall secure a fair share in the advantages of prosperity. Every sensible man knows that there is no objection to legitimate organization in business; organization that aims at greater economy or at greater efficiency and production. Such organization is inevitable, and will be of benefit to the community wherever the community shall be permitted to participate in its advantages. But every fair-minded man knows that there is every objection to the injurious, illegitimate, illegal organizations, known as the trusts, which absorb and suppress all competitors in order to establish a monopoly and exercise that monopoly—as in the case of the Beef Trust—to compel the payment of extortionate prices by the helpless public."

These are some of the ideas that guide Mr. Hearst's policy as an editor, and form the background of his influence. Not only has he expressed the thought, but the thought has worked itself out into action, thereby establishing a new field for Journalism.

He investigated the combination which sought to gain the monopoly of the entire water supply of New York City. He did not rest until he had revealed their guilty combination in the courts, and thus rendered untold service to the citizens of his adopted city.

The Ice Trust, by means of special docking privileges, effected a monopoly of that necessity of life. As soon as the heated term began they doubled the price. This meant suffering and even death to many of the poor in the congested districts. Mr. Hearst again used his influence and the unlawful combination was broken up.

The Food and Coal Trusts have also felt the keen analysis of his energy and influence.

The same enthusiasm which characterizes Mr. Hearst's defence of the masses, finds equal expression in his charities and philanthropies; as when he heads a subscription for the Jews in Russia; or the St. Pierre volcano victims; or the Galveston sufferers; or the fever stricken and wounded in the ditches of Santiago; or in founding hospitals; or, not the least, his open-handed generosity at Christmas time when he brings happiness and cheer to thousands of tenement house children of Greater New York.

In this connection his attitude toward the public school is well known. A public school boy himself, he has made that institution his particular care. In San Francisco, Chicago and New York, through his papers and by his personal influence, he has aided in many battles to improve them.

"The public schools," he once said, "should be so excellent that even the richest man could not afford to send his boy to any other."

Mr. Hearst is in his fortieth year. Tall and robust, regular and temperate in habits, he has great capacity and concentration for work. Every undertaking is accomplished with accuracy and dispatch. His favourite hours of work are from eleven p.m. on through

the night. At this time he may be found at his desk, bending over forms, calling out orders, making abrupt changes in the make-up of the pages at lightning speed, thoroughly at home in the confusion of the composing room at press time, and revealing an intimate knowledge of every detail of his business.

"I think you had better go to Paris," he once said to his private secretary. "When does the boat leave?"

"One leaves in the morning," answered the secretary, "and one leaves on Wednesday. I would rather go on Wednesday."

"I think you had better go in the morning," replied his employer.

Such is Hearst the editor.

Mr. Hearst has always been interested in politics, but only recently has he consented to accept an office. For years he has been a close student of Thomas Jefferson. It is said that he has one of the best libraries of Jeffersonian literature in existence. In Jefferson he found the original inspiration that has made him the champion of the rights of the individual as against special privilege.

In 1902 he was elected to Congress from the Eleventh District of New York. Just now Hearst political clubs are being organized in every section of the country. The masses of the people seem to be turning to him as their champion and friend.

As a result of the recent municipal election in New York City, the Democratic party is returned to power by a large majority. The victory awakened intense interest and excitement throughout the state and nation. Telegrams of congratulation from prominent democrats in every section of the country were received by the leaders in New York, and especially by Mr. Hearst. It is claimed by his admirers that the influence of his papers, the *American*, the *Evening Journal*, and *Das Morgen Journal*, has been a most important factor in whipping the Democrats into line and paving the way for the election of the ticket. Leaders everywhere agree that from now on Mr. Hearst stands as a logical candidate for the Presidential nomination in the coming National Democratic Convention.

Another important result of the election, and one which bears directly upon Mr. Hearst's political prospects, is the fact that Mr. Charles Murphy not only becomes the undisputed leader of Tammany Hall, but the successor of David B. Hill in the leadership of Democracy throughout the State. Mr. Murphy, therefore, will be able to control the State Convention and exert a powerful influence in the succeeding National Convention. He fully realizes the important service which Mr. Hearst has rendered the party, and it is safe to say that should Mr. Hearst come up for nomination he will have his share of the support of the New York delegation. With this powerful backing, coupled with his wide and growing popularity throughout the country, the Young Editor and Congressman will be a formidable rival in the race.

Last April, Mr. Hearst married a Miss Millicent Willson, a young woman only twenty-one years of age, but said to be accomplished and beautiful.

Such is the man who promises to be a leading figure in United States politics during coming years, and Canada would do well to keep its eye upon him.

# CAN CANADA MAKE HER OWN TREATIES?

*By PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH*

NETTLED apparently by our disappointment in the Alaska boundary case, Sir Wilfrid Laurier demands for Canada the treaty-making power. He will hardly press that claim unless he means to strike for independence. To demand the treaty-making power is to demand the power of making peace and war, to which only a nation can aspire. Great Britain would never consent to be responsible for the enforcement of a treaty which she had not made; nor would any foreign power be willing to treat with a British dependency otherwise than under the guaranty of Great Britain. By often calling Canada "a nation" we have brought ourselves to think that she is really one. But the presence of an Imperial Governor, and the daily appeals to a constitution which is embodied in an Act of the Imperial Parliament, are sufficient to remind us of the fact.

The British Government, in consequence of this Alaska decision, is once more upbraided with careless sacrifice of Canadian interests. This complaint, in which the voice of even the late Sir John Bourinot is heard, derives some colour of probability on the present occasion from the assiduity with which Great Britain is just now deeming it politic to cultivate American friendship. Nevertheless it is baseless. The British Government has always done for us the best that diplomacy could do. In the Oregon dispute it went to the very verge of war. Beyond the verge it could not possibly have gone. It has pleaded our case to the utmost of its ability, and through the best advocates that it could command. But it has had no *ratio ultima*. Would its people have allowed it, for a belt of territory on the other side of the Atlantic which they could not point out in the map and pictured to themselves only as a snowy waste, to engage in mortal conflict with a powerful nation of their own race, defeat in which would have been not only loss and dishonour, but almost ruin? What, in a war with the United States, would become of England's mercantile marine, of her foreign trade, of her indispensable supply of cotton? The United States are self-fed; Great Britain depends for food on supplies from abroad. Nor could her colonies feed her in time of war. They would be involved in the war and their transport would be cut off. Those who remember the case of the Ashburton treaty will bear witness that the Government of Sir Robert Peel gave the subject their most anxious attention and did for Canada all that was in their power. But Brougham spoke for the nation when he avowed that he did not care where the boundary was fixed so long as there was peace. Palmerston played his usual part, denounced the treaty as a capitulation, and tried to raise a storm. But there was no response to his appeal. The right of the British Government to cede, of course, we could not dispute. The territory of a dependency belongs to the sovereign power, which is at liberty, in disposing of it, to consult the interests of the Empire at large and particularly those of the Imperial people.

In this Alaska case the judgment was delivered by a British judge whose capacity is admitted on all hands, and whose uprightness cannot be seriously impeached.

We have a monument of the care of the British Government for us in the agreement restricting the launching of vessels of war on the lakes. An early consequence of "the cultivation of childish hostility to the Americans," which Sir Richard Cartwright so earnestly deprecates, would probably be the

renunciation of that agreement, putting our cities and towns on the lakes and our railway communication along the shore of Lake Superior at the mercy of an American flotilla.

Nor can it be justly said of the Americans that they have shown themselves regardless of right. They may have driven hard bargains, and perhaps have got more than their due. They, not very unnaturally, regarded England as a foreign power meddling with the concerns of a continent in which the chief interest was theirs. But when they might have taken all they would by force, they have submitted to international law. Had they chosen in this Alaska case to rule in their own favour, and decline submission to arbitration, we should have had no means of enforcing their submission. Let the military qualities of our people be what they may, can we possibly hope that we should be able to hold our own against a nation which outnumbers us fourteen times, which would be rapidly equipped for war; which has shown that it can at short notice put half a million of men into the field, and has now a considerable navy? It happened that the Americans, if they had chosen to refuse arbitration and settle the question by force, might have appealed with effect to a recent precedent in point. The Transvaal Government proposed to submit to arbitration the question of sovereignty on which the alleged right of interference with the internal affairs of that Republic depended. Its prayer was refused on the singular ground that to submit to arbitration would have been to give away the whole case; as, if the arbitrators had been fair, it most unquestionably would.

A word upon another branch of the subject. The notion seems to prevail that one or two generations ago the colonies were unjustly and ignobly vilipended by British statesmanship, and that a happy revolution of sentiment on this subject has recently set in. This is utterly untrue. It was the very general belief of statesmen in England far into the last century that the British colonies were destined to become British nations, reproducing in different parts of the world the institutions of the Motherland as well as extending her language with its influences, and bound to her by a lasting bond of natural affection. In this idea, if it was mistaken, there was surely nothing disrespectful towards the colonies. The only public man who spoke disparagingly of them was Disraeli, who, writing to his Foreign Minister with immediate reference to Canada, called them "wretched colonies" and "millstones round the neck of England;" language which his great friend, Sir William Gregory, tells us he continued to hold in private to the end of his life.

Bright and Cobden, as anyone who was intimate with them will testify, never spoke of the colonies disrespectfully or unkindly. What they deprecated was the undue prolongation of the period of infancy and tutelage, with the useless expense and constant danger which it entailed. Their opinions on that subject could not have been more decided than those of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the author of the standard work on the Government of Dependencies, Palmerston's favourite lieutenant and desired heir in the leadership of their party. Sir Frederick Rogers, the permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was a decided emancipationist. The same, probably, is true of Mr. Godley, the founder of Canterbury, New Zealand, who said: "I would rather be governed by a Nero on the spot than by a board of angels in London; because we could, if the worst came to the worst, cut off Nero's head, but we could not get at the board in London at all." As a proof that disregard of the colonies did not prevail in the circle of Bright and Cobden, it may be mentioned that it was owing to the hint of one of that circle that notice was for the first time taken of the colonies in the Queen's speech. Some there were, even among strong Conservatives, who, in private at least, looked forward to a union of the whole English-speaking race upon this con-

tinent by the junction of Canada with the United States. Nor was this possibility alien to the thoughts of Mr. Gladstone, who suggested, as a solution of the question between the North and the South, that the North should let the South go and unite with Canada. It is difficult to say why in this there was anything more unnatural or disloyal than there is in the proposal, now rather in vogue, for the combination of Great Britain and her colonies with the United States in an Anglo-Saxon confederation for the purpose of "imposing peace upon the world," which certainly implies a fusion of the councils and forces of Canada as a member of the Empire with those of the United States.

The policy of emancipation, looking forward to the elevation of colonial dependencies into nations bound to the Mother Country by the tie of affection, can at all events hardly be said to have been meaner or more disparaging than a policy which assumes that the tie of the colonies to the Mother Country is one of commercial interest and can be preserved only by the concession of fiscal advantage.

The emancipationist policy, though now flouted, was, however, not without effect in its day. It brought about an extension of colonial self-government and the withdrawal of the military occupation. The military occupation having been withdrawn, there was an end of the series of wars with Maori and Kaffirs, the expense and cruel character of which Bright and Cobden had denounced, without thereby showing any want of good feeling towards the colonies.

A British Liberal, coming to this country thirty years ago, would naturally bring with him the opinions on the colonial question which were those of his circle in England. It was the time at which a number of young Canadians formed the "Canada First" party, with Nationality more or less definitely as their aim. The central figure of the circle was the author of the electrical Aurora speech which so startled the political fogeyism of the day, and the founder of the *Liberal*, truly so named, in opposition to the antiquated Liberalism of the *Globe*. The leader had no reason to complain of want of zeal on the part of his followers, who looked up to him as their Morning Star, and gave him every proof of devotion. But at the critical moment he passed over to the other camp, and his followers were left without a leader.*

Nationality was probably not impossible for Canada. It is true she was deficient in the ordinary requisites for the material basis of a nation; compactness of territory, and unity of race. There was a wide wilderness between the Maritime Provinces and Quebec. Then, dividing her British Provinces from each other came the French Province with a local nationality of its own, which, belying Lord Durham's forecast, had baffled all the forces of absorption. The interchange of population among the Provinces was very small and far short of anything like fusion. Still, political institutions and the general character formed by them were the same, and railways, telegraphs, postal communications were more and more exerting their unifying influence. If in Canada there were two races with different languages, in Switzerland there were three, and a similar division of religion. A twofold experiment in democracy on this continent was apparently much to be desired. Of American aggression on Canadian independence there need have been no fear. One may talk for years to people of all classes

*I may say that I never was a member of the political association of "Canada First," nor had I anything to do with the founding of *The Nation*. I was in England at the time, though on my return I was persuaded to contribute. I also contributed a few articles to *The Liberal*. The attacks made upon me in *The Globe* gave me an artificial prominence, but it was well understood at the time that they were really directed against Mr. Blake, whom the Browns feared to attack directly. It is untrue also that I have ever sought or desired to enter public life in Canada. I had declined it in my native country, and have again more than once declined it since I settled here.—G.S.

and parties in the United States, without hearing a single utterance of an aggressive kind. The general feeling of Americans on the Canadian question is one of rather surprising indifference. The people generally would, without doubt, gladly welcome us into the Union ; but the politicians are by no means universally inclined that way. Many of them fear that the balance of their parties, the thing nearest to their hearts, might be disturbed by Canadian invasion. There is also a fear, though very unfounded, of contact with the Roman Catholicism of Quebec.

What has apparently decided that question is the extension of the Dominion to the Pacific, whereby every vestige of material unity has been lost and the Dominion has been incorporated with territories sure, when the adjoining States of the Union overflowed, to be filled by American immigration.

For an undertaking so costly as the Canadian Pacific Railway, still more for the political change of which it was sure to be the instrument, incorporation of British Columbia appears to have been an inadequate object. Of what use has the connection been to Eastern Canada? Can it even be said that British Columbia has been thoroughly incorporated? What do we derive from her or she from us? Do her people even now think and speak of themselves constantly as Canadians? To our capacity for military defence her accession cannot be said to have added, since it has exposed us to attack from another ocean, and one likely to be commanded by a Russian fleet.

The special usefulness of the C.P.R. as a colonial road seems to have been doubtful. It carried a good many of the emigrants onwards to the Pacific States of the Union. Those who were deposited in Canadian territory were scattered along a line of eight hundred miles in a region where, on account of climate, close settlement is especially to be desired. The immense cost of the line might have been saved to the country and the settlers would have been probably better accommodated, had the region been allowed, like the new States of the Union, Minnesota and Dakota, to be furnished by private enterprise with railroads as they were demanded by advancing population. Projected and proclaimed as a purely national work with which foreigners, especially Americans, were to have nothing to do, the C.P.R. is now a private enterprise, largely owned abroad, attacking other private enterprises with funds originally provided by the public, too powerful in the Northwest, as dwellers in that region complain, too powerful everywhere, as is commonly feared. That a road running through the subarctic region will ever become the commercial highway of the world seems not very likely. Nor, if it did, would mere transit be very profitable to the country through which it runs. The farmer of Ontario is requited for the financial burden which he has borne by a formidable competition with his products, while all Eastern Canada has borne the expenses of administering the Territories, providing them with a Mounted Police and preparing them for American immigration. This may be said without disparagement to the enterprise, energy and skill which were signally displayed in the construction of the line, were in no way affected by the policy of the undertaking, and have reaped their appropriate reward.

American immigration, on a large scale, as soon as the adjoining States of the Union overflowed, there was sure to be. The American settlers will no doubt be contented with institutions radically identical with their own, and will make perfectly good citizens. But it is not likely that they will cease to be American or be willing to sever themselves socially and commercially from the country from which they come, and which is separated from them only by an imaginary line.

We have now a string of Provinces stretched out from ocean to ocean, a distance equal to the breadth of the

Atlantic, severed from each other by wide wildernesses or by great barriers of nature, such as an inland sea and a triple range of mountains, with no great interchange, normally, of population, and no great natural traffic, while each Province is drawn by strong commercial attraction to its neighbour and cognate on the South. Will it ultimately prove possible to weld these Provinces into a united and separate Canada? That is the problem, presented not by the political, but by the topographical and economical chart, with which Canadian statesmanship will, in course of time, have to deal, and in settling which it will not be helped by postage stamps painting the North Pole red, or by patriotic fiction of any kind.

Those who look confidently to perpetual separation have to consider not only the topographical and commercial difficulty, but the interchange of population between Canada and the United States, especially when compared with the interchange between the Provinces in Canada. "Five-and-twenty years ago," said Sir Richard Cartwright in his speech on Reciprocity in 1888, "but a small proportion of Canada's population were in the United States. To-day, sir, the United States in the most emphatic possible manner are becoming literally flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. I think my friends from the Maritime Provinces and Quebec probably can affirm my statement when I say that I know whole counties, I know great regions in Canada, where you cannot find one single, solitary Canadian family which has not a son, or a daughter, or a brother, or a sister, or more dear and near relative, now inhabiting the United States." On the other hand, Sir Richard Cartwright found that in 1881 there were of natives of Ontario 105 settled in Prince Edward Island, 310 in New Brunswick, and 333 in Nova Scotia; in all only 748 natives of Ontario settled in the Maritime Provinces. Americans by tens of thousands are pouring into the Northwest, where they are likely before very long to predominate.

Power of self-defense is, in these days, deemed an indispensable condition of existence as a separate nation. It is for military men to say whether a frontier of 4,000 miles, generally open, as the Canadian frontier is, and with its line broken by the waste between the Maritime Provinces and Quebec, Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, can ever be made capable of defence, even if the whole population should be called under arms for the purpose.

For old age the question of political union can have no practical interest. It is probably further off than it was some years ago. A great change has recently been coming over the situation. The Americans, smitten apparently with the desire of vying with the great conquering Powers of the old world, have parted with their traditional principles and embarked on a policy of over-sea and Southern aggrandizement which, if it is pursued, must apparently end either in a fundamental change of institutions or in the disruption of the Republic. In that case a new scene will open, and com binations which we cannot now forecast may take place.

In the meantime Reciprocity is perfectly independent of the political ques tion. If anything, the increase of prosperity which the opening of its natural market would bring to our people would rather dispose them to be content with their present position and averse from political change. Such was signally the effect of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854.

Whatever may be the settlement which Destiny has in store, let us hope that it will be one founded on the real interest of the mass of the Canadian people, who want to make their bread by peaceful labour and to see plenty and happiness in their homes, not to have their material prosperity sacrificed to the memory of by-gone quarrels or the dreams of a chimerical ambition.

# SOME COMMENTS ON THE ALASKAN AWARD

*By F. C. WADE, K.C., one of the British Counsel*

THE Treaty of 1903 for the adjustment of the Alaskan boundary, provided that the members of the Tribunal should be "impartial jurists of repute." The members appointed by the United States were Secretary Root, a member of a government which was one of the parties to the dispute; Senator Lodge, who had long and often declared against Canada's contention, and Senator Turner, who was appointed as a guarantee to the Pacific Coast commercial centres that their interests would be preserved. I have no comment to make on this, except the obvious one that a more gross breach of faith on the part of any nation, great or small, could not be imagined, and that we seem to have travelled a long way since the days of Washington, or even Lincoln.

Canada entered a strong, but dignified protest against the personnel of the United States side of the Tribunal. Lord Onslow cabled that His Majesty's Government had been as much surprised as Lord Minto's Ministers, but that arguments relative to the fitness of the three American representatives, however convincing, could have no result. He suggested that the British should appoint "representatives who will meet the altered circumstances of the case," in other words, "impartial jurists of repute" of the style of Secretary Root and Senators Lodge and Turner. The cable concluded by asking that these considerations be carefully weighed by Canada, and also that Lord Minto's Ministers would favour His Majesty's Government. On March 6th Canada emphasized her protest, and on March 7th Lord Minto was advised from London that the Treaty had been ratified on March 3rd previous. Canada refused even then to disregard the terms of the Treaty by agreeing to the appointment of prejudiced politicians instead of "impartial jurists of repute," and thereby, as an English journalist has said, saved the credit of the Empire. Nothing remained but to proceed with the work of the Tribunal, since as Sir Wilfrid Laurier has well said: "Had Canada refused to proceed after the Treaty had been signed by the King, the result would have been that the American flag would have flown over all the disputed territory, or we would have had to fight for our rights."

Although Canada was in this way forced into a Treaty not of her own making, it was confidently hoped by many that a great deal of good might come out of it. True, owing to the composition of the United States wing, nothing better than a deadlock could be hoped for—unless, of course, that disinterested friendship which England had so long and sedulously sought after should suddenly have burst into being. But even a deadlock would mean that all the evidence bearing on the case would be laid before the world, and there could be little doubt that in the end the verdict of three prejudiced politicians could not stand against that of three really "impartial jurists of repute," and the United States would be forced to the Hague. Deadlock, it was hoped, would result in arbitration, and with any fair arbitral tribunal Canada had nothing to anticipate but a favourable result.

The Alaska Boundary Tribunal, however, was in no sense an arbitral tribunal. The first article of the Treaty of 1903 under which it was constituted, provided:

"The Tribunal shall consist of six impartial jurists of repute, who shall consider judicially the questions submitted to them, each of whom shall first subscribe an oath that he

will impartially consider the arguments and evidence presented to the Tribunal, and will decide thereupon according to his true judgment." Each member of the Tribunal, therefore, gave the following undertaking on oath: "I do solemnly swear that I will impartially consider the arguments and evidence presented to the Tribunal, and will decide thereupon according to my true judgment."

As Sir Louis Jetté said in his judgment:

"Thus the character of the function which has been confided to us is clearly defined. We have not been entrusted with the power of making a new Treaty, and it was not in our province to make concessions for the sake of an agreement; we are simply to give a judicial interpretation of the articles of that Treaty which were submitted to us. And this position, as I take it, was rendered still more clear by the fact that, if a majority could not be found to agree, no harm was done, the way being then still left open for the governments of both countries to do what would, unquestionably, be in their power, that is, to settle the difficulty by mutual concessions if they found it advantageous to each other.

Finding thus, that the line of demarcation between our duties and our powers had been very clearly defined, I took it to be my first duty, in passing on the different questions submitted to us, not to assume any more power than had been given to me by this first article of the Convention of 1903."

It is important to remember this clear exposition of the powers of the commissioners in view of what followed.

The boundary arranged between England and Russia in 1825 was adopted word for word in the United States Treaty of purchase in 1867. The two principal sections to be interpreted by the Alaska Boundary Commission were the third and fourth of the Treaty of 1825, which I may as well give in full. They are as follows:

"III. The line of demarcation between the possessions of the high contracting parties, upon the coast of the continent and the islands of America in the North-West, shall be drawn in the manner following:

Commencing from the southermost point of the island called Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of 54 degrees forty minutes north latitude, and between the 131st and 133rd degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel, as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude; from this last mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same meridian); and finally, from the said point of intersection, the said meridian line of the 141st degree in its prolongation as far as the frozen ocean, shall force the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America to the north-west.

IV. With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article, it is understood:

1st. That the island called Prince of Wales Island shall belong wholly to Russia.

2nd. That whenever the summit of the mountains, which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast, which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

It would be hard to imagine a more faulty description. The southermost point of Prince of Wales Island is not in the parallel of 54° 40′, though it is very near it. The line could not ascend north along Portland Channel without first travelling east seventy miles to the mouth of that channel. Nor does Portland Channel go north to the 56th parallel of latitude, but falls some miles short of it. From the 56th degree the line was to follow "the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast" until it should intersect the 141st degree of west longitude. The Treaty is silent as to whether the mountains nearest the coast are meant or mountains farther away. In the absence of definite stipulation one would read it to mean the mountains nearest the coast, because after leaving the first mountains there is no possible principle on which any others could be selected. It was further provided that when the summit of the mountains "which extend in a direction parallel to the coast" should prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast, which is to belong to Russia, should be formed by

a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom. On this wording many questions arose. What was the coast of an ocean? Was the mountain boundary to be an uninterrupted chain or a range, or would isolated peaks connected up with a line fulfil the description? What were the sinuosities to be followed when the mountains receded more than ten marine leagues?

Mr. Dickinson, senior counsel for the United States, in commenting on the language of this Treaty, objected to its drafting. He said that when he drafted his first document as a law student and took it to his principal, an old Tennessee ex-judge, he supported it as good drafting because any reasonable person could understand it. The Judge replied that that was not the test: "A document should be drawn so that no d—d fool could understand it." The Treaty in this instance had been made more difficult of interpretation on account of lapse of time. In this connection Mr. Dickinson perpetrated another anecdote which you may be able to bear more easily than the former. He said the confusion caused by lapse of time was well illustrated by an event which happened in Tennessee —everything, according to Mr. Dickinson, happened in Tennessee. A widower with a ready-made family married a widow with a ready-made family. Their union resulted in another family. One day the once widower, on arriving home, found his wife crying bitterly. On being asked the cause, she replied, "Why, John, there's your family and my family out in the backyard licking our family." Such is the deplorable confusion arising from lapse of time, both in families and treaties.

The only point on which the contending sides agreed before the Tribunal was that the starting point should be Cape Muzon, which is not situated in latitude 54 degrees and 40 minutes. As to Portland Channel Canada contended that it was the channel running north of Sitklan, Kannaghunut, Pearse and Wales Islands. The United States contended that it was the channel running south of those islands. No other channel was suggested by any counsel before the Tribunal. With regard to the mountains Canada contended that the mountains bordering the coast of the ocean were the only ones known to navigators at the time and to the negotiators of the Treaty, and that they were the mountains referred to in the Treaty. The United States contended that a definite unbroken mountain chain was intended by the Treaty, and that no such chain existed, and that in default of a mountain chain it was necessary to draw the line of demarcation in all cases ten marine leagues from the ocean coast. They modestly added that by "the coast of the ocean" was meant the heads of all the inlets, some of them extending nearly a hundred miles from the ocean.

The question as to Portland Channel was merely one of identity. It could not be denied that Vancouver had christened the channel north of the four islands Portland Channel. The only reply of the United States case was that the negotiators, although they had Vancouver's charts before them, had not read his text. The Canadian contention was upheld. It was decided that the negotiators had read Vancouver's text. Lord Alverstone found that there was "no doubt that the negotiators were acquainted with the information contained in Vancouver's narrative." At his own suggestion to Sir Louis Jetté and Mr. Aylesworth, he drew up a memorandum in which he declared their joint views to be that the channel ran north of the four islands. This is the memorandum referred to in the protest of Sir Louis Jetté and Mr. Aylesworth in which they say: "When the members of the Tribunal met after the argument and considered this question, the view of the three British Commissioners was that the Canadian contention was absolutely unanswerable. A memorandum was prepared and read to the Commissioners embodying our views and shewing it to

be beyond dispute that the Canadian contention on this branch of the case should prevail, and that the boundary line should run to the northward of the four islands, thus giving them to Canada." To the great surprise of the Canadian members when this question was brought up for formal answer Lord Alverstone subdivided it into the following two questions:

"1. Does Portland Channel run to the north of Pearse and Wales Islands?"

"2. Does Portland Channel run to the north of Sitklan and Kannaghunut Islands?"

The United States Commissioners, who had always scouted the idea that the channel ran north of any of these islands, voted with the British Commissioners that it ran north of Pearse and Wales Islands. Lord Alverstone, who had drawn up the memorandum of judgment of all the British Commissioners that it unquestionably ran north of all the islands, suddenly voted with the United States Commissioners that it did not run north of Sitklan and Kannaghunut Islands, but that "after passing to the north of Wales Island," it turned south down "the channel between Wales Island and Sitklan Island, called Tongass Channel." As Sir Louis Jetté and Mr. Aylesworth pointed out in their protest:

"There is, in our opinion, no process of reasoning whereby the line thus decided by the Tribunal can be justified. It was never suggested by counsel in the course of the argument that such a line was possible. Either the four islands belong to Canada, or they belong to the United States. In the award Lord Alverstone agrees with the United States Commissioners that the islands should be divided, giving the two which possess strategic value to the United States."

If this was a judicial decision, if this was not a compromise, is it not singular that at the moment when the United States Commissioners decided to change their mind as to two of the islands, and Lord Alverstone decided to change his judgment as to the other two, his Lordship was the one to come forward with a subdivided question which just met the new conditions?

As to the mountain boundary, the Canadian contention was that the line of mountains bordering on the coast, and known as Mr. King's line, was the one intended by the Treaty, and the one which should be accepted. The British argument on this question is so succinctly summarized in the judgment of Mr. Aylesworth that I cannot do better than reproduce it. He says:

"The words of the Treaty, '*Montagnes situees parallelement à la côte*,' and the idea of parallelism thereby conveyed imply the line of mountains next adjacent to the coast. Apart from the circumstance that no kind of reason can be assigned for skipping over one or two, or it may be half a dozen, lines of mountains between the coast and the boundary, the very fact that the Treaty couples the boundary line directly with the coast line argues in favour of the first line of mountains being meant. I think any one who spoke of the two lines as parallel one to the other would scarcely have in contemplation a third line parallel to each, but situate between the two.

"In the present case we have, moreover, the circumstance that throughout the negotiations preceding the Treaty these mountains are invariably spoken of as near to the coast.

"In February, 1824, the first proposal of Russia as to the line (p. 70 Br. Case Appx.) was that it should follow Portland Canal 'jusqu'aux montagnes qui bordent la côte.'

"Repeating this proposal in their observations on Sir Charles Bagot's amended proposal, the Russians say they would make the limit of the *lisière* to the east of the chain of mountains 'qui suit à une très petite distance les sinuosités de la côte.'

"In narrating to Count Lieven the course of these negotiations Count Nesselrode, in his letter of April 5-17, 1824, says they were willing their eastern frontier should run along the mountains 'qui suivent les sinuosités de la côte.'

"On Sir Charles Bagot's despatches reaching England, the Hudson's Bay Company suggested that the boundary ought to be fixed at the 'nearest chain of mountains not exceeding a few leagues off the coast.'

"Thereupon Mr. George Canning sent to Sir Charles Bagot a draft convention, with instructions to conclude the negotiations. In these instructions (July 12th, 1824), Mr. Canning directs that the line of boundary be drawn along the 'base of the mountains nearest the sea.'

"The draft convention prepared by Mr. Canning shews very clearly his understanding of the trifling width the lisière would have, as it contains provision (not carried into the final treaty, as the Russians objected) that the British should for ever have the right to trade 'sur la dite lisière de la côte, et sur celle des îles qui l'avoisinent.'

"Mr. Canning's proposal that the boundary should be drawn along the base line of the mountains was objected to by Count Lieven for the reason, among others, that, considering the little certainty there then was in the geographical knowledge anybody had of the regions they were negotiating about, it would not be possible that the mountains they were fixing as a boundary 's'étendissent par une pente insensible jusqu'aux bords même de la côte.'"

"This language makes it absolutely certain that the Russians understood their boundary.

"On their proposing to take the top instead of the base of these mountains as the line of boundary, Mr. Canning assented, and the existing Treaty resulted. It is not pretended that any change in the particular mountains intended was ever made, or suggested. Whatever mountains those were the base of which the British proposed as the boundary, those were the mountains, the tops of which, by the concluded Treaty, are the true boundary today, and it is to my mind clear to a demonstration that these were the mountains nearest the sea."

The finding of the majority of the Commission on this branch of the case was almost as striking as that with reference to the islands. The United States' objection to Mr. King's line was that it did not constitute an absolutely continuous and unbroken chain, and therefore could not be accepted as the boundary. There were, they urged, no mountains within the ten marine league limit meeting the requirements of the Treaty. The only course open to the Tribunal, therefore, was to adopt the ten marine league limit. The Tribunal decided, however, that Canada's contention was correct, and that a continuous mountain chain was not necessary. This removed all objection to Mr. King's line. They went further and decided that all that was necessary was to connect isolated mountain peaks, some of them as much as fifty miles apart from each other. They then selected a disconnected lot of peaks as near as possible to the ten marine league limit, and in all cases passing around the heads of the inlets and shutting off Canada from the ocean. Again the decision on the principle at issue was in our favour, only to be worked out in such a way as to make it worse than valueless to Canada. As the Canadian members of the Commission stated in their protest, "The Tribunal finds that the Canadian contention is correct as to the existence of mountains within the terms of the Treaty: but the fruits of the victory are taken from Canada by fixing as the mountain line a row of mountains so far from the coast as to give the United States substantially nearly all the territory in dispute." They add: "We do not consider the finding of the Tribunal as to the islands at the entrance of Portland Canal or as to the mountain line a judicial one, and we have, therefore, declined to be parties to the award." This statement aroused the indignation of Lord Alverstone, who stated it to be beneath his dignity to furnish any reply or explanation. President Roosevelt declared: "This award is the greatest diplomatic victory of our times." The President is careful to use the word "diplomatic."

The most serious blow to Canada is the part of the decision which makes the mountains run around the heads of inlets, as this makes every inlet part of the absolute territory of Russia, and shuts off Canada from approach to the ocean by inlets, arms of the sea, estuaries and inland seas for a distance of 600 miles, thereby accomplishing, in part, the long cherished object of the United States. The only grounds on which such a decision could be based are:

1. That the words "coast of the ocean" mean and include the heads of inlets, or

2. That it was the intention of the Treaty of 1825 to give Russia an unbroken and impenetrable strip of territory along the north-west coast of America.

So far as the meaning of words is concerned, no one would call the head of an inlet such as Lynn Canal the coast of the ocean. As Mr. Christopher Robinson said in the argument: "If a person who had lived all his life at the head of Lynn Canal and who had never travelled the distance of 90 miles along its channel to the ocean, were asked what the ocean was like, the only truthful reply he could give

was that he had never seen it." Mr. Aylesworth said: "It would seem to me ridiculous to speak of a ship as making an ocean voyage while sailing along the Lynn Canal." Sir Louis Jetté in his judgment, said:

"Even if we were to consider Lynn Canal as an arm of the sea, or even as an inland sea, the coast of Lynn Canal could not, even then, be considered the coast of the ocean. There is, in my country, one of the largest rivers in the world, and I have often heard it said by some of my compatriots when contemplating with pride the immense sheet of water at its mouth: 'Why, but this is the sea!' However, it has not yet entered the mind of anyone to say: 'This is the ocean!' It has been reserved for Lynn Canal to be raised to that dignity."

Nor was it the intention of Russia to receive, or of Great Britain to concede, an unbroken strip of territory along the north-west coast. The simplest and most complete way of proving this is by the fact that all through the negotiations Russia asserted over and over again that she would guarantee Great Britain the free use of all the rivers and streams traversing the strip, and clause 6 of the Treaty provides as follows:

"VI. It is understood that the subjects or His Britannic Majesty, from whatever quarter they may arrive, whether from the ocean or from the interior of the continent, shall forever enjoy the right of navigation freely, and without any hindrance whatever, all the rivers and streams which in their course towards the Pacific Ocean may cross the line of demarcation upon the line of coast described in Article III of the present Convention."

Nor could a long, deep and narrow inlet like Lynn Canal, penetrating the continent for 90 miles, and varying in width from 2 to 7 miles, be called a "winding" or "sinuosity" of the coast, parallel to which the limiting ten league line should be drawn in case the mountains receded more than that distance from the ocean coast. On this Mr. Aylesworth says in his judgment: "It seems to me equally an utter misapprehension and perversion of language to term a long narrow fiord such as Lynn Canal as mere 'sinuosity de la côte,' parallel to the sides of which the Treaty intended this boundary line to be drawn. The coast 'parallelment' to which the mountains forming the boundary are situate is, in my opinion, clearly the general trend or direction of the main land coast line, disregarding alike narrow inlets and narrow peninsulas—cutting off a head land, it may be, where physical features justify it, or crossing the mouth of an inlet as readily as though it were the mouth of a river. And it seems to me of much importance to note that this was the view adopted by the Superintendent of United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, when issuing to his assistants instructions for their work of survey under the Convention of July 22nd, 1892. It was upon this footing that the work of survey was done by the United States and British Governments, and the object of such survey was to ascertain the facts and data necessary to the permanent delimitation of the boundary line. This work, done upon this principle by the parties now litigating, affords to us by their convention the information upon which the boundary line must now be established, in accordance with the spirit and true intent of the Treaty in regard to it."

It seems to be impossible to come to any other conclusion than that reached by the Canadian Commissioners, namely, that Canada's interests were sacrificed and her just rights ignored by the majority of the Tribunal. "Our position during the conference of the Tribunal," they say, "has been an unfortunate one. We have been in entire accord between ourselves, and have, severally and jointly, urged our views as strongly as we were able, but we have been compelled to witness the sacrifice of the interests of Canada, powerless to prevent it, though satisfied that the course the majority determined to pursue in respect to the matters specially referred to ignored the just rights of Canada."

I do not think it is necessary to seek to justify the action of the Canadian members of the Commission in refusing to sign such an award. There is plenty of most respectable precedent

for that. Sir Alexander Cockburn, representing Great Britain, under the Treaty of Washington at the Alabama Arbitration held in Geneva in 1872, did the same thing. But had there been no precedent, it was certainly time to create one. Whenever the representatives of Canada came to the conclusion that judicial considerations had nothing to do with the conclusions being arrived at, they owed it to themselves to disassociate themselves from the Tribunal at the earliest moment possible.

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# HERBERT SPENCER

*By S. T. WOOD*

THERE is something admirable, and at the same time pathetic, in the life of a man who sees the light in advance of his time, braves the hardships of the pioneer, makes a path for advancing thought and opinion and then takes up a position from which he sees the intellectual world move past and almost ignore him.

Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy may properly be regarded as the most ambitious undertaking of any writer, ancient or modern. It is an attempt to account for the existence of all phenomena, physical and metaphysical, on grounds and principle that may be classed as purely material. The completion of his colossal work during a long struggle with feeble health, and in spite of many discursions and departures into new fields to include developing phenomena and explain changing positions, is in itself an achievement that gives him a place among the greatest men of this or any age. What may be called his special insight lay in the discernment of the co-relationship of widely divergent phenomena. His process of synthesis, of putting together, has been followed throughout, and the theories of development which he evolved dominated the intellectual life of the Victorian era. The popular acceptance of not only the theory, but the thought and language of evolution, is due in large measure to his influence. He sought the genesis of man's manifold and complex nature, as an explorer would laboriously trace the sources of a river, and he showed a universal harmony or co-relationship where, on the surface, there was apparent discord.

In establishing the bearings and relationships of man's political and economic life (for he omitted nothing) Herbert Spencer became one of the most influential publicists of the latter quarter of the nineteenth century. His philosophy was purely individualistic, and the irresistible force of his logic made his writings the bulwark of society against the philosophy of Karl Marx and the Socialistic school.

In Social Statics, published in 1850, Herbert Spencer worked out a complete system of individualism—with an eye always on the possible and the practical—a system shown to be in harmony with the deeper laws of human development. That is regarded by many as his greatest work, and it is a misfortune that changing views led him, nearly forty years later, to withdraw it from publication and forbid reissues or translations. It is to be hoped his literary executors are not restrained from republication. The foundation of his, as of all subsequent individualistic philosophy, was the common right of humanity to the surface of the earth. He made it clear that without this there could be no freedom of contract. While the demand for the recognition of this common right was vague, there was so

much in his work immediately applicable to existing conditions that it became a defence, not only against socialistic theories, but against all encroachments on personal liberty by constituted authority. It became the defence of man against the state, and the British people, in the commercial, industrial, social and personal liberty they now enjoy, owe a deeper debt to Herbert Spencer than has yet been acknowledged. His ideas took hold in the centres of learning, and from them flowed out through a multitude of channels and permeated the public mind.

No one had higher recognition in the world of thought. John Stuart Mill declared him "one of the acutest metaphysicians of recent times." Tyndall called him "the apostle of the understanding," and Huxley likened him to "the embodiment of the spirit of Descartes in the knowledge of our own day." Darwin referred to him as "the greatest expounder of the principle of evolution," and Jevons ranked his work with Newton's "Principia." Even those who fundamentally differed from him paid tributes to the greatness of his mind. Dr. McCosh said: "His bold generalizations are always instructive, and some of them may in the end be established as the profoundest laws of the knowledge of the universe." St. George Mivart, a Roman Catholic, said: "We cannot deny the title of philosopher to such a thinker as Mr. Spencer, who does genuinely bind together different and hitherto alien subjects." Many of the tributes paid to his power and achievements would seem fulsome were it not for their high source. But he lived to see the ideas which he advocated in an academic way become the subjects of campaign debate, and he does not seem to have been equal to that most severe of all tests.

Henry George expounded a practical scheme by which land communism, the basis of the individualistic philosophy in Social Statics, could be carried into effect without any industrial or social cataclasm. The practical scheme appealed to a people in a state of unrest. In the early eighties the land question became a vital issue in the United Kingdom, and the academic philosophy of Social Statics sprang into sudden popularity. A work confined for over thirty years to the libraries of the educated became familiar through the wide publication of cogent extracts. George's works obtained a large circulation at the same time, and were among the chief media in making the public familiar with Spencer's teachings. The substantial classes in Britain were alarmed. Herbert Spencer, long their refuge and defence against the Socialists, became a menace that loomed, on the one hand, more terrible than the deep sea of Socialism threatening to overwhelm them on the other. The great philosopher was attacked by *The Times* and *The Edinburgh Review*. Then began the long series of retractions, explanations and apologies in which he cut a rather poor figure. He took the foundation from under his individualistic philosophy, and in his subsequent voluminous writings there is a painful but futile effort to sustain the superstructure. In that effort he has laboured hard, but the only result has been to weaken while increasing the magnitude of his completed philosophy. Other heads, more practically wise, saw the futility of the effort, declared his methods obselete, and conveniently ignored the logic which its author was striving to refute.

At that time it was the universal opinion of those who knew the state of his physical health and the extensive scope of his projected work that he would never live to complete it. But he has given the world a heroic example of sustained effort, under great bodily disabilities. His physical frame, weakened from early youth, was sustained by the wonderful power of his will to well beyond fourscore years. His great task was accomplished several years ago, but the work did not make any particular stir in the world of thought. What was sound in his philosophy had long since become a part of the common property of the

world. Much that the logic of events had shown to be false had been rejected. The obviously lame logic of his recantations in the comparatively simple field of sociology, and the palpable failure of his attempt to refute himself, may have led the casual reader to mistrust his guidance in the more uncertain fields of metaphysics.

In the deeper problems of human existence, the school of thought he represents has not been brought any nearer a reconciliation with that of Hegel. But the growth of human sympathy has softened the bitterness of contention and that may be better than agreement and uniformity.

One of the first popular writers to be influenced by the philosophy of Herbert Spencer was George Eliot. The close intellectual friendship that existed between them has left many traces that can be discerned in her writings, and even in her keenest researches among the elusive springs of human motives and impulses there are traces of Spencer's courageous directness and positive discernment of relationships. Some of her recently published letters reveal an amused appreciation of the fact that, in the earlier days, Mr. Lewis did not like Herbert Spencer. As the great philosopher has discerned co-relationships between apparently alien subjects his biographers may trace a subtle connection between these casual circumstances and his renunciation of the comforts and joys of matrimony.

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## A HEART TO ROAM

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

HOW strange the familiar rooms have grown,
And the peaceful days that are ever the same!
My comrades are close—but my heart, alone,
Harks for the breath of an alien name.

Longing holds me with eyes intent.
Heartache whispers of dearer ways
Than the streets where my sheltered youth was spent
In golden, slumbering, endless days.

The poets sing us the joys of home—
The glad return to the kind retreat.
Here is the cry of a heart to roam—
Dream of a trail for the eager feet.

Give me the lift of the deck again;
The old, keen kiss of the wind in my face.
Give me the watching, the risk, the pain,
But take me out to a far-land place.

Lord, but 'tis weary to watch the hills
Where the sunlight slants and the shadows glide,
And know that only the forest spills
Its inland waves, on the other side.

With never a half-gale's trumpeting—
Steady and blind—to break its sleep;
With never the flash of a cruising wing
Where the seasons wait and the soft lights creep

How strange the familiar town has grown!
Clear, insistent, and madd'ing sweet
With the old new lure, to my heart alone
Rings the old cry in the quiet street.

# BIRTHDAY IN BOGIELAND

*By E. P. MEDLEY*

ILLUSTRATED BY EMILY HAND

## CHAPTER III

WE will tell first of the place in which Bogies live. Think of beautiful, glistening crystal caves filled with shining lights, furnished with coral of all shades from white or palest pink to richest crimson, studded with rarest jewels. From the floors to the roofs were pillars of gold and silver, and overhead hanging drops like icicles, but sparkling with all the colours of the rainbow.

It may be difficult for you to believe that all which is fairest and most lovely belongs to Bogieland.

The Bogie-men are not very big, nor yet so very, very small; they are not very short, nor yet very tall; it depends upon circumstances. At home they are generally small, but when they come to our earth they change their size if it suits them. Sometimes for a joke they get through a keyhole, but not often. Never after five o'clock in the afternoon. They cannot bear darkness, so they do not stay on this earth later than that; but if, by some chance, one were detained for a night, there would be seen the kindest, the most gentle and loving little creature that you can think about.

So now you understand how surprised Freddy was when he saw Bogieland.

The Princess led him into one of the shining caves, and the fairy-men welcomed him most kindly. One in particular was more attentive than the rest.

"I have often seen you before," he said, "and taken care of you, but you did not see me."

"Have you really?" said Freddy. "When?"

"When you are at lessons," replied the little man; "our family name is Memo, and we have a busy time of it, I can tell you, during school hours helping boys and girls to remember what they learn. You have a holiday to-day, so I have one too."

"This is my birthday," said Freddy. "I am nine."

"Yes, it was easy enough to make you remember that," said the little man. "Shall I tell you a story of a boy who tried to do without my help?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the Princess, "I love a story."

## STORY OF THE MEMORY-MAN

The boy's name was Dick; he was just about your age. I had been ordered by the King to attend on him, but from the first he refused my help, so that when he really did want me I took some time to obey him; in fact, I am afraid, I grew sulky and lazy from want of occupation.

Dick and his parents, and two brothers and a sister lived in a fine country house. One summer during the holidays a day was fixed for a pic-

nic, and several boys and girls were invited. A large brake was punctually at the door, and they were all ready to start. No, not all, for it was discovered that Dick was missing. Search was made for him, and his sister found him in the library asleep.

"Dick, Dick!" she shouted.

He looked at her stupidly. "What a row! What's up?" he asked.

"We are all ready to start; are you coming?"

"Oh, I forgot!" said Dick yawning. "I will be ready in a minute."

He scrambled into the carriage as they were driving off, tired of waiting. They had gone a good distance before his mother noticed him.

"Dick," she said, "where is your collar?"

He put his hand to where his collar should have been, but there was none. "Bother it," he said, "I have forgotten it. I cannot go back; it is too far, anyway." They arrived at the spot chosen for the picnic, and as Dick got out of the carriage he was greeted with shouts of laughter and derision. He had put on one boot, but on the other foot was an old house-shoe.

"How funny," he said; "I thought I put both boots on."

"Perhaps you took one off again," they jeered.

"Perhaps I did, but I quite forget," said Dick. "It can't be helped."

The hampers were placed under some trees. "Now, children," said the mother, "be careful and do not knock these over. You had better go and play while we lay the cloth."

Away they ran all but Dick, who did not care to go far as he had great difficulty in walking with "one shoe off and one shoe on;" so he thought he would sit down under a tree—Crash, smash, splash! What had happened? The lid of one of the hampers was open, and Dick had sat on a beautiful fruit pie which stood on some plates. A scream of dismay and anger from his mother made him jump up pretty quickly.

"Did I not tell you to be careful?" she said. "Why did you not go and play with the others?"

"I forgot the beastly hampers," said Dick, "and, anyway, it is not very nice for me, is it?" he continued, turning round to show her his clothes covered with juice from the pie. He put his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief, but drew out instead a crumpled collar! His mother shook her head sadly. Dick never seemed able to do anything right. I heard her say one day that surely some wicked Bogie had hold of him, but I knew better; it was because Dick would not let me take care of him. I had gone to the picnic sitting on the step of the carriage, so as to be near if Dick wanted me. I went up and whispered to him just at this moment, and suddenly he turned to his mother and said:

"I say, mother, I am awfully sorry I sat on the pie, you know. There is another one though, and I will not eat any, so that will make it square."

You can guess what I had whispered to him.

What a merry dinner it was! No one said a word about Dick's unlucky sit-down. I kept away from him so as not to spoil his fun, so that he forgot when pudding-time came, and took a large helping of fruit-pie; he had nearly finished by the time I looked at him, and soon I heard him saying: "Give us some more, pl——," when I touched him gently. He got very red and confused.

"Oh, I say, mother, I quite forgot; oh, I say!"

He was very silent for a while, as I crept close to him, but gradually I went away from his side, and then he seemed to cheer up; so, thinking he could do without me, I fell asleep, and must have slept some time.

I was suddenly awakened by shouts of "Mother, mother, come! Dick will be drowned; come quickly!"

I jumped up and ran to the banks of a river and saw Dick in the midst of the stream in a small boat which was being twisted and twirled about by the strong current that was drawing it towards a water-fall a short distance down. Dick was standing up, wringing his hands and shouting to them

MEMO, THE BOGIE-MAN, TELLS FREDDY A STORY

on the bank to save him. There was no other boat at hand and no pole long enough to reach him; it seemed as if he must be drowned.

His mother and brothers and sister and friends were screaming and crying, running backwards and forwards, almost tearing their hair with terror and anxiety. No one thought of little me, but, using my secret power, I quickly passed through the air and settled down beside Dick in the boat. In another second Dick had seized the oars which, sure enough, were under the seats as I had suspected, and all those on the bank stopped running about and shouted with delight as he gradually got the boat into calmer water, for I sat beside him and reminded him how his father had taught him to guide it, and so he was saved from a watery grave.

His friends crowded round, asking why he had given them such a fright when the oars were there all the time. "I never thought of them," said Dick, "I remembered all of a sudden."

"Oh dear, dear, what a memory you have!" said his mother, laughing and crying with joy at having him safe again.

"Yes, it's a beast," said Dick.

What ingratitude! He would have been drowned but for me. That is how we little men are treated.

All the way home I kept very close to Dick. I am never very angry with boys and girls, because they are young, but I do play tricks on older people sometimes.

I was much delighted when Dick's father said to him, "There is nothing the matter with your memory, my boy, but you *will not use it.*" I thought him a most sensible man, and I must say that since then Dick has given me almost more work than I can manage sometimes.

## CHAPTER IV

WHILE the memory-man told his story a crowd of Bogies had gathered round. They all looked at Freddy in wonder; so to show he felt quite at ease he began to whistle his favourite air. Once more the effect was instantaneous. "Whistle and we will dance," they cried, "whistle and we will dance."

"Dance and sing as well," said the

THE DANCE OF THE BOGIES

Princess. So Freddy whistled and the Bogies danced; then they all whistled and danced and ended by singing. This is what they sang :

SONG

(Tune "Bogie-Man.")

FIRST VERSE

I sing to the darling little ones as joyful as can be,
Fill them with mirth and happiness, laughing aloud with glee ;
Weave garlands fair and guard with care each mortal child's life's span,
Till they too dance and shout with joy, "Here comes a Bogie-man!"

CHORUS

Dance, dance, dance, dance little Bogie man !
We dearly love the girls and boys and help them all we can.
Dance, dance, dance, so blythe and gay they ran,
Each tries to be the first to see a little Bogie-man.

VERSE II

Who when they play at Lucky-tub or dip in pies of bran,
Who helps the children's little hands to find the best they can—
The boys to choose a four-blade knife, the girls a doll or fan?
Who tempts Mamma to baker's shops?
Why little Bogie-man !

—Chorus again.

VERSE III

When Granny asks them out to tea and gives them buns and cake,
And Aunts and Uncles always know what presents best to take;
And when cook thinks of something nice to put into her pan;
Who helps to make them remember all?
Memo, the Bogie-man!

CHORUS

Dance, dance, dance, dance little Bogie-man!
We dearly love the girls and boys and help them all we can.
Dance, dance, dance, so blythe and gay we ran,
The children shouting "let us see dear little Bogie-man."

It was a pretty sight to see them dancing. The lovely Princess had invited about fifty of her dearest friends to drop in and they were all dressed in frocks of the most delicate and delightful colours and danced so gracefully that Freddy thought two eyes were not enough to look at so much beauty and splendour.

The King and Queen sat on golden thrones, polished bright, and a third had been placed between them for Freddy. He grew so excited that, finding he could whistle better standing, he mounted the throne and stood waving his spade till, what with whistling and singing and dancing and laughing, everyone had scarcely any breath left. One by one they sat down and then refreshments were handed round, but when Freddy tried them he gave a sigh and wished they knew how to make lemonade and jelly as his mother did. This set him thinking of his mother, and he suddenly became so grave that every eye was anxiously turned on him till he grew so red in the face that he looked, yes, he really looked as if he were going to cry.

"What is the matter?" asked the Queen. "Is it anything to do with what you call the weather? *Have* you lost it?"

Freddy stared at her ; then gradually a smile came to his face, but the Queen still looked anxious.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Freddy. "Don't tell me ; you know what the weather is well enough."

"No, no, show us," they all cried and started to their feet and crowded round him.

Freddy was utterly astonished. These Bogie-men actually knew nothing about things he knew, though he was so young. At this thought he felt so proud that he drew up his head grandly and said :

"Listen, then, and I will tell you what the weather is."

The crowd waited breathlessly while Freddy paused a moment as he found the explanation more difficult than he had imagined. He knew *quite well*, of course, but it is not easy to tell about things when you are only nine years old to the day.

"Where I live," he began, "it is sometimes awfully hot and sometimes awfully cold. Sometimes it is fine and sometimes it is not."

"What is not?" again enquired the Queen.

"The weather, I tell you," said Freddy impatiently.

"What is it like? What colour is it? Where does it come from? How big is it?" These and a hundred other questions were asked, till poor Freddy was so bewildered that he flourished his spade to keep back the crowd and shouted, "Shut up! What a row!"

"Your Boyship is not angry, we hope," said the King.

Freddy, who had imagined himself so grand and clever a minute before, suddenly seemed to become very, very young and a great wish to go home came over him. The right words to explain about the weather would *not* come and he thought they were beginning to laugh at him.

All at once a bright idea struck him. He cried out loudly :

"I say! Will you all come and see my mother? She knows everything. So does my father and they are both jolly kind."

"Sure enough, she had found a ladder made of tree roots"

"We will! We will! All of us," they answered.

"Come on, then," said Freddy, "and bring a ladder."

"Take me with you," said the Princess, and she looked so beautiful that Freddy felt as if he must kiss her.

"What *is* the weather, mother?"

The Bogies crossed the lake in hundreds of little boats, all chattering and wondering what the weather would be like in Freddy's earth. He waded across as before, but this time he held the hand of the Princess and thought she grew more beautiful every minute. When they reached the other side he whispered to her, "Let us run on to show the way." So off they started, but what the Princess called running was not as fast as Freddy's walking, so in an instant he lifted her in his arms and, still grasping his spade, ran with her faster than he had ever done in his life before. She was so surprised that she could not utter a word, but she did not seem to mind when she thought of seeing the weather.

On, on, Freddy ran, not thinking of the road till he came to a sign-post with only "Longest Way Round" on it.

"Oh, what a bore!" he said. "We shall be so late."

"Why?" asked the Princess.

"Because we have come the longest way round after all."

The Princess clapped her hands. "Look, look, what is on the other side!"

Freddy read "Way Home." "Of course," he said, "this is what I have been looking for all day."

Away he ran, still carrying the Princess and thinking how pleased his mother would be to see them both. Soon, to his great joy, he found himself at the very spot where he had fallen from the earth, and glimmering through an opening above his head was the sun he had not seen for so long.

"Look!" he said to the Princess. "How fine it is!"

"What is fine?" she asked.

"The weather, the weather, look!" cried Freddy excitedly.

"Where? Do let me see." She was so anxious to be the first to see the wonder that she nearly fell out of his arms.

"I cannot see it," she said sadly.

"Wait till we get right up," said Freddy gaily, placing her gently on the moss. As he did so the thought flashed through his mind that in his hurry he had quite forgotten a ladder. "Hang it," he said, "how can we get up?" and he began to—no not really, he only felt like it and sniffed and blinked.

"I think this must be the way," said the Princess, and sure enough she had found a ladder made of tree roots twisted and tied together in the cleverest way possible leaning against the opening in the ground.

"I will go up first to see if it is safe and then come and fetch you," said Freddy grandly. So saying he grasped his spade firmly and prepared to climb, but, when he saw the lovely Princess gazing at him with tears in her eyes at the thought of being left by herself, he could not help it, he ran back and gave her just one kiss; then, darting quickly away, he rushed to the ladder and in a few minutes had climbed to the top right into the bright sunshine of Earth.

He stepped on to the path, carefully laid down his spade and turned to descend for the Princess. Imagine his dismay and disappointment! Not a

trace of the opening remained! He saw only the hole he had dug, but it seemed scarcely any depth at all. He gazed at it full of sorrow at having left the Princess and thinking how delighted she would have been with the sunshine and the blue sky. They seemed more beautiful than he had ever seen them and so, feeling still strange and bewildered, he took up his spade and went into the house.

It revived his spirits a little to find preparations were being made for his birthday dinner as he had feared it would have been finished some time before. He hurried upstairs when he heard his mother calling him.

"Make haste, Freddy, dinner is almost ready. What have you been doing all the morning?"

"All the morning! And afternoon too you mean, mother?"

She looked at him laughing. "I think you have been asleep," she said, "I suppose the hot weather makes you drowsy."

"What *is* the weather, mother?" asked Freddy seriously.

"You are still asleep, dreaming also, I think," answered his mother, giving him a gentle shake. "Fancy asking what the weather is." She went downstairs laughing at what she considered a most absurd question. . .

No one would believe Freddy when he told them he had really been to Bogieland, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and it is so silly of people who have never been there to go on talking of Bogies as black and horrible, as they have never seen them.

From that day Freddy's memory improved wonderfully, and he knew that it was because the little Memory-man came and sat beside him every night to keep his lessons in his mind while he slept, especially during examination time.

Princess Cyclamenia watched in vain for the "dear mortal-boy" to come again. When still he did not return, she would say, "I expect it is that terrible weather which prevents him"; adding mysteriously, "I nearly saw it once."

Often when Freddy hears grumbling about the weather all around him, when it is too hot or too wet or too foggy, he wishes himself back with the Princess in Bogieland where the happy people have no weather to speak of.

THE END

CHAPTER II—FRENCH DESIGNS AGAINST BRITISH EXPANSION—FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE OHIO VALLEY—THE ACADIANS—WASHINGTON CARRIES THE ENGLISH PROTEST TO THE OHIO—FIGHT AT THE "GREAT MEADOWS"—BEGINNING OF THE STRUGGLE

IT was in the year 1747, just prior to the peace and treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, that De la Galissonière arrived in Canada as its Governor. Like many of his predecessors, he was a naval officer, being, in fact, the very commander who, a few years later, opposed Byng in the action off Minorca which brought disgrace and death and immortality to that unfortunate admiral. Though of an ill shape, amounting almost to deformity, the new Governor was a man of singular shrewdness and ability, and regarded the future of North America with anxious foresight. For a moment he was chiefly disturbed at the activity of the small and remote settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company, but in a short time the vaster and more direct issues which brooded over the West commanded his whole attention. We have already seen how long was the arm that France thrust out to grasp the fur-bearing regions of the North and North-West. But to the southwards, to that vast fat country which in modern parlance would be called the middle West, she had as yet turned little of her attention. With its head resting on the great Canadian lakes and its feet upon the small French settlement of New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, this region was still, if we except that unconsidered factor, the indigenous inhabitant, a no-man's land. An ocean of foliage, almost unthinkable in its immensity, and only broken at intervals by the smooth sheen of noble rivers, the white gleam of turbulent streams, or the scarcely noticeable clearings, where faint smoke-wreaths marked an Indian village, it patiently awaited the struggle that such a virgin empire at such a strenuous period was quite certain to provoke.

Viewed by the light of modern times, all other territories in dispute, or ripe for it, between the two nations, seem to sink into insignificance before this great American hinterland. Nor, of course, was it merely this West of 1747, this Mississippi basin, that was the prize, but those greater and only less fertile realms beyond, which in the

days I write of had hardly dawned on the vision of the wildest dreamer.

It is a curious reflection that a cork thrown into a stream which, on an ordinary map of the United States, would appear to rise upon the very shores of Lake Erie, will eventually float out through the mouth of the Mississippi at New Orleans into the Gulf of Mexico. Now both Lake Erie and New Orleans were French, and this network of converging streams pouring southwards formed a link between them, practically cutting North America in twain. It was this immense, well-watered domain, lying between the northern and the far southern settlements of France, which filled the mind and fired the ambition of Galissonière and others no less important than he. Their aims, which now began to assume definite shape, were to form a far-extended line of forts from the headwaters to the mouth of the Ohio River; and to gain over the Indians of all this region, both by energetic intrigues against the English, and, what was still more effective, by a military occupation of it and a display of force which would be sufficient to intimidate all European interlopers. This achieved, it was thought not unlikely that a fresh wave of French immigration might give solidity to the occupation, and that the English would thus—so they dared to hope—be permanently hemmed in behind the Alleghanies, which formed a continuous and formidable rampart between this new country and the thirteen colonies.

AUTOGRAPH OF LA GALISSONIÈRE, GOVERNOR OF CANADA, 1747-8

Both nations claimed the Ohio Valley, the French on account of La Salle's discovery of the Mississippi a century before; the English for the more tangible reason that the land of promise lay immediately behind and adjacent to their own colonies, and that their traders had been for long accustomed to cross the mountains in considerable numbers. But claims which clashed so hopelessly could not be settled by treaties, and the French were by a long way the first to recognize that they would be settled by the sword. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle could do nothing to determine such hopelessly conflicting views, though Commissioners sat for months endeavouring with much futile diligence to adjust the comparatively simple question of international boundary lines in Nova Scotia and the adjoining mainland.

It was not, however, till the summer of 1749 that De la Galissonière started the first French expedition to the Ohio, a purely prospective one, and only just strong enough to protect itself from possible Indian hostilities. It comprised some fourteen officers and cadets, twenty French regulars, a hundred and eight Canadians and a few Indians.

Leaving Montreal in early summer, they passed up Lake Ontario, and carrying their canoes round the falls and rapids of Niagara, pushed up Lake Erie as far as the present village of Portland. Here they landed, and, laden with their boats and packs, scaled the lofty ridges on whose further slopes the fountain springs of the Ohio basin gather in the now familiar waters of the Chatauqua Lake. After infinite toil through pathless forests and down rocky, shallow streams, they reached within a month the broader current of one of the forks of the Ohio, now known as the Alleghany. A French captain, De Céloron, was in command, and among his portables he carried a number of leaden plates bearing significant inscriptions, and as many tin shields engraven with the arms of France. On reaching the Alleghany River he buried one of the first of these in the

ground, and nailed one of the latter to a tree, formally proclaiming at the same time that he reasserted the dominion of the king, his master, over the whole region. The words inscribed upon the leaden plates ran as follows: "Year 1749, in the reign of Louis XV, King of France. We, Céloron, commanding the detachment sent by the Marquis de la Galissonière, Commandant General of New France, to re-establish tranquillity in certain Indian villages in these cantons, have buried this plate at the meeting of the Ohio and Tchadakoin, this 29th July, as a mark of the renewal of possession which we had formerly taken of the aforesaid river Ohio and all its feeders, and all territory upon both sides of the aforesaid streams as former kings of France have enjoyed or ought to have enjoyed, and which they have maintained by force of arms and by treaties, especially by those of Ryswick, Utrecht, and Aix-la-Chapelle."

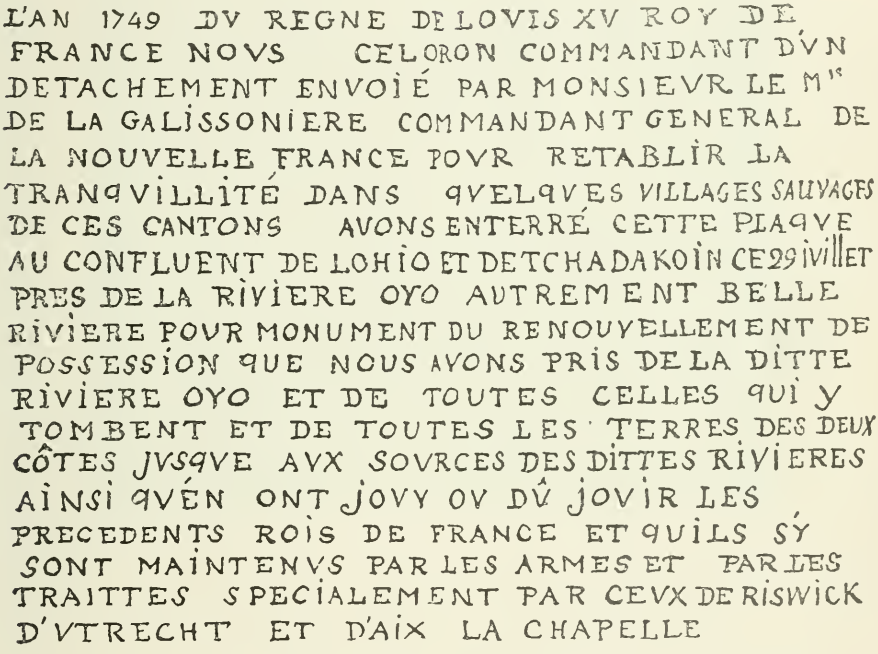
Within living memory more than one of these plates have been cast up by the rage of streams that now turn the mill-wheels and bear the commerce of a stirring Anglo-Saxon life. Grim spectres, as it were, from the grave where lie buried and forgotten the splendid dreams of the old pioneers of France, they may still be seen amid the curiosities of museums, and pondered over as rare object-lessons on the vanity of human hopes.

There is no need here to dwell in detail on the doings of this advanced guard, these heralds of an approaching conflict, whose gravity they themselves so little realized as they paddled their bark canoes down the buoyant streams of "La belle rivière." Indian villages, breaking the dense wall of bordering forests, by the river side, they found in plenty, where Delawares, Shawanoes, and Mingoes dwelt, with a fat and fertile country spreading all around. Buffalo browsed in rich meadows of blue grass and wild clover; while elk and deer ranged through stately forests whose timber spoke of a soil more generous and a clime less stern than that which they had left on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Everywhere De Céloron and his followers proclaimed their peaceful intentions—a very necessary precaution, in truth, for so weak a force—and protested that their only object in undertaking so toilsome a journey was to warn their Indian brothers of the treacherous designs of the English. Everywhere, however, to their chagrin, they were received without enthusiasm, and sometimes in a fashion that threatened to become serious. In almost every village they found a handful of English traders, whom they warned off as trespassers on French territory, producing in justification of their course a written treaty that was capable of almost any sort of interpretation. The Indians showed no disposition to be rid of the traders, though it was not worth the latter's while to resist an order that could be laughed at the moment the French had turned their backs. So everything went off pleasantly. The Indians drank a good deal of brandy at the expense of their father, Onontio (the French king), and listened stolidly to lengthy orations in which they were assured that the English were their real foes, and that it was not trade they desired, but land, which was perfectly true so far as the colonists collectively were concerned, for there were land companies at that very moment blossoming out both in Virginia and Pennsylvania. The French, so the Indians were assured, were their true and only brothers, while their father, Onontio, if they would only believe it, was a very paragon of parents. More tin shields were nailed to trees, and more leaden plates buried, the last of them by the banks of the Great Kennawha, in the present State of West Virginia.

After a toilsome pilgrimage, accounted by the travellers as not less than 3,000 miles, De Céloron, with a somewhat diminished company, arrived once more at Montreal, possessed of the uncomfortable conviction that leaden plates and tin shields, and the blessings of Onontio would go a very

short way towards securing this earthly paradise for France. It was a lamentable but undeniable fact, he declared to the new Governor of Canada, Jonquière, who had arrived in his absence, that the English traders could easily undersell their own, that rivalry in this particular was impossible, and that the Indians were everywhere well disposed towards the English. The latter, he declared, must at all hazards be kept upon the east of the Alleghanies, and the Ohio Valley preserved from their intrusion. De Céloron had, in fact, despatched during his wanderings a civilly worded letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania, from whose borders came the majority of traders encountered by the French, expressing surprise that the English should be making so free with territory that all the world knew was the property of his most Catholic Majesty. But if His Excellency of Pennsylvania ever received it, it is quite certain he never vouchsafed a reply. This expedition, though we have passed over it lightly, was geographically and politically an extremely important one. But the English colonists knew almost nothing of it. Even their few far-sighted leaders scarcely took notice of it. But with the French it was the prologue of war.

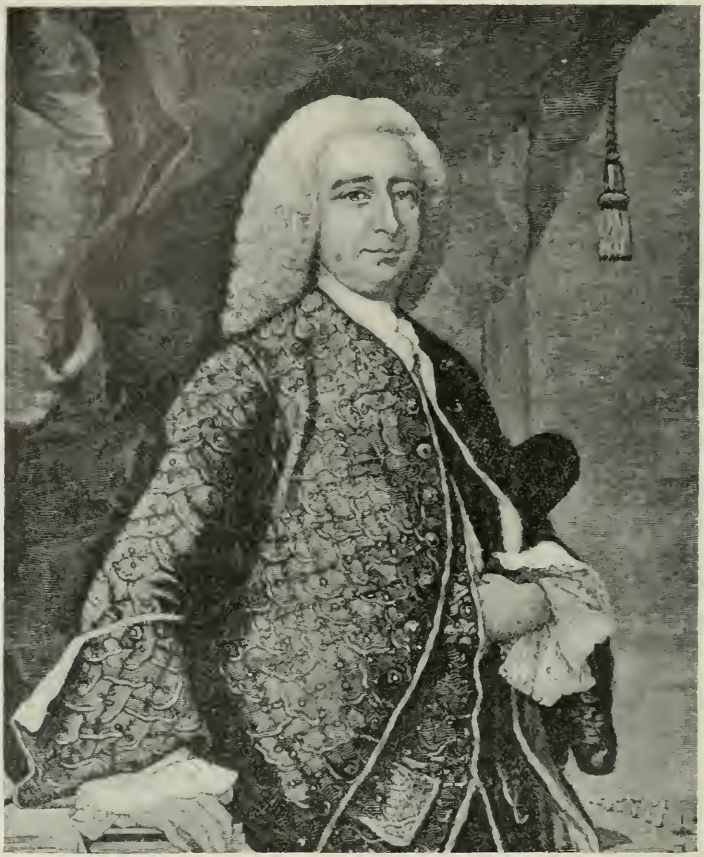
We must leave the effects of the De Céloron expedition to simmer in the minds of the rulers of Canada, while pausing for a page or two, even thus early, to say something of Acadia or


L'AN 1749 DV REGNE DE LOVIS XV ROY DE
FRANCE NOVS CELORON COMMANDANT DVN
DETACHEMENT ENVOIÉ PAR MONSIEVR LE M^R
DE LA GALISSONIERE COMMANDANT GENERAL DE
LA NOUVELLE FRANCE POVR RETABLIR LA
TRANQVILLITÉ DANS QVELQVES VILLAGES SAUVAGES
DE CES CANTONS AVONS ENTERRÉ CETTE PLAQVE
AU CONFLUENT DE LOHIO ET DETCHADAKOIN CE29 IVILLET
PRES DE LA RIVIERE OYO AVTREMENT BELLE
RIVIERE POVR MONUMENT DU RENOUVELLEMENT DE
POSSESSION QUE NOUS AVONS PRIS DE LA DITTE
RIVIERE OYO ET DE TOUTES CELLES QUI Y
TOMBENT ET DE TOUTES LES TERRES DES DEUX
CÔTES JVSQVE AVX SOVRCES DES DITTES RIVIERES
AINSI QVÉN ONT JOVY OV DÛ JOVIR LES
PRECEDENTS ROIS DE FRANCE ET QVILS SY
SONT MAINTENVS PAR LES ARMES ET PAR LES
TRAITTES SPECIALEMENT PAR CEVX DE RISWICK
D'VTRECHT ET D'AIX LA CHAPELLE

FAC-SIMILE OF ONE OF CÉLORON'S PLATES, 1749
FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA ARCHIVES

Nova Scotia, that outlying bone of contention between the two nations in the North. A glance at the map will show the reader how very nearly an island is this important peninsula. The narrow isthmus which connects it with what is now New Brunswick was then the boundary across which the troops of France and England watched each other with no friendly eyes from their respective forts.

At the north-east of Acadia, only severed from the mainland by the narrow gut of Canso, lay the island of



WILLIAM SHIRLEY, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1741

He saw that war with France was inevitable and early began preparations by making treaties with the Indians, and establishing forts along the western settlements of Massachusetts

FROM SMITH'S BRITISH MEZZOTINT PORTRAITS AND WINSOR'S HISTORY OF AMERICA, VOL. V.

Cape Breton, a name once as familiar to the world as the Cape of Good Hope, but now almost unknown. Its fame rested on the great fortress of Louisbourg, which with its considerable town and ample harbour dominated the North Atlantic, and was styled the "Dunkirk of America." All Acadia had been handed over to England at the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, with the exception of this little island of Cape Breton, or in other words Louisbourg. The latter, during the late war in the year 1745, had been stormed and captured in spirited fashion by a force of New England militia under Peperall, acting in conjunction with Admiral Warren and an English fleet. It was restored to the French, however, three years later at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, amid the loud protestations of the few in England who were conversant with the politics of the North Atlantic—protestations fully justified by the immense stress laid upon its restoration by the French. The population of Nova Scotia consisted of a few thousand French-Canadian *habitants*, who occupied chiefly the more fertile spots on the western

ROBERT DINWIDDIE, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA, 1751-1758

He was the first Governor to strike a blow in the final struggle for British supremacy on this continent

AFTER A PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF THE DINWIDDIE FAMILY—FROM "OLD VIRGINIA AND HER NEIGHBOURS"

coast which looked across the Bay of Fundy to the even less populous mainland. There were also, as already indicated, two or three isolated forts where small detachments of British regulars or Colonial militia under a British Governor maintained an existence of appalling monotony and of almost unexampled seclusion from the outer world.

Everything conceivable had been done, both from motives of policy and humanity, to reconcile these outlying French-Canadians to British rule. They had now been recognized British subjects for nearly forty years, and had been consistently treated in a fashion so magnanimous as to be the despair of the French, who through the agency of their priests, backed by their bloodthirsty battalions of so-called Indian converts, had laboured tirelessly to promote discontent with British rule; but of this there will be more to say later. It will be sufficient to state here that the French, with their renewed occupation in greatly increased strength of Louisbourg, had so encouraged and accelerated these evil efforts throughout the province that it

was deemed necessary to create a counterpoise, and Halifax was founded upon the eastern shore. It was the only instance, and, I think, remains so, of a British colony of free men founded by the Imperial Government for a definite and Imperial purpose. Surveys were made, the site of a city selected, and offers of land, of temporary maintenance and arms were advertised in England, with special inducements to the many officers and soldiers disbanded after the late war. In July, 1749, three thousand souls—men, women and children—were landed on the shores of Chebucto Bay. Others followed, and in a short time, with much less of the trouble, hardship and sickness, that usually attends such wholesale ventures, the town of Halifax arose. The nucleus of British settlement was now introduced that, immensely increased thirty years later by the exiled loyalists of the American Revolution, was to make Nova Scotia a great and prosperous British province. The French settlements lay, as I have said, upon the western side of the peninsula. The Acadians, who there grew hay and oats and apples upon a limited scale, were sunk in ignorance and superstition. They were thrifty, however, fairly industrious, and of themselves only anxious for an obscure and peaceable existence.* Their English Governors had interfered with them in no way whatever, not even taxing them in the lightest degree. The French authorities, with the recovery of the province always in view, and in consequence keenly interested in keeping disaffection alive, regarded this extreme leniency with something like dismay. They went so far as to complain that the British Government condoned even the very crimes of these simple peasants. One most necessary token of submission, however, their new masters had made, or rather endeavoured to make,a point of, and this was the oath of allegiance to King George. To the peasantry themselves, born for the most part in remote seclusion and ignorant of the sentiment, probably of the very meaning of the word patriotism as regarding their mother country, this would in itself have been a small matter. But of the priests they stood in proper awe, and the priests were instructed to spare no pains in endeavours to prevent their flocks taking the obnoxious oath. Unscrupulous energy was shown upon the one side; too much forbearance upon the other by the handful of bored and good-natured soldiers who represented England. For the first thirty years, however, these clerical agents from Canada were not so actively mischievous; the greater part of the thinly scattered population took some sort of oath of allegiance, and the land had peace.

Then came the great European war, which was chiefly marked in North America by the capture of Louisbourg at the hands of the New Englanders in 1745. This notable achievement sent a passing quiver of excitement through the dense forests of Acadia, even to the villages on the Bay of Fundy. The Canadian missionaries renewed their efforts, which were met with a fresh show of activity in enforcing the oath. But so far no very tangible evil had come of all this. The Acadians were not put to the test; they were far removed from all scenes of racial strife or dis cord, and among their diked-in meadows and orchards continued to propagate in peace and rude plenty the most reactionary and ignorant breed of white men on the North American continent.

When Louisbourg was given back to the French, however, and some vague claims to the northern shore of the province as the only winter route to Canada were put in by them to the commissioners appointed at the treaty of 1748, all was again agog. The founding of Halifax in the following year, and the advent in force of the dreaded British settler, though on the further shore, seemed to demolish all

*The Acadians were not fond of the axe. They made little inroad on the forests which covered Nova Scotia, but diked in the marshes which fringed the sea coast at certain places, and cultivated the reclaimed land.

hopes of French supremacy in the future. England might annex and rule, for their very great content and infinite happiness, the French American colonies, but she might get tired of such an unprofitable business. It was not likely, however, that Great Britain would ever allow a province, whither she had deliberately invited her own people, to pass again into the hands of a Government who hounded even their own Protestants, like lepers, from their gates.

Such activity was now shown in stirring up the hitherto happy Acadians, both at the lately restored Louisbourg and at Quebec, that the British authorities felt that after forty years of indulgent treatment the hour had now come to demand who were their friends and who their foes. Any Acadians who might object to taking the oath of allegiance to King George had been granted ample liberty to remove their effects to the adjoining territory of Canada. The few, however, who had done so had been generally driven to it by priestly intimidation. War seemed again in the air, and war this time of a more serious kind, for America. Cornwallis, uncle of the ill-fated general who surrendered thirty years later to Washington at Yorktown, had just come out as Governor of Nova Scotia. He was an able and sensible young man of thirty-five, and of a kindly disposition, but he decided that the Acadians must once and for all be put to the test of a full and binding oath of allegiance. Most of them had been actually born British subjects. It was thoroughly understood in Canada that, if left to themselves, they would ask for nothing better than to continue such; so the cruel system of intimidation was renewed with redoubled zeal.

The Governor of Canada and the Commandant of Louisbourg were the chief wire-pullers, and their correspondence revealing their precious schemes is extant. If war was inevitable, the French were anxious to defer it as long as possible. Peace was to be outwardly observed, even to effusiveness. The official pens of the French commanders grew almost affectionate when addressing their brother-dignitaries in Halifax and the British forts. Their letters to the agents of this secret policy almost joked about these diplomatic falsehoods, as they gave precise instructions for the discord that was to be spread among the Acadians and the scalps that were to be torn from the bleeding heads of English settlers by Micmac Indians in French employ. The two leading points in their policy were to frighten the Acadians from taking an oath of allegiance which their simple faith might lead them to regard as binding, and to frighten the newly arrived English settlers out of Nova Scotia. But, above all, they wrote to each other, it was imperative that they should not be suspected of such designs.

Their chief agent for carrying fire, and sword, and misery among the hitherto contented Acadians was an unscrupulous scoundrel called Le Loutre—an energetic, able, but fanatic priest, whose hatred of the English was only equalled by his heartless cruelty to his own people. He had many zealous abettors under his orders, priests of the cold-blooded and bigoted stamp, though even they recoiled sometimes from their leader's methods. Short of physical force, religious terror was the only engine by which the Acadians could be driven. It was this agency, one which Canadian priests so well understood, that had all along been utilized. But now the screw was to be turned on in pitiless and relentless fashion.

Any Acadians who should take the proffered oath were promised inevitable damnation in the world to come—an awful reality to the trembling, credulous *habitant*. To take an oath of allegiance to a heretic king was represented as the most hideous of all sins. They were assured, too, that the English settlers at the far edge of a hundred miles of unbroken forest would take away their lands. Those who showed signs of risking their salvation, and of judging the English by their

past deeds, were threatened with a visit from one of the many bands of Micmac Indians with which Le Loutre now filled the woods. Attacks upon the English settlers pushing out from Halifax were represented as a religious crusade. The murder of straggling soldiers from the British forts was extolled as a meritorious action. The so-called Christian Indians were hounded on till the environs of Halifax became the scene of daily murders, and

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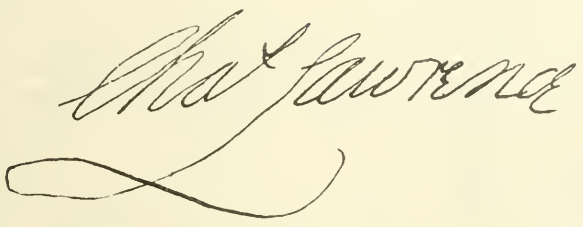
all this was in peace time! Proclamation after proclamation was sent out by the English authorities, calling on the people to take the oath, recalling their past treatment and promising them a continuation of it. The wretched Acadians, grovelling with superstitious fear, and steeped in the lies poured daily into their ears as to the British intentions, were in a pitiable position. There was no question of patriotism in the ordinary sense of the word. It was sheer terror, physical and spiritual, that paralyzed them. A shade more of intelligence on their part would have righted the whole matter, and the misleading hexameters of Evangeline would never have been written. Long before the last of the many ultimatums sent by the long-suffering English governors, hundreds of Acadians had abandoned their homesteads and fled to the strange and unsympathetic settlements on the Canadian mainland or to the sterile rocks of Cape Breton. Hundreds more, bewildered and despairing, had fled to the woods, mixed with the Indians, shared in their bloody raids and became irretrievable outlaws.

No word of pity for these unhappy people, so far as we know, passed a French official lip. A prosperous village that showed signs of preferring the familiar and indulgent rule of the Government under which most of its people had lived and flourished all their lives was fired by Le Loutre's own hand to drive them into exile. The tension and rivalry existing between England and France at this time in America admitted of no half-measures The French fort of Beausejour scowled across the narrow isthmus at the British station of Fort Laurence, and formed an admirable base for the deviltries of Le Loutre. Since the re-occupation of Louisbourg by the French, the latter had become the stronger military influence on the north-east coast, and they fondly looked forward, when war should break out, to the recapture of Nova Scotia. That the manhood of 12,000 hardy peasants would be an invaluable aid goes without saying, and accounts for, though it does not excuse, these untiring efforts to destroy the harmony between the Acadians and the British Government. Monckton, of whom we shall hear again, succeeded Cornwallis as British Governor. Hopson and Laurence (of expatriation notoriety) followed, all excellent and kindly men. The ethics of the eighteenth century, or perhaps even a later century under similar conditions, could not be expected to tolerate the persistent refusal of nearly the whole population of a legally possessed and lenient-

ly administered province, to swear full allegiance to their lawful king at a vital crisis. The whole story from 1747 to 1755 is sad enough. It is the blackest blot on French transatlantic history, and stains the memory of De la Jonquière and Duquesne, who permitted their innocent fellow-countrymen to be made the tools of a dishonest policy, to be heartlessly sacrificed, and then ruthlessly flung away. The notable deportation of 8,000 Acadians in 1755, taken by itself, is not easy to defend; but who reads of or cares anything for the years of forbearance under ceaseless provocation, which at last broke down before the deadlock which at a critical period faced the English Government? It is a poor consolation, too, to remember that of all the various points to which these unhappy emigrants found their way, it was among their fellow-countrymen in Quebec that they met with least sympathy and kindness, while the greatest measure of compassion, and that of a practical kind, was found among the arch-heretics of New England. All French writers of that day unite in testifying to the complete indifference shown toward the Acadian refugees by their countrymen, and all repudiate the methods of Le Loutre.



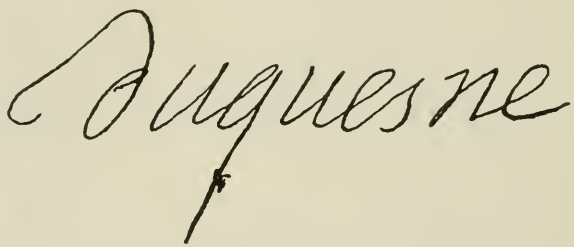
AUTOGRAPH OF CHAS. LAWRENCE, WHOM CORNWALLIS SENT TO BUILD A FORT OPPOSITE FORT BEAUSÉJOUR. THE FORT IS USUALLY CALLED "LAURENCE"
FROM WINSOR'S HISTORY OF AMERICA

It is satisfactory to know that this unprincipled fanatic was eventually caught by the English on the high seas, and was a prisoner for eight years in Jersey Castle under an assumed name. A story runs that a soldier of the garrison, who had served in Nova Scotia, recognized the monster as having once ordered him to be scalped, and tried to stab him with his bayonet. The soldier's rage was so uncontrollable that he had to be transferred to another garrison. But we have of necessity been anticipating somewhat, and it is a relief to turn from these poor and underground methods of combating destiny to the more honest operations on the Ohio.

In the year 1749 De la Jonquière succeeded Galissonière as Governor of Canada. He succeeded also to his policy of keeping the English upon the eastern side of the Alleghanies. But he was not fated to carry it much further forward; for, though he ruled over Canada for nearly two years, the rival nations remained at peace, and it required some exceptional audacity to take the risk of setting the world on fire. De la Jonquière died early in 1752; and, after a brief interval, the Marquis Duquesne de Meneval came out in his place. He was descended from the famous naval commander of that name, was of haughty mien, a strong disciplinarian, and zealous to a fault in all military concerns. He exacted full service from the militia, about 15,000 strong, drilled and organized them, together with the 2,000 colonial regulars or troops of marine, and worked both arms of the service with much assiduity for nearly two years in his determination to make them a thoroughly efficient force.

In the summer of 1752, when the rivers and lakes had shaken off their load of ice, Duquesne made ready for the first act in the coming drama, and sent out the expedition that was to begin fort-building in the Ohio Valley, the disputed territory. Like Galissonière's less direct challenge three years previously, Duquesne's stronger co-

horts paddled up to Lake Erie, but chose on this occasion a better landing place, at a spot where the town that takes its name from the lake now stands. There were here, however, twenty miles of rough watershed to be surmounted, and the difficulties of carrying their impedimenta over it were so great as to exhaust the patience and capacities of the younger officers and the vitality of their commander, Marin, who died from his exertions. He was an old and capable officer, and his loss was greatly felt. A successor was sent forward by Duquesne—if not so old as Marin, a veteran in experience, and an explorer of the western plains, one Legardeur de St. Pierre. The difficulties of their progress were increased by loads of useless trappings that were purchased for corrupt reasons by the officials who made money out of commissariat transactions. Two forts were built, one at Erie on the lake, another at the head of Ohio navigation, known as Fort le Bœuf. This was enough to impress the Indian tribes with ideas of French determination and English apathy; an earnest rather of what was coming than a far-reaching movement in itself. At the same time it was quite enough to arouse the British authorities to their danger, and to call for explanations, which hastened on the crisis.



AUTOGRAPH OF MARQUIS DUQUESNE DE MENEVAL, WHO SUCCEEDED DE LA JONQUIÈRE AS GOVERNOR OF CANADA IN 1752
FROM WINSOR'S HISTORY OF AMERICA

Two colonial Governors stand out pre-eminently at this moment, Shirley, of Massachusetts, and Dinwiddie, of Virginia. The former was a nimble-minded, energetic, capable man of affairs, who had thoroughly identified himself with the interests of the colonies, and had served on the boundary commission of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. The latter was a shrewd, blunt Scotchman, a deputy of Lord Albemarle's, the titular Governor, whose agreeable manners, Lord Chesterfield tells his son with admiration, were the sole reason of his being the greatest sinecurist of his day. It was as well the homely Scotchman, though the Virginians did not like him, stood in the shoes of his exquisite employer, for he was a faithful and alert watchdog over British interests, while Americans should be for ever grateful to him for giving Washington his first opportunity.

The lesson of De Céloron's expedition of five years previously had been apparently lost on the colonies, since officially they had done absolutely nothing to resent his claims. Traders continued to cross the Alleghanies,* while two land companies, in Pennsylvania and Virginia respectively, had acquired grants in the disputed territory upon certain conditions, and had gone so far as to send well-known frontiermen to locate them. No thoughts of the French, however, seem to have disturbed these sanguine speculators, nor had any steps been taken to resist them. A good deal of quarrelling had taken place between the rival companies, whose pioneers in the woods had so traduced each other that the Indians beheld the English not only unprepared for war, but ap-

* The Alleghany chain is of considerable, though varying width. Its altitude lies between 2,000 and 6,500 feet, increasing as it travels south. Its highest points are in the West of Virginia and North Carolina.

parently at loggerheads among themselves. Moreover, it was quite evident to them that the French were right, and that it was land the British were after, not Indian friendship and trade. The more friendly Indians begged these emissaries of the two companies to build forts at once, but their principals on the seaboard, with characteristic and persistent blindness to the French movements, disregarding all warnings, gave no heed to the advice.

The Governors of some of the colonies, however, and in particular the two already indicated, were keenly alive to this activity of the French on the Ohio, and despatched upon their own account special envoys. But from the very fact of these being the emissaries of the Governor and not of the colony, the legislatures paid no regard to the significant tidings they brought back. For at this time, as at most, almost every colonial Assembly had some special quarrel, usually one of a trumpery nature, with its Governor. But however trifling was the particular question in dispute, it was that of the hour, the topic of the tavern and the coffee house, the planter's verandah, the farmer's kitchen, and it loomed much larger in the local mind than fantastic theories of remote French enterprise which might possibly be ripe for consideration when their children's children stood in their shoes.

New York and New England were more enlightened, but the former at least had some excuse for declining further obligations, since she had the Six Nations on her flanks to keep in humour, and had, moreover, to protect the route to Oswego on Lake Ontario, the only English post upon the northern lakes and a continual irritant to France.

The French were greatly encouraged by the sight of such indifference. It almost seemed as if the English were content with their seaboard territories, and were really inclined to give their rivals a free hand behind the mountains. So by slow steps they crept onwards down the feeders of the Ohio. By stealthy methods—the expulsion of English traders, the punishment of unfriendly Indians, the assumption of supreme control—they worked upon the imagination of the savages, who, seeing such vigorous conduct neither resented nor resisted, began to regard the French as the rising, the English as the declining power. English interests beyond the Alleghanies were wholly represented by individual traders, for whom it must be said that they had often gained, not less by their courage and ability than by the cheapness of their goods, great influence

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over the Indians. But they were, after all, mere private adventurers, and few in number, while the French, who were now showing their teeth so unmistakably, had the evident backing of their Government behind them. There was nothing the Indian respected more than an energetic show of force, except the actual use of it, and those tribes who were friendly to England were now sadly depressed, and fully believed that her power was on the wane.

The desire of the French Government to support their Canadian depu-

ties was undoubtedly somewhat damped by suspicion of the motives that animated some of these forward patriots. It was not the legitimate ambition of the capitalist for new fields that they scented in these leading colonists, and that gave them pause, but the official peculation that in every fresh expedition saw another opening for illicit gain. Bigot, the last and most notable Intendant of Canada, led the gang, and made scarcely concealed mockery of those of his nominees who failed sufficiently to profit by his patronage. But side by side with this system of unblushing robbery, which stunted and impoverished the colony, went a great measure of patriotism, considerable military ability, and a mortal hatred and jealousy of the English. Duquesne wrote home to his Government that the country "was full of rascals," but it was also full of soldiers.

Dinwiddie, the shrewd Scotch Governor of Virginia, was the first to move, and this he could only do by way of protest, since he had no forces worth mentioning and no money to pay the handful that he had. It is a strange coincidence that the agent he selected for the business—the first British soldier, in fact, who went out formally to proclaim King George's title to the West—should have been George Washington. The young Virginian was at this time only twenty-one, a major in the colonial service and adjutant-general of the Virginia militia. In the opinion of Dinwiddie, an opinion which did him credit, there was no one in the colony so well qualified to perform a mission of danger, delicacy and hardship. Washington's antecedents and career are so generally familiar, one hesitates to linger over them. But as they will certainly not be fresh in the mind of many readers, it may be well to recall the fact that he was the great-grandson of the son of a Northamptonshire squire who had settled in Virginia in the preceding century. George was the eldest of several brothers by his father's second wife, but had no patrimony worth mentioning. The eldest of his half-brothers, however, Laurence Washington, who had a considerable estate, practically adopted him. Laurence had commanded some Virginia volunteers in the disastrous campaign against Carthagena, and had afterwards married into the Fairfax family, who had large interests in the colony, and finally settled down on his property on the Potomac, calling it Mount Vernon after the "hero of Portobello." His wife soon died, leaving only a daughter, and he himself, having contracted the seeds of disease in the deadly South American campaign, succumbed in 1752, leaving George guardian to the child and heir to the estate in the event of her death, which happened no long time afterwards. The great Virginian's boyhood, till he began soldiering, had been largely spent in surveying the vast tracts on the eastern slopes of the Alleghanies, which belonged to the Fairfax family—a life which threw him among Indians, rough backwoodsmen, and all the perils of border life at an age when his contemporaries were leading the semi-English life which distinguished the eastern counties of Virginia, or were at school in England, at Eton or Westminster. He constantly enjoyed, however, and greatly to his profit, the society of the old Lord Fairfax, scholar, courtier, soldier, who for a strange whim had secluded himself at his lodge of Greenaway Court amid the noble forests which then covered the Shenandoah Valley. Washington was at this time a tall, stalwart, long-limbed, long-headed, courageous, self-contained youth, who was equally at home in the woods or in the drawing-room, and had even seen something of the outer world, having travelled in the West Indies with his invalid brother. He took keenly to soldiering from the first, and was well equipped by habit and experience for both frontier warfare and frontier diplomacy. A European Dutch soldier named Van Braam, who had lived at Mount Vernon as half friend, half fencing master, and could speak French, was associated with Washington in this enterprise. So

also was Gist, the most famous of frontiermen, together with four or five other white men, and as many Indians. Their mission was to march through the woods from the Potomac River to the new French fort of Le Bœuf, only twenty miles south of Lake Erie, no mean performance in the year 1753! The chill rains of late autumn fell ceaselessly upon the small party as they pushed their way through the dripping forests, and it was December before they reached the nearer station of the French at Venango. Here an officer named Joncaire commanded, having seized an English trading-house and hoisted above it the French flag. Washington kept a journal of the whole expedition, and tells us how he dined here with the French officers, who, when flushed with wine, declared that, though the English where in a great majority, their movements were too slow, and for their own part they intended to take the Ohio Valley, and, "by G—d, to keep it." They did their best to entice away Washington's Indians, but with great difficulty he managed to get off with his party intact, and in a short time arrived at Fort Le Bœuf, the end of his journey, where Le Gardeur de St. Pierre commanded. To him he delivered Dinwiddie's despatch, expressing much surprise that the French should have built forts on what was notoriously British territory, and demanded by whose authority it was done. The note went on to express a hope that the French officer would retire immediately, and so maintain the harmony now existing between the two nations. St. Pierre was extremely polite to Washington, but wrote firmly, though civilly, to Dinwiddie that he should certainly stay where he was till ordered by his superior officer to retire. The same attempt to alienate the Indian escort was made here as at Venango, but without avail. The return-journey, as told in Washington's simple, matter-of-fact journal, is in itself quite a thrilling story of adventure. In order to save time he left Van Braam with the horses and servants to come on at leisure, and wrapping himself in an Indian match coat, with a pack on his back, rifle in hand, and Gist as his sole companion, the young Virginian, bearing the first formal note of defiance from France to England, prepared to face the perils of the return journey. It was now January, the dead of winter, and some four hundred miles of a pathless and mostly

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THE COAT IS STEEL GRAY, TRIMMED WITH BLUE AND ORANGE

rugged wilderness, riven with torrents and densely clad with forests, had to be traversed. The season alternated between fierce frosts and dripping thaws. The Indians might be encountered at any moment, and their temper in these regions had by French intrigue become most uncertain. One of them, as a matter of fact, actually did hide in a thicket not fifteen paces from the trail, and fired point-blank at Washington,

but happily without effect. They caught the culprit, tied his arms and marched him before them for a whole day, lest he should bring his friends in force upon their track. Expecting to cross the Alleghany River on a frozen surface, they found it full of loose blocks of floating ice. Making a raft with their "one poor hatchet," they then embarked in the gloom of a winter's evening on the formidable passage. In mid-channel Washington was knocked off the raft by a block of ice into the freezing flood, and the two men had eventually to spend the night upon an island, their clothing frozen stiff upon them. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frost-bitten. Pushing on, however, through grey forests, on whose leafless boughs the drip of the day became icicles by night, and encountering now a straggling band of Indians, now a horrid spectacle of scalped corpses, half worried by wolves or hogs, they arrived on the borders of inhabited Virginia. Here Washington procured fresh horses and fresh clothes, and rode on with his letter to Dinwiddie at Williamsburg, having been absent just three months.

The latter had ere this received permission from the English Government to oppose force by force, and to erect, on his part, forts upon the Ohio, at the expense of the colonial Governments. The officials of both nations were now committed to an armed occupation of the same country—a proceeding which could have but one result. But the French were ready with men and money, and strong in a united purpose. Dinwiddie, on the other hand, could do nothing with the colonial legislatures. His own were squabbling with him about the precise amount of a royalty on land patents, in a territory that was in the act of slipping from their grasp, and made a concession on this point, which the Governor could not legally grant, the condition of defending their own interests against the common foe. The Germans of Pennsylvania would not stir. To these people in their ignorance one Government, so long as it was not the European tyranny they had escaped from, would do as well as another. The Quakers were against all war on principle, and had found their scruples profitable, since the colonies around them, while protecting themselves, virtually protected Pennsylvania. Maryland, which had no such excuses, was almost equally backward, one of the reasons being, according to their Governor, Sharpe, that no men of means, position and intelligence, would belong to the legislature, which was certainly not the case in Virginia. Dinwiddie now begged New York and Massachusetts to make a feint against the French on their borders, and distract their attention from the Ohio. Two independent companies from New York and South Carolina, maintained by the Crown, were placed under Dinwiddie's orders, and his own legislature at last voted £10,000 for the defence of their own frontier. Virginia, too, possessed a regiment of some 300 men, mostly raw recruits, of which a Colonel Fry, an Oxford M.A., was in command, with Washington as its major. With this formidable host the excellent Dinwiddie prepared to dispute with France, as best he could, the Empire of the West.

It was now the early spring of 1754. Forty backwoodsmen under an Ensign Ward were sent across the Alleghanies to erect a fort at a place previously selected by Washington, where the two large streams of the Alleghany and Monongahela meet to form the Ohio—a spot to become famous enough in the succeeding years, and in another sense still more famous now.* But armed Frenchmen, soldiers and Canadian voyageurs had been steadily pouring into the Alleghany back country during the past few months; and Le Contrecœur, at the head of 500 men, very soon tumbled Ward and his rustic engineers back into the English settlements.

Dinwiddie still for the moment the only active champion of British interests, and being now in funds, mus-

*Pittsburg may be called "the Birmingham of America."

tered his raw Virginian regiment and sent them forward to Wills Creek on the Potomac, where an English trading station marked the limit at which the feeble outposts of settlement gave way to the gloom of unbroken forests. The weak companies from South Carolina and New York were to follow with such speed as they could make.

Fry remained at Wills Creek with half the Virginians, while Washington with the remainder struck out into the wilderness, the ultimate object of the British attack being the fort which the French were said to be building at the beforementioned forks of the Ohio, and had already named after their Governor, Duquesne. Washington and his 150 men slowly pushed their way north-westward, cutting roads over the lofty forest-clad ridges of the Alleghanies for their guns and pack-trains. They had covered sixty miles, nearly half the march, and had arrived at an oasis in the mountain wilderness, where stood a trading station, known as "The Great Meadows," when word was brought that a French detachment was advancing from the new fort Duquesne to clear the English out of the country. Taking forty of his men with him, Washington groped his way through the whole of a pitch-dark and soaking night to the quarters of the "Half King," a friendly Indian chief, who had formed one of his party in the diplomatic mission of the previous year. The Indian had some news to give of an advanced scouting party of the French, supposed to be lurking in the neighbourhood, and with some of his people joined Washington at daylight in an attempt to track them. In this they succeeded, and surprised the French lying in a ravine, who, on being discovered, all sprang to their feet, rifle in hand. Washington promptly gave the order to fire. A volley was given and returned. Coulon de Jumonville, the ensign who commanded the French, was shot dead, and a few of his men killed and wounded, while the remaining twenty-one were taken prisoners. The killing of Jumonville raised a great commotion, not only in the colonies, but in Europe. "It was the volley fired by a young Virginian in the backwoods of America," says Horace Walpole, "that set the world on fire." It was pretended by the French that Jumonville was on a quasi-diplomatic errand, and the bearer of a letter merely ordering the English to retire. It was quite true he had on his person a letter authorizing him to expel any English he found in his path, but an unfounded report was circulated by the French that he jumped up and waved this letter towards Washington as a sign of peaceful intentions, and that, in fact, he was treacherously shot. · An effort was made, in short, to brand Washington as an assassin, and not without success among the French. If the incident had occurred to-day, there is reason to fear that some Englishmen, too, would have jumped to that conclusion with ready instinct, and stuck to it, for the simple reason that Washington was a Briton and Jumonville was not. It is equally certain that the policy which eventually made North America Anglo-Saxon, free and prosperous, would have been as loudly opposed by the same type of patriot, on the principle that, as neither nation's claim was worth anything, that of the foreigner was most worthy of support. Apathy, it is true, very nearly accomplished what the perverted sentimentalism of some and the less creditable motives of others would now demand under similar conditions ; but apathy is, after all, quite another matter, though at this crisis of the nation, or to be more accurate, of the Anglo-Saxon race, it came very near to signifying incalculable disaster.

Jumonville and his men, it transpired, had been lying concealed for two days in the neighbourhood of Washington's superior force—scarcely the natural method of procedure for a peaceful convoy! De Contrecœur, commanding the main force of some 500 men, was advancing in the rear, and his scouting subaltern, who, as a matter of fact, had sent messengers to hurry him up, was simply waiting for

his arrival to overwhelm the small British detachment.

Washington, after this, retired to the Great Meadows, where his second battalion, though without their colonel, who had died, now arrived, together with the South Carolina company, consisting of fifty so-called regulars, raised in the colony but paid by the Crown. The young Virginian was now in command of 350 men, but the Carolina captain, being in some sort a king's officer, refused to take orders from him as a provincial, admirably illustrating one of the many difficulties which then hampered military action in the colonies. His men assumed similar airs, and would lend no hand in road-making, carrying packs or hauling guns. So Washington laboured on with his Virginians, seeking for some good defensive point at which to receive the attack of the large force he heard was advancing against him. After much labour it was decided to return again to the Great Meadows, and there entrench themselves as best they could. It was not a good situation, but Virginians and Carolinians, reconciled by their common danger, now united in throwing up a rough entrenchment surrounded by log breastworks and a dry ditch.

It was now the middle of June. De Jumonville's brother, Coulon de Villiers, on hearing of his death in Canada, had hurried southward with a strong band of Indians, burning for revenge. There were already 1,400 men at Fort Duquesne, seventy miles from the Great Meadows, and De Villiers arrived just in time to take part in the fresh expedition setting out against Washington. It was intended that if the British could not be caught in the disputed territory, they were to be followed into Pennsylvania and there attacked. But Washington had no intention of retreating, or, to be more precise, his men and horses were in such a weak condition that he was unable to.

So he drew up his force outside the poor entrenchments, which he had aptly called Fort Necessity, and seems to have had some vague idea of encountering the French in the open. But when at eleven o'clock some eight or nine hundred of the enemy, including Indians, emerged from the woods, it soon became evident that, with such excellent cover as nature afforded in the overhanging hills, they were not going to take the superfluous risks of a frontal attack.

The British thereupon withdrew inside their works, and the French riflemen scattered among the wooded ridges that so fatally commanded them. A musketry duel then commenced and continued for nine hours, while a heavy rain fell incessantly. Washington's guns were almost useless, for they were so exposed that the loss of life in serving them was far greater than any damage they could inflict on the enemy. The men were up to their knees in water and mud ; their bread had been long exhausted, and they were reduced to a meat diet, and a very poor one at that. This ragged regiment, in home-spun and hunting shirts, half-starved, soaked to the skin, and with ammunition failing, not from expenditure only, but from wet, fought stubbornly throughout the day. From time to time the very force of the rain caused a lull in the combat, the opposing forces being hidden from one another by sheets of falling water.

The French, as the day waned, proposed a capitulation, which Washington refused. But his ammunition at length gave out entirely, and as the gloomy light of the June evening began to fade, a fresh proposal to send an envoy to discuss terms was accepted. The indispensable Van Braam, as the only one of the British force who could speak French, was sent to negotiate. Nearly a hundred men of the defending force lay killed or wounded, while the French loss, though not so great, turned out to be considerable. The terms offered, after a little discussion, were at length accepted, and were honourable enough; namely, that the garrison were to march out with the honours of war, carrying their

effects and one gun with them. The French were indeed in no position to take or maintain prisoners. Moreover, the fiction of peace between the two nations had to be taken into some sort of account.

Now in the articles of capitulation the phrase "*l'assassinat de Jumonville*" appeared. Van Braam read a translation of them aloud to Washington and his officers, and either from an imperfect knowledge of the language, or quite possibly from a desire to cause no hitch in the extremely uncomfortable situation, rendered the obnoxious phrase in a different fashion, translating it "the killing or death of Jumonville."

The articles were read in English and signed in the darkness and rain by the light of a sputtering tallow dip, and Washington's signature innocently affixed to the statement that he was practically a murderer. One can well believe that this apparent confession was a cause of much joy and triumph to the French, both among those who knew the real facts and those who did not. One does not hear of any Englishmen who rejoiced at this documentary evidence. Washington and his soldiers indignantly denied the monstrous story that Jumonville was a peaceful envoy, and were sufficiently exasperated at the trick played in the translation. Their word was good enough in those days for their countrymen, both in England and America.

The French prisoners who had been taken in the Jumonville affair were to be sent back, while, as hostages for the undertaking, the inaccurate Van Braam and a Scotchman named Robert Stobo, who will turn up again in another place at a much later period in this story, were retained by the French.

The fifty-mile return march over the mountains to Wills Creek was a pitiful business. The wounded had to be carried on the backs of their weakened, travel-worn comrades, for the Indians, threatening and noisy, were with difficulty prevented from a general onslaught and, as it was, killed all the horses and destroyed the medicine chests. It was a sorry band that struggled back with Washington across the Alleghanies, but a rough track that a year hence was to be beaten wider by the tramp of British infantry marching to a fate far more calamitous. They were for the most part poor men, the waifs and strays of Southern life, fighting and toiling and starving for eightpence a day. Both they and their young leader, now full enough, we may be sure, of gloomy thoughts, had done their duty, to the best of their knowledge and experience, against trained soldiers, and most certainly with valour. If they had left the French triumphant in the West, and the prestige of Britain in a woeful plight, it was at least no fault of theirs.

On arriving at Wills Creek they heard that the North Carolina regiment, who had been ordered to support them, had mutinied on the way, while the New York contingent were still labouring southward with a tribe of women and children and no equipment for a campaign!

The fight at the Great Meadows was in itself a small affair, but its effect was prodigious. Judged by modern ethics, it seems incredible that formal peace between France and England should remain undisturbed by such proceedings; but we shall see that the peace outlasted events far more critical, owing to the desire of France to get more forward in her preparations before the coming struggle actually opened, and to the apathy reigning in the councils of England. But, peace or war, the great conflict had begun, and the incapacity of the colonies to help themselves had been so fully demonstrated as to turn men's minds across the sea as to the only quarter from which efficient help could be expected.

TO BE CONTINUED

# THE FROSTED PANE

*By BRADFORD K. DANIELS*

"IT'S no use, Annie; luck's never comin' my way."

"But, Jake, if you only wouldn't get discouraged so easy!"

"So you're turnin' against me too. Well, I don't blame you much."

"Why, Jake!" And the girl moved a little nearer to her companion and took his big brown hand.

The man submitted passively to the caress, and stared moodily across the stumps and blackened potato-vines to the green wall of the forest beyond. "And they was doin' so fine!" he said, more to himself than to the girl. "I don't see why God—or the Devil—had to send a June frost and kill 'em all."

"You mustn't talk like that, Jake! It isn't right. We can wait another year."

"Wait another year!" Jake repeated in a disgusted tone. "Haven't we been waitin' 'another year' for the last twelve years? Don't I know that your father an' mother don't want me round any more, an' don't I see the neighbours grin, an' hear 'em say, 'There goes Jake an' Annie!' Don't I know that the youngsters call us 'grandpa' and 'grandma' at the parties, an' invite us just because they think they ought to? There's no place for us among the married folks either. Anybody'd think it was a crime not to get married!"

Jake stopped and scowled at a tuft of sorrel that had sprung up between the roots of a rock-maple stump, and in the stillness a blue jay called "pwilhilly, pwilhilly," from the top of a white birch across the clearing. His companion still held the big brown hand, and, glancing wistfully at the dark face with its drooping moustache, sighed unnoticed. They sat upon a squared piece of timber which Jake had hewn the previous autumn for a sill for their new house. Part of the stones for the cellar wall lay strewn about the place. The loss of the potato crop had once more plunged Jake into despair, and he had no heart to go on with the building.

"I know it's hard, Jake; but we've kind of got used to waiting. It wasn't your fault when the freshet came and the boom broke, and you lost the logs that had cost you five years' savings. And I'm sure anybody would have lent money to Henry Davidson—until he failed."

"If we'd only taken the money and started a house!"

"I know, dear; but we wanted to start housekeeping in too much style then. I feel quite different about it now. I wouldn't mind a log hut here, if we could only be together."

Jake gulped down a lump that was rising in his throat, and took one of the little hands tenderly between his own. "You're wonderful brave, Annie, to throw away your life on the likes o' me, when you might have had the pick of the settlement."

"Why, Jake, how can you! You don't know how it hurts when you talk like that. It's sacrilege."

"Perhaps it is, little one; but you'd a' made a home so temptin' like."

"Don't, Jake! Please don't!" And Annie made a brave effort to keep back the tears.

One splashed down on the back of Jake's hand. He looked at it absently for a moment. "An' you was a red-cheeked girl an' I was only a striplin' when we begun talkin' about gettin' married, an' now we'll soon be old folks."

"Do you think I look old?" asked Annie, anxiously.

Jake regarded her so long before he spoke that she grew embarrassed under his scrutiny. "You've lost your roses, Annie, and you don't laugh any more just for the sake of laughin', but you're purtier than you was ten years ago. I

know it, for I was lookin' last night at that tintype we had taken the first time I took you to camp meetin'."

"Nonsense, Jake! I'm a prim old maid that nobody thinks good-looking but you."

"Don't they, though? What about Frank Boreham?"

"Oh, that conceited Englishman! He only wants to be friendly. Listen, Jake. You know how much we want to be together, dear. Won't you sow the burnt-land with buckwheat—it will bring a big crop, and put up a log house and barn? We'll be so happy, Jake, if you only will."

For a moment Jake reflected, and then exclaimed: "I'll begin to-morrow. I don't care what people say! I'd as good as sold the oxen to Hen Simpson, but I won't let 'em go now."

Frank Boreham had come out to Canada from England a year previous, and it was soon evident to the settlers of Birch Hill that he was a man of means. He built a fine two-storey house of brick, shingled and whitewashed his barn, painted the doors and windows red, and then added a root-cellar. He brought with him a dog-cart—a great curiosity to his neighbours, a covered carriage, and a span of beautiful black roadsters whose coats were kept shining like silk. At first the settlers had regarded this fine stranger as proud and "stuck up" as he went dashing along the road guiding his spirited pair, and had held aloof from his proffered friendship. Frank had cheerfully ignored the many little rebuffs and insults to which he was subjected, until one night at a corn husking "Lish" Carter, the bully of the place, had thrown an ear of corn at him which struck him in the face. When he had finished with Carter, and the great loose-jointed ruffian lay blubbering among the corn husks, he had won the heart of every man and boy at the husking. And as they all sat about the table in the big kitchen an hour later and enjoyed the many good things which are the reward of the husker, Frank was the centre of attraction, not only for the buxom girls who waited on the table, but even for the old men, who began to unbend by asking him questions about his crops.

"Come over an' see my mangel-wurzels, Mr. Boreham; I'll wager you haven't got anything to beat 'em," said old David Muir, Annie's father. "I didn't put any of your new-fangled fertilizers under 'em, either—just the scrapin's from the barnyard."

"Thank you. I've been thinking about coming over for some time to see how your stanchions work. I don't like mine; the cattle can't turn their heads to scratch themselves."

"That Englishman's a fine sort of chap," said farmer Muir at breakfast the next morning. "Not a bit like we all thought he was. He's comin' over this afternoon to look at my mangel-wurzels, and I want you to ask him to stay to tea, mother. Did you ever talk to him, Annie? He's fond of books, just like you, an' he offered to lend me one tellin' all about bee-keepin'."

Frank Boreham came and stayed to tea, and as he walked home that night he finally made up his mind upon a subject which he had been debating for months. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed suddenly, throwing out his big chest and regarding the venture with his usual optimism. "I'll carry her off by storm, and leave that slow-witted clown that's always moping about in her shadow wondering how it was done."

Soon the settlement was buzzing with the news that Frank Boreham was "courting" Annie Muir. A Canadian would have bent all his energies toward winning the girl, but Frank began with her parents. David Muir and his wife were growing old, and it was the great desire of their hearts to see their only child married and comfortably settled. Although they liked Jake, they had come to doubt his ability to provide a home for Annie, and did all in their power to encourage Frank Boreham's suit. Frank suddenly discovered that he knew very little about farming, and found numerous pretexts on which to consult David Muir. He always brought with him an atmosphere

of sunshine, and his big jolly laugh was so contagious that the old man declared him to be the finest young man in the township.

Jake, with the instinct of the lover, understood Boreham's actions perfectly, but his sullen, secretive nature would not permit him to unburden his mind to Annie. She, fearing that anything she could say might be misunderstood, kept silence, and the Englishman was never mentioned between them.

In December Frank Boreham gave a party to which all the young people of the settlement were invited. "Frank," as everybody called him, was a great favourite, and played "Blind Man's Buff," and "Jacob and Rachel" with the zest of a school-boy. When the time for refreshment arrived, however, he unwittingly spread consternation among the young men by making arrangements for them to take the young ladies out to the dining-room.

"Gee! I never heard of such a thing 'cept in novels," remarked one young rustic. "Which arm do you give 'em, anyhow?"

"Look there!" exclaimed his companion. "He's making Jake Winchester take out Kitty Perkins, an' not half the fellows have got their own girls."

"I wonder what Annie will say to that!"

"Why, he's got her himself!" was the astonished reply, as Frank led the way to the dining-room with Annie upon his arm.

That night as they walked home through the frosty moonlight, Jake and Annie had their first quarrel. "You might have some regard for a fellow's feelin's," Jake went on. "There was all them kids grinnin' at me while he was crackin' nuts for you and smilin' down at you just as if you belonged to him."

"But what was I to do, Jake, dear? I couldn't be rude and not answer him," replied Annie in tones of distress.

"Rude!" sneered Jake. "Because he's the first man that ever looked at you, except me, your head is clean turned."

At this insult Annie flounced into the house in a passion, leaving her lover to cool off and repent at his leisure.

By the next afternoon, however, Annie began to be afraid of what she had done. What if Jake, in one of his dark moods, should stop work upon the little house in the clearing and disappear as he had done when Henry Davidson failed? With shaking hands she put on her hat and jacket and started across the frozen fields in the direction of Jake's wood-lot. As she approached the clearing she strained her ears for the sound of axe or saw, but the woods were silent, save for the harsh "quank, quank, quank" of a nuthatch that scurried up and down the trunk of a dead hemlock.

When she reached the half-finished house she found it deserted. The crude fireplace of stones before the door on which Jake had boiled his tea and warmed his dinners was cold, and the door to the log stable stood open and the oxen were gone. She had paid many visits to the house during its construction, and she and Jake had thought out every little detail as carefully as though they were building a mansion. Stepping over the unfinished sill, she entered the room which was to be their bedroom. Jake had carefully stuffed the cracks between the logs with moss, and in one corner was a crude bed of fir boughs, where he had slept that he might be near his work.

"Oh Jake, Jake, how could you?" she cried, "when we were just getting ready to be happy." And, throwing herself upon the boughs, she gave way to a tempest of grief. The sun sank behind the forest, and partridges sailed noiselessly into the yellow birches for their supper of buds, but still Annie lay in the corner of what was to have been her bedroom, a huddled heap of misery.

Saturday night brought the first snowfall of the season, and when Annie looked from her window Sunday morning the ground was white. That evening she made a fire early in the parlour and, as night settled down, looked

many times through a spot on the west window which the frost had not invaded, hoping against hope that Jake would make his usual Sunday night visit. At last she heard him stamping the snow from his Arctic overshoes on the front door-step, and, throwing open the door to welcome him, she lifted her radiant face to—Frank Boreham's!

Instead of two occupying the parlour as Annie had planned, her father and mother were asked to join them, and a wretched evening it was. Once, during an awkward pause in the conversation, Annie thought she heard the creaking of the crisp snow under the window. Later, when her visitor had gone, she went cautiously out and found footprints in front of the frosted pane through which she had watched for her lover at nightfall.

All that week Annie waited for some word from Jake, but none came. She was ashamed to inquire about him, and too proud to send for him. Then her father came in one evening from Ezra Hicks' store with the news that Jake had joined Mitchell's lumber camp fifty miles up the river.

Sunday afternoon Annie was walking from church lost in thought, when she was suddenly roused from her sad reverie by the jingle of sleigh-bells. The next moment Frank Boreham reined up his coal-black horses by her side, and, doffing his big fur cap, asked her if he might have the pleasure of driving her home.

"Oh, you startled me so!" she exclaimed. And, finding no excuse for refusing such a customary courtesy, she allowed herself to be assisted into the sleigh between two robes of grey wolfskin.

Frank smiled complacently at what he regarded as a feminine ruse to conceal her pleasure, and soon they were speeding across the expanse of dazzling white, the young man being so fully occupied with the mettlesome horses that he could talk to his companion only in broken sentences. Annie shielded her cheek with her muff from the pieces of snow which were thrown from the horses' feet, and replied in monosyllables.

That night Annie went to bed feeling supremely miserable. She could not blind herself to the fact that Frank Boreham was interested in her in a way which could not be misunderstood, and yet it seemed a desecration to her sacred relations with Jake to harbour such a thought even for a moment. But why had Jake gone away without a word and left her to fight the battle alone? In her trouble she reproached him bitterly.

As the days went by and the young Englishman's attentions became more marked, all Annie's friends seemed bent upon her marrying him. The Rev. Nathan Morse persuaded Frank to join the church choir. One Saturday night, when Annie entered the vestry and saw her suitor talking with the minister, she was tempted to run away; but the parson quickly brought Frank forward, and, rubbing his hands together complacently, said:

"Now you need not walk home through the snow from practice, Miss Muir. I'm sure Mr. Boreham will be delighted to take you in his sleigh."

For a moment Annie's face flushed with anger, and Frank, seeing the rich colour which spread to her throat and forehead, thought she blushed from shyness, and took heart.

Then there were "Bean Socials" for the benefit of the church, and skating parties, and sleighing excursions, at all of which matters were so skilfully arranged by her friends that Annie could find no excuse for refusing Frank Boreham's company. Indeed, while she was within the sound of his big hearty voice she was not so unhappy; but at night when he had gone, and she contrasted the evenings with those spent with Jake, her heart cried out against it all, and she resolved to rebel against the schemes of those who would wreck her life's happiness. But the next morning always found her not quite ready to begin the fight.

By the middle of February Annie felt the coils from which she was powerless to escape steadily tightening

about her, and in a fit of despair she wrote to Jake, begging him to come to her rescue. She knew that the letter would reach Mitchell's camp in four days, and surely he would come by the last of the month.

But the days slipped by and there was no word from her lover. Then at last the thing which she had been dreading, and striving to avert, came to pass.

"Perhaps you don't care much for me now, Annie; but you will grow to love me after we are married and settled down," Frank said, as his span of blacks walked up the long, star-lit slope toward Annie's home.

"No," she answered, quietly; "I never shall."

"But you won't say 'No.' Think how your father and mother have set their hearts on the match."

Then the girl saw her life with the disappointed parents stretching away before her, without even the weekly visits of Jake to look forward to, and her courage failed.

"Give me another week to think it over," she said, finally, trying to gain time for Jake to arrive upon the scene.

At the end of a week Frank Boreham called for his answer, and Annie, in a burst of tears that he could not understand, consented to marry him. Jake had failed her in the hour of her greatest need.

The date of the wedding was fixed for the last of March; and for the next few weeks Annie drugged her thoughts with work. Indeed, everybody was so happy over her good fortune that at times she almost deluded herself into the thought that her life would become bearable in time.

It was late April, and Annie was settled in her new home. She was standing on the verandah of the porch in the soft spring air feeding the fowls, when a neighbour who had been to the post-office brought her the mail.

"I guess this is for you, all right enough," he remarked, as he handed her an official-looking envelope. "It's addressed to 'The Maples,' 'Birch Hill,' but it's only got your first name on it."

Annie took the letter and entered the house. "Her Majesty's Service" was printed across the top of the envelope, and it bore the Ottawa postmark. Opening it, she found the letter she had written to Jake, begging him to come and save her. She had signed only her first name. It had never reached him, and finally it had been forwarded to the dead-letter office.

That evening, when Frank returned from the field, he found Annie lying ill.

"Generally run down," old Doctor Nichols pronounced Annie's case; and, when at last she was able to ride out behind the span of blacks, autumn had set in.

One day Frank took his wife for a much longer drive than usual and, as they dashed round a bend in a woodland road, they came face to face with Jake Winchester, who was teaming a yoke of oxen. Annie gave a little cry, but there was no word of recognition as Jake whipped up the slow-moving cattle to make room for the carriage.

"That *was* a close shave!" Frank remarked as they passed on round the bend of the road. "I don't wonder you screamed. By the way, that was your old friend, Jake Winchester. He has got some crazy idea into his head about building a grist-mill up here on the river. It's a good spot for a grist-mill, all right enough; but it will take a little common sense to make it pay."

Annie made no reply, and as usual Frank did all the talking for the remainder of the drive.

Jake Winchester toiled at the grist-mill early and late, and by the time that the farmers had threshed their grain it was ready for work. Part of the building was fitted up as a dwelling, and here Jake kept "bachelor's hall." It seemed as though the man's luck had turned at last. The crop of grain was exceptionally large, and the mill was kept running all day, and often far into the night.

Then it began to be whispered about that Jake was "acting queer." He had always been quiet in his manner, but now he talked excitedly to himself, and would often stand for ten minutes

at a time gazing into the hopper, when he would suddenly come back to his surroundings with a short, hard laugh.

As autumn wore on, first one and then another settler declared that he heard someone shooting in the night in the direction of Jake's mill. Nobody paid much attention to these stories, however, until one evening a boy, who was returning home late from a back clearing, was startled when opposite Jake's mill by the report of a gun and the sound of falling glass. The lad's story aroused the curiosity of the settlement, and one night a dozen men surrounded the mill to see if they could solve the mystery. All was still until the moon rose and shone upon the rude structure; then there was a report, followed by the same sound of falling glass which the boy had described.

The men knocked at the door, and presently Jake appeared, gun in hand.

"What you up to, Jake?" asked Dan Porter, the spokesman of the band. "Tryin' to shoot the moon?"

"Hush!" said Jake in a whisper. "It 'ill be here again in a minute. I've filled it as full o' shot as a dog is full 'f fleas, but when the moon rises it comes back just the same."

"What comes back?" asked the bewildered Dan.

"Why, 'it'," said Jake in awestruck tones. "Come an' see where I've tried to shoot it."

The men followed Jake into his bedroom, and a strange sight met their eyes. The walls were honeycombed with shot, where he had been blazing away at the creature of his imagination.

"You see them apples over there?" he asked, pointing to a basket of fruit. "Well, it gets into them sometimes, an' I try my best to drown it, but it won't die. When I throw the apples into the water they bob up an' down like a lot of imps till they drift into the sluice. See! There it is now!" And Jake levelled his musket and fired at a patch of moonlight on the wall.

Insanity was such a rare thing among the frontiersmen that nobody knew just what to do with Jake. In the end, it was decided that he was harmless, and the farmers continued to bring him their grists. He did his work faithfully, and, beyond the fact of his muttering and his general unkempt appearance, seemed to be rational enough.

At last one December morning a belated farmer took his grist to the mill, but could not find the miller. Entering the part which Jake occupied, he found him tossing upon his bed in a raging fever. He was talking rapidly, at times wildly; but to the farmer, who knew Jake's story, the burden of his thoughts was clearly revealed. It was Annie Muir that in his delirium he was pleading with, chiding, fondling, cursing.

When Doctor Nichols came, he advised that Annie be sent for at once, as the man's only chance of recovery lay in the calming influence which, he felt sure, she would be able to exercise over him.

Annie was away when the messenger came with the doctor's note, and it was evening before she reached the mill. Ushering her into the sick man's presence, her husband and the doctor left the room. Once, when the old physician stepped to the door to see how things were progressing, he heard Annie sobbing as if her heart would break, and Jake saying in his old rational voice:

"It wasn't a square deal, Annie, to throw me over without givin' me another chance."

After a time Frank became so impatient to get off home that the two men entered the sick-room. Annie sat with her hand upon the patient's forehead, and he was sleeping as quietly as a child.

"Well, shall we go home now?" asked Frank.

"You may go," replied Annie, "but I feel it my duty to stay here."

"I really think it is the right thing to do," added Doctor Nichols, before her husband could object.

In a few moments Frank Boreham was guiding his spirited blacks over the frozen road, and Annie was left at the mill. In order to be near at hand in case the delirium should return, she

agreed to lie down in the sick man's apartment, while Doctor Nichols kept watch in the next room.

Toward midnight the physician was roused by a loud report in the sick chamber, and, rushing in, he found Jake sitting up in bed, holding his still smoking musket.

"Hist!" he said, as the doctor sprang forward. "I've shot it at last!" And he pointed across the room to a huddled heap lying under a bright patch of moonlight.

The doctor found Annie insensible, and in half-an-hour she was dead. Evidently she had started to get up when Jake began to stir, and the fatal musket, which in the confusion had not been removed from the head of his bed, was discharged into her breast.

Frank Boreham bore his loss manfully, and did not parade his grief before his neighbours. But his manner was so altered, and the big hearty laugh dwindled into such a mockery of its former self, that even those who had never quite forgiven him for being well-to-do relented, and treated him with an awkward yet gentle consideration of which only the children of the soil are capable.

Some of the young ladies even began once more to cast longing eyes upon the big house. But one morning in April a stranger was driven over from the nearest railway station, and the next day the news spread through the settlement that Frank Boreham had sold his farm and gone, nobody knew exactly where.

As for Jake Winchester, he recovered from his illness and was sent to an insane asylum. But after a time he was pronounced harmless and allowed to return to his mill, where he continued to grind his neighbours' grain.

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# MYSTERY OF JOHN LONG

*By JOHN A. COPLAND*

SPIDER was tired—dead tired. Spider seldom was tired. That is how he got his name from the boys. He was ever on the alert and ready to jump.

Yet nature can stand only its allowance. The most vivacious have their limit of endurance. Spider had hustled all day on small assignments. At night he took single-handed the Epworth League mass meeting, with instructions from the City Editor to make all he liked of it. Spider willingly could condense it into one "stick," but he knew the City Editor did not mean that. That autocrat had said "as much as you like," not "as little as you like."

There were twelve different speakers at that Epworth League convention, and each spoke so fluently and so lengthily that the hour was close upon midnight when Spider pulled out and sped for the office of the *Bumper*, much of his copy already prepared. Being, as it claimed, the foremost daily in Canada, the *Bumper* prided itself on never being late; so Spider, although he was weary enough to sleep on a stone pavement, hurried. He irritably wondered why persons persisted in so great exertion while the weather was hot. Down in his longing memory he saw green fields of grain waving in the breeze, and felt himself plunging into the swimming hole of his boyhood. But that was only a flash from the indelibly marked records of days long past and delightfully hoarded.

Spider was a first-class shorthander and a capital condenser. He could make long or short reports at will.

He could condense anything. He was condensing his life. One of the penalties for his doing the work so thoroughly and so very readably was that the City Editor often detailed him alone to do a three-man job, as at present, when the other "boys" were enjoying their hard-earned vacation. Spider's vacation would come in a few days, if he could stand the strain until then. And it would be well-earned.

Spider's copy went off in relays, until finally, at two a.m., he passed in his "30" to the City Editor, and heaved a great sigh of liberty; he yawned and stretched his arms to their full height; he flung himself on the old lounge in the "local" room to take forty winks.

Still on duty, as he was supposed to be, the City Editor told him to listen for the telephone-ring in case the police called. There might be something late come on their blotter.

Spider dreamily listened to the thumping of steel on steel as the City Editor went down the mail-clad stairs. That worthy had not fallen a victim to the rubber-heeled modernity. He believed in making all the noise possible, and so always had steel plates nailed on his heels. Yet his clatter soon dwindled into the silence which distance lends, and Spider was alone with Dan, the telegraph operator, and the ticker. Dan was tilted against the wall, reading. Only for a minute Spider was aware of the monotonous humming of the instrument. Tired brain cells and tensioned nerves relaxed. He slept.

"Spider!"

Still he slept; so Dan got up and shook him.

"Telephone's ringing, Spider."

"Eh?"

"Telephone's ringing."

"Blame the telephone!"

Spider switched down the receiver with a jerk.

"Man shot at a den on Teraulay Street," he vouchsafed to Dan, when he came out of the telephone cabinet. He sent in a call by the City Editor's private telephone, and told him. The City Editor rang back to the foreman, and told him to get out a special, that Spider had some copy to come.

The foreman knew what that meant, so he sent the paper to press and told the machine men to wait.

Spider was already on Teraulay Street, approaching a disreputable looking two-storey frame house. One family of coloured persons occupied the upper half of the place, and Mrs. Rorey and her two "daughters" lived below. A couple of men, visitors to Mrs. Rorey and her daughters, stood in the way. Spider knew one of the men. They were disinclined to talk, but Spider was not.

"Hello, Chris," he said, "are you watching for the Shooter or the Shootee?"

Chris growled, and at that moment Spider was joined by two other reporters from opposition newspapers.

Ignoring Chris and his companion, the three reporters plunged into the side lane, and climbed the creaking stairs to interview the black family above. Chris and his companion followed them up, and when the door was opened to Spider's rap all five men entered.

Lying sideway in bed were six piccanninies, black as coals, with woolly heads and alarmingly white eyeballs, rolling half in consternation and half in curiosity just above the edge of a dirty white coverlet. Spider thought the sight was picturesque, and said so. Their mother, Mrs. Hays, who had admitted the men to the room, was a sturdy and comely young wench. She began to weep immediately. Spider took no notice of that, but approached the bed and made much of the young sables. That mollified Mrs. Hays. She came and stood beside Spider.

"What is the trouble, Mrs. Hays?" he asked.

Chris's companion warned Mrs. Hays to be careful what she said.

Spider was indignant.

"We are gentlemen, Mrs. Hays," he said, "and whatever you say to us is safe. By what authority are these

strangers here interfering with the rights of the press?"

"By no authority!" came the refrain from the other two reporters; and all three looked menacing.

"Gentlemen, we ask you to retire," said Spider.

They retired. Spider ushered them, closed and locked the door.

Mrs. Hays was weeping again, but soon became calm. She told them that a man who came to visit Mrs. Rorey, downstairs, was drunk, and when Mrs. Rorey refused to admit him he came upstairs and demanded entry to the rooms occupied by the Hays family, swearing and calling them niggers.

"Mistah Hays," said she, "done tol' 'im to go 'way, but he 'lowed he'd brak de doah down. Mistah Hays he wohned him he'd shoot. Den de man began to kick in de panel ob de doah, an' he done got shot nen tumble down de staiah."

"Who shot him?" asked Spider.

Mrs. Hays threw her apron over her head and wept copiously, while the black midgets in the bed rolled their eyeballs dreadfully.

"I done shoot," she sobbed.

Astonished silence dropped on the group. Spider spoke:

"And they arrested your husband?"

"Ya-a-a-a-s o-o-o-o-o-o-h!"

Gradually Spider got the story. Her husband had said that she was wanted at home to look after the children, so he must take the blame for shooting, and he did. The three reporters agreed to carry out the plan. They separated to go to their several offices.

Yet Spider was running no chances. He went to the Police Station to interview the prisoner. The Sergeant allowed him into the cell. Hays, the noble man of colour, refused to admit that his wife did the shooting.

"I done shoot 'im myself," he maintained.

Spider hurried on his bicycle to the Hospital to talk with the wounded man.

"Who shot you?" he asked.

"I shot meself, begor," said the man.

Here was more mystery. The man clung to and reiterated the fact that he had shot himself.

Spider scorched back to the Police Station and asked the Sergeant where the revolver was found.

"At the foot of the stairs, along with the wounded man," said the Sergeant. "Hays says he opened the door and threw it after him downstairs."

"Was there a bullet hole in the door?"

"Several of them."

"So I saw also; yet they say only one shot was fired?"

"Yes."

Spider felt at sea. How was he to write a lucid story? Time was rushing on. The foreman was waiting impatiently for copy. He felt he must go back and talk with Mrs. Hays. Chris and his companion were there debating with her. Spider asked her to speak to him alone.

"Wait a minute," said Chris. "Come here, Spider."

He drew Spider aside by the coat sleeve.

"I might as well confess," began Chris, "that I shot that man."

"How many persons did shoot him?" asked Spider, getting exasperated.

"Only one; and that was I," Chris went on. "You see, I could not stand for the fellow insulting persons the way he was, so I went to the foot of the stair and fired up at him."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Spider. "He tells me he shot himself. He says that he felt downhearted because all his friends had gone back on him, and when Hays refused to afford him shelter he gave up and pulled a revolver on himself."

"He is not speaking truth," insisted Chris; "I shot him."

Spider ran down the stairs. At the foot he bumped against Mrs. Rorey.

"O, young man," she began, "I must tell you all. I shot that poor fellow. I was mad at him because he wanted to break in, and when I heard him coming downstairs I just fired."

Spider gasped.

"But they arrested Hays," he expostulated.

"Yes, but they don't know," Mrs. Rorey insisted. "Hays is innocent."

Here was a dilemma. Spider began to run for the office as fast as his bicycle could carry him. As he emerged from the lane he met a policeman.

"Hello, Spider!" exclaimed the officer. "Do not go and blame the wrong person for this shooting. Get it right in the paper. I might as well tell you now that I did the shooting while the man was resisting arrest."

"Heavens! But Hays is in jail for it."

"I know. That is only a blind. The nigger is a friend of mine, and he believes he is doing me a good service. I will not let him suffer for me. Oh, yes, I shot the man."

The policeman walked on, but before Spider could leave he was grasped by the arm by the man who was Chris's companion.

"I heard what the policeman said," he uttered tremblingly. "He is a good man and wants to take the blame, but he must not. I heard the wounded man tusseling on the stairs with him and Chris, and I ran and fired at him, because I heard him say he was going to shoot. That is right. I am guilty."

Spider began to laugh like a maniac. "If I listen to many more," he said, "I shall imagine I shot him myself."

His article in the *Bumper* was headed "A Grist of Maniacs," and told all he knew of the case, with each confession. By the time the special edition was on the streets the city had reawakened to business life. Spider's weariness had worn off in his excitement. He sat at his desk in the local room reading his story over when some person came in and stood by him. He thought it was the Janitor, so did not raise his head at first, but soon he noted that there was no sound and he looked up. Spider was used to startlers, but this apparition astonished him. It was John Long, the shot man. Spider stared, he knew not why.

"Blame no person but me," said John Long firmly. "I killed myself. I'm dead, so I can take the blame."

And he was gone.

Spider sprang to the telephone and rang up the Hospital.

"How is John Long, the man who was shot last night?" he enquired.

"Just died," was the laconic answer.

So Spider left a note for the City Editor, telling him that there was no doubt that John Long had committed suicide, and went home for an hour before the police court opened. Hays came before the Magistrate that morning and was committed for trial, in face of so much evidence from persons who confessed to the shooting. The Magistrate took no note of any of them. Hays was under arrest on a charge of shooting John Long, and only Hays was going to be tried. These other persons were not arrested on any charge, and the Magistrate considered them a lot of idiots, or else they were conspiring to get the nigger off. Nothing more preposterous could be put forward than that John Long committed suicide.

The opposition reporters were green with envy because they had failed to get the sensationally interesting material which Spider had published, and their pain of mind was aggravated by the sarcasm of their City Editors. To even matters as far as possible the other newspapers said in divers articles of different length that the whole thing was a fake, manufactured by Spider. Spider was angry. He knew better. His City Editor was pleased.

Developments of the John Long case were adding mystery to mystery. At the Hospital that day an autopsy was performed on the body of John Long, but it did not reveal any injury done by a bullet. John Long had not been shot. Deceased's stomach contained laudanum, and it was from the effects of that, the surgeons all agreed, that death had resulted.

Further examination of the door of Hays' house showed that several bullets had passed through it both ways, but chiefly from the outside in. Detectives got to work on the case, and

Spider investigated ceaselessly. Finally Hays came up for trial by a jury, and was acquitted.

While summing up, the Judge remarked that it was unprecedented in his experience that so many persons should confess to shooting a man who was not shot at all. He believed that really all were equally guilty with regard to the intention of shooting the man. From the evidence given by the detectives he believed also that all the persons had shot simultaneously. There was so much shooting done that the man, in his drunken condition, imagined he was shot, and the pain he suffered afterward was purely hypochondriacal. They gave him sleep-producing medicine in the Hospital to relieve his pain, and when he felt sleep overpowering him he believed he was dying, and died.

John Long's post-mortem appearance to Spider the City Editor treated as a delusion of Spider's tired brain. That was perhaps plausible, but Spider was not satisfied. Long was dead; everybody agreed to that. That he had appeared to him just at the moment he died might be a delusion, but it was a remarkable coincidence of events. Spider was gloomy.

"Brace up, Spider," jollied the City Editor. "Do not let that ghost yarn of yours affect your health. It was only a figment of your exhausted brain. You had no sleep that night."

"It is the first one I ever saw," said Spider, "but I know it was a real ghost."

"Pooh, Spider; I will not discuss it. Get thee gone and enjoy two weeks' holidays, then see how you feel."

Spider went to the home of his parents in the country, and laid around on the grassy slopes, sometimes in the sunshine, sometimes in the shade. He watched the green grain waving. The bees hummed and the birds twittered for him. Yet he was not rested. He could rest, rest, all the time, yet was he ever weary, very weary. As the two weeks tapered to a finish he wrote to the City Editor and asked for an extension. The City Editor wired him to take a month.

Following came days of heat in the city, and lethargy attacked every person in the *Bumper* office. Much padding copy was used. One night the City Editor received a message telling of a dreadful volcanic disaster, almost as bad as the outbreak of Mount Pelee which destroyed the city of St. Pierre de Miquelon a few months before. He would send Spider to write it up. Spider would like the work, and it would be as good as a rest for him.

The City Editor drew a pad toward him to write a message for Dan to wire when he felt that some person stood by his side. He turned.

"Spider!"

"I knew John Long came that morning," said Spider.

Before the City Editor could answer Spider was gone. Springing to his feet, he enquired if the reporters had seen Spider.

"Not since he went home," they said.

The City Editor felt queer.

He wrote a message; not like he first intended. This was to Spider's father, asking how his son's strength was accumulating. The answer came:

"William died shortly before arrival of your message."

There was quiet grief in the *Bumper* office.

And the mystery of John Long remains a mystery to the hurrying world, but the City Editor knows that good old Spider never failed to prove his theory in every case. Psychological influence had killed John Long.

# The Whistler

BY

VIRNA SHEARD.

THROUGHOUT the sunny day he whistled on his way,
On high and low, and gay and sweet,
The melody rang down the street;
Till all the weary, worn and gray,
Smiled at their work, or stopped to say,—
"Now God be thanked that youth is fair,—
And light of heart and free from care."

What time the wind blew high, he whistled and went by.
Then clarion clear on every side
The song was scattered far and wide;
Like birds above a storm that fly,
The silver notes soared to the sky:—
"Oh! soul whose courage does not fail
But with a song can meet the gale."

And when the rain fell fast, he whistled as he passed;
A little tune the whole world knew,
A song of love, of love most true;
On through the mist it came at last
To one by sorrow overcast:—
"Dear Christ," she said, "by night and day
They serve who praise—as well as pray."

. . . . . .

And when the fog hung gray, he whistled on his way.
The little children in his train,
With rosy lips, caught up the strain.
Then I, to hear what he might say,
Followed with them, that sombre day;
"Is it for joy of life," quoth I,
"Good Sir, you go awhistling by?"
He smiled and sighed and shook his head:
"I cheer my own sad heart," he said.

# ORATORY

*By THE HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER*

ALL speaking is not oratory; most even of what men call fine speaking has little akin to it. The form of expression may be of the nicest, the flow of words of the smoothest, and even the thought of the highest order, and yet it may not be oratory. On the other hand it is possible for the sacred fire to flash forth from rude and unlettered people and with strange and moving force.

Real oratory is a child of truth and ardour. Falsehood is fatal to its birth, and coldness clips its wings and hinders all effective flight. The soul must be at white heat and cry to be delivered of its message, and the message must proceed from the very throne of truth, and appeal for response to the deepest feeling of the auditors. Oratory delights in broad lines and bold imagery; it dislikes the tangling strands of small issues and dry detail.

The mental eye of the orator must see with perfect clearness the thing he wishes to describe, or he can never adequately represent it to his hearer; he must feel its absolute truth and urgency before he can stamp its burning importance upon his auditors. The real orator cannot be a bad man; the ring of his coin must be genuine. The eternal mint of truth utters no spurious metal. The mission of the orator has not ended. So long as truth lives and men feel, so long there is place and scope for him.

Neither painting nor music, nor sculpture, nor poetry, nor any other form of expression, can ever replace the living prophet, called of God, on fire with truth and impelled by the relentless fiat, "Go forth and speak to my people."

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# THE FIRST MOUNTAIN RIDE

AN ETCHING

*By JEAN BLEWETT*

IT is a far cry from the meadows, grain fields and fruit farms of Ontario to this wild and picturesque region. There mother nature is kind, beneficent and beautiful; here she is something less than kind, a thing all grandeur and strength. There is no getting near to her. You never dream of lying on her bosom; your love is made up of reverence, pride and awe. She is wonderful, this mother nature of the mountains—wonderful in her wildness, her harshness; more wonderful still in the glimpses of sweetness she reveals. To see the face of sternness soften to tenderness is to see real beauty. In the very heart of the ruggedness trickles a little stream. Note how she has scooped out a bed for it, marked it a highway round ledge and boulder, covered it from the sun's fierce rays with the greenness of briar and ivy. In yonder cottonwood tree, the only tree to be seen for miles, swings half a score of empty nests. She has made provision you see.

The first mountain ride takes you to the heights, spiritually as well as bodily. You do not forget it, for it thrills so deeply and vividly that memory refuses to let it go. Tall, and strong, and changeless the great hills stand. As you approach them from the plain you feel that you are small and mean, an atom of no account. They have stood here so long, will stand here when you are dust. What is man?

"The puny leverage of a hair
The planets impulse well might spare,
A drop of dew the tided sea."

It thrusts itself on you this thought, but only for a moment. Self-consciousness cannot live in this atmosphere. The veriest egotist on earth could not remember to think of himself once the hills had wrapped him about. How wonderful they are! Their granite and their verdure form the walls of a temple fairer, more enduring than Solomon's own, and never was temple reared by the hand of man roofed and domed like this with the snow-capped summits thrusting themselves up, up, till the soft clouds drape them, and God's sunlight wraps them round and round with splendour which defies description.

Now you enter the cañon, the door to the temple. You are not gazing in the ordinary way. The soul of you is looking, using the eyes for windows, looking, and losing itself in the mystery and the glory. Yonder is a rock, pure white save where it lifts

"Its amethyst and sapphire crown."

What is it about "the horns of Thine altar?" The sunshine flashing down lights candles in golden candlesticks, the breeze sets censers swinging, the silence vast, palpitating is a mighty song of praise. Hark!

"In his hand are the deep places of the earth,
The strength of the hills is his also,
The sea is his and he made it,
And his hands formed the dry land!"

Veil your eyes, nay they are already veiled with tears.

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# A HARD-CHEEKED CANADIAN

IN a book entitled "Tommy Cornstalk," a good story of a Canadian soldier is told by an Australian writer. Mr. Abbott thinks the Canadians won a reputation for "pure, hard cheek," and this is his illustration :—

This story of one of them, who out-Canadianed the Canadians, may be worth recording, even though, possibly, it has been told in print before. It is of a man whose renown travelled through all Africa, who, though he was but a corporal of Mounted Infantry, attained a degree of local fame such as some brigadier might even have envied. It was related to the writer by a Highland officer in Wynberg Hospital, who, having allowed a bullet to pass clean through his head somewhere in that neighbourhood, had been a patient in the hospital at Vredefort, and had himself heard it from both Boer and English sources.

"Well, it seems that this Corporal Clarkson, of the Canadian Mounted Infantry, you know, was rather a noted character in Hutton's Brigade. They used to give him all the hard jobs to do—ridin' out reconnoitrin' by himself, you know, and so forth—and he generally managed to do whatever he was instructed to, and a good deal beside. Sort of 'handy man' at scoutin', you know.

"Well, when French's crowd were just thinking about crossing the Vaal, they camped a few miles outside a little place called Vredefort—typical 'dorp,' an' all that—you know the kind of thing. Expected a big fight somewhere about, but it didn't come off. So, just to make sure, French thought he'd send someone out to reconnoitre Vredefort. Accordingly, the M. I. were told to find a patrol to do the job.

"Whoever it was had the sending out of the expedition I don't know, but I really think that the man who picked Clarkson to lead must himself have been a born leader of men, you know—sort of chappy who recognizes the qualifications of his men, you know, when he wants anything done.

"So this fellow Clarkson was paraded with five of his 'darned outfit,' as those chappies call themselves, you know—and instructed to go and find out whether Vredefort was occupied or not. So out he went.

"When they got to within about a mile of the town, they came quite sud-

denly over a ridge on to a Boer outpost, or picket, or something—consisting of eight or ten lusty Dutchmen. Clarkson arrived so very abruptly in their midst, that they hardly knew what was the right thing to do—to shoot or run. Quite flabbergasted 'em, you know. The gallant corporal took in the situation at a glance—let on he was the general himself, you know, and demanded their arms. I think they must have been a lot of awful Johnnies, you know—kind of town guard of Vredefort or something, because they just did as he told 'em. He took their ponies, remounted his men fresh, sent the Boers away on foot, and, leaving two men to guard the loot, continued his advance on Vredefort.

"Well, when he rode into Vredefort, he found the Dutch people fairly scared, you know. They knew French was pretty close, and had been filling one another up with lies about what would happen if he entered the place. There were white flags up on every chimney-pot and gate-post.

"Clarkson simply rode straight up to the office of the Landrost—sort of civil magistrate Johnnie, you know. By this time he was Commander in Chief, vice Lord Roberts, resigned: if you give a Canadian an ell he'll take as far as his rifle can carry.

"Our friend simply demanded the surrender of the town—nothing less! Well, the Boer Johnny was so overcome, you know, and so very much afraid of losing his billet, that he thought perhaps he'd better do as requested, seeing also that Clarkson must undoubtedly be a general of very great standing. So, actin' under orders from Field-Marshal Lord Clarkson, he summoned all the available burghers who had arms to deposit 'em immediately in the Market Square, an' come an' listen to what the great officer of General French had to say. Course, you know, they think French has seniority of God Almighty. Altogether, Clarkson collected between forty and fifty Mausers and Martinis, stacked them in a waggon, an' sent 'em into Hutton's camp with a note and one of his remaining three men—having previously invited himself to lunch with the Landrost at the hotel. I heard about the note; it was something like this, you know:—

"'Dear General,—Please receive accompanying armament of one commando. I am pleased to state that I have this day captured the city of Vredefort (fancy Vredefort a "city") and taken a large number of prisoners, whom I propose, subject to your approval, to release upon parole. You will be glad to hear that I am at the present moment enjoying an excellent luncheon with the mayor of this city. We're havin' champagne! After lunch, as to-morrow will be the birthday of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, I propose to formally annex this city to the British Dominions. Hopin' this will find you well, and in good spirits, as it leaves me at present.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, Duncan Clarkson, Corporal Canadian M.I.'

"Well, after lunch, he had 'em all called up into the Market Square again. Some English lady had a flag hidden away all the time, and she produced it for the occasion. So Clarkson commanded the Free State flag to be hauled down, and ran the Union Jack up in its place.

"Then he made 'em a great speech. Pointed out all the benefits that would accrue to Vredefort under British rule, you know, an' all that—and finally worked 'em up into quite a pitch of enthusiasm, you know, so that they gave three cheers and sang God Save the Queen, etcetera.

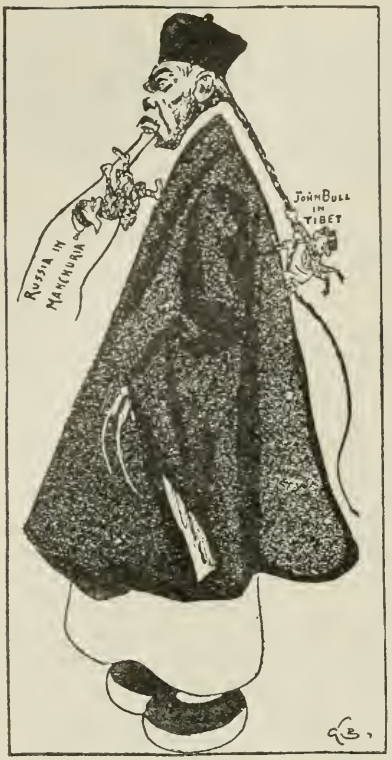
"But the best of it, you know, was a snapshot which that English lady took with her kodak, an' which I saw afterwards. There were all the old Boer Johnnies, you know, cheerin' away like anything, an' throwin' up their hats into the air—our brave boy, seated on his pony in the middle of the crowd of 'em, smilin' like a Cheshire cat, and—with one hand on the butt of his revolver!

"Well, now, I call that 'moral suasion,' don't you?"

THE despatches from the Far East, at the moment of writing, are described as having a more pacific tone. It is to be feared, however, that this is wholly illusory. He would be a hopeful man who could see a peaceful way out of the differences that have arisen between Russia and Japan. Here are two powers which know exactly what they want, who each want the same thing and who are prepared to fight for it. The only direction in which a hope for a peaceful settlement exists is that Russia may conclude that she can fight for her objects better a year or two hence than now. The Japanese have evidently made a shrewd estimate of all the possibilities, and war is as likely to occur over her efforts to make it difficult for Russia to make war in the future as over anything else. Russia might forego a present triumph in order to make one in the future more certain, but if the Japanese conditions promise to tie all the four paws of the bear then it will be necessary to fight now.

The idea that Russia can safely wait in any event is not supported by fact. No time is more favourable for their forward movement than now. China is a great inert mass and, in spite of her teeming multitudes, is left out of the sum by both contestants. Japan, on whose side she would naturally be, desires her to be merely neutral and to preserve civil order within the Empire, so that no pretext will be afforded for the intervention of European powers. The role which China and Corea are expected to play imparts a somewhat comic aspect to the situation. The bone of contention, or rather the bones, are the territories of these two powers, but the belligerent nations bargain about them as if no such entities existed.

But will this always be so? Is not the Russian forward party always face to face with the danger of an awakened China? She is dormant now, but is there not a high probability that her superfluous millions may at any time be converted into a not wholly despicable weapon of war. The spectacle of a little Mongol or Manchu people daring the thunders of the mightiest power on the earth is calculated to send a galvanic thrill through all Mongolia; even through that amorphous and gelatinous vastness that we know as the Chinese Empire? Nor is it the mere psychological influence that is to be feared. There are material ones that supply a backbone to whatever feeling of this kind has been aroused. Japanese officers have been for some time drilling Chinese troops. The soldiers of the Son of Heaven have been under the instruction of skilled officers off and on for the past quarter century, but hitherto the officer has been a European with no more real knowledge of the beings he commanded than if they were a band of gorillas. It has to be confessed that an impenetrable veil is drawn between the Caucasian and the Tartar mind. The European who has lived half his life amongst them has to acknowledge that he has been able to enter but a little way into the mysterious jumble of habits and conventions which may be called the character of the myriads who inhabit China. To the Japanese the maze is not so unthreadable. A quick-witted Japanese officer has the clue to the puzzle and knows accurately enough the springs that move the men whom he trains. There is the




CHINA'S DILEMMA

—*Kladderadatsch*, Berlin

Russia is pulling in front and John Bull behind

material for millions of fair soldiers in China. It only needs to have the breath of self-respect and confidence blown into its nostrils to make it a formidable auxiliary force to the ant-warriors of Japan.

Russia does not want to wait until this transformation takes place. This is the accepted time, if everything else were in a satisfactory shape. That they are not we, of course, know. She is not as well organized in Manchuria as she will be later on. She is connected with her real base four thousand miles away by a single line of railway, about which we have various accounts. An American traveller just returned from there describes the road-bed as good and the management all that could be desired. Other accounts are to a quite contrary effect. The weakest feature of it is that it passes for hundreds of miles through disaffected territory. It will be surprising in case war breaks out if it be not found a task of immense difficulty to keep the track intact on the Manchurian section. The country is absolutely lawless, full of robber bands to whom the wrecking and looting of trains would be exquisite pastime. A large body of troops would be needed to watch the railway, and they could not be very well spared from the operations against the main enemy.

These considerations pull different ways, one counselling to strike now, the other counselling a halt in order to achieve a greater state of preparedness. A factor that defies calculation is the will of the Czar. He has undoubtedly strong leanings towards peace and altruism. He is not a man of war. A number of eager soldiers have been of frail body. William of Orange had but little to support him in the field but his indomitable spirit and the sense of the great interests with which he was entrusted. The Czar resembles the Prince in the uncertainty of his health, but it remains to be proved whether he has his spirit. A great Russian army in the field facing the foe and the Little Father at the Winter Palace would be something wholly unprecedented and inexplicable to the Russian troops. Whatever a man does well, that he is fond of doing, but as the Czar has none of the tastes, nor even the robustness of a military leader, war, we may be sure, he would willingly avoid. He may be swept along, however, by something far more powerful than himself. The movement of the Russian avalanche across Asia has been an irresistible impulse eastward. To change the figure, it is a vast river which breaks down all barriers in its compulsive course towards the sea. When one looks at that mass of territory and sees

how land-bound it is both in Europe and Asia, he feels that he is looking at some huge living bulk that is being smothered by its own very magnitude. Its instinct for a front on some ice-free sea is an instinct of self-preservation, and will not be given up without a struggle that will shake the earth.

HISTORY REVERSES ITSELF: OR, PAPA JOSEPH TAKING MASTER ARTHUR A PROTECTION WALK

PAPA JOSEPH—"Come along, Master Arthur. Do step out!"

MASTER ARTHUR—"That's all very well, but you know I cannot go as fast as you do." —*Punch*

[The small picture represents an old cartoon in which "Papa" Cobden is dragging "Master" Robert Peel along. The reading matter is the same for both cartoons.]

Can Japan carry on the other side of so mighty a contest? To deem so a few years ago would have been thought preposterous. To think so now is a tribute to the great advance which the new nation has made in the estimation of the world. It is a question impossible to answer, but given equal morale, the odds are in favour of the little men. Modern tactics favour the light, active soldier, who is largely his own commissariat and camp-manager. The big Russian peasant is a stubborn, tough fellow, but he is neither so resourceful nor so self-sufficient as the Jap. The first round of the controversy will be debated at sea, and if Japan were subdued there Russia would virtually hold all the other cards, for unimpeded communication between Corea and Japan would be indispensable to the latter. If, on the other hand, Japan carried the broom in the straits of Corea the ultimate victor would be very hard to pick. The Japanese commanders have had more recent experience than their Russian opponents in pitched battles and the movements of large bodies of men, and their military students have been keenly observant witnesses of all recent struggles of importance. Those who saw the Japanese officers with the American army in Cuba and with the British army in South Africa, will testify that they have taken full advantage of their opportunities. Russia must be prepared to face the very latest ideas which the long-range magazine rifle has made imperative in twentieth century warfare. Have any of the European nations with their "five-meal,

AN INCONSIDERATE PATIENT

MR. BULL—"Sinking rapidly?" Nonsense! I never felt better in my life! Look at my figure!

DR. C.—Figures don't signify. You take my word for it that unless you swallow this specific you're a doomed man!—Toronto *Globe*.

meat-fed men" and big battalions and martinet organizations really profited by the lessons of recent wars? It is doubtful if they have. Japan has no traditions to abandon. She is beginning all things with a clean slate and an adaptable people.

Will any of the other European powers be involved? Great Britain is bound by treaty to come to Japan's aid should she be attacked by more than one power. France and Germany prevented Japan from obtaining a foothold in China, the reward of her victory in 1900. Will they still adhere to that policy? It is far more likely that the two combatants will be allowed to fight it out, but we may be sure that Great Britain will never again, if she can help it, allow Japan to be choused out of the fruits of her enterprise and valour. Japan is fighting the battle of the open door, and for that reason alone she has the sympathy of Britain and America.

While Russia is busy on the Pacific Coast, Lord Curzon is trying to anticipate her in Tibet. The British expedition is moving in the direction of Lhasa, although it is said without any intention of entering the sacred city. The Tibetans under the leadership of a Chinese officer are said to be preparing to resist the advance of the foreign devils. That is usually the preliminaries to subjugation, or the bringing of a country within the "sphere of influence." Some imaginative person has put forward the idea that there is a project in the minds of empire-builders to construct a railway across Tibet which would connect India with the highest navigable point of the Yang-tse-kiang. This, it is argued, would bring the fairest region of China so completely under British influence that Russia's acquisition of Manchuria could be regarded with composure. This is one of the dreams that someone who is not a dreamer comes along and transmutes into steel rails and cedar ties.

And the morality of it all? What right has that busy, masterful Caucas-

ian race to be pushing people from their stools in this way? The question involves the whole of this continent. Why did Columbus discover it? If he had left it alone the Iroquois would still be pursuing their exhilarating business of scalping the Algonquins, if the stock still held out, and all this fair land on which ninety millions of Europeans expatiate would be the theatre of the strife of tongues and totems of a few wandering Indian tribes, scratching the ground in infrequent and inconsiderable patches for the production of a handful of maize. Is the law of the survival of the fittest immoral? If so, Nature is immoral.

MAZEPPA!—Boston *Herald*

From this latter standpoint the British expedition into Tibet is suspect. Russia has been opening up communications with mysterious Lhasa. By her knowledge of and sway over the Buddhist tribes on the borders of Tibet she has established a filmy connection with Lhasa and perhaps its ineffably holy resident, the Dalai Lama. Visits have been exchanged between Russian Buddhists, who visited Lhasa and those of Tibet, some of whom were received by the Czar in person. Indian policy has consistently opposed the acquirement by Russia of any territory immediately adjoining India. Russian influences in Persia and Afghanistan have been firmly resisted, and there can be no doubt that the expedition into Tibet was prompted by the fear of Russian intrigue. The adventures of European powers in Asia is the most striking historical and developmental feature at the opening of the century. In his budget speech recently Lord Curzon alluded to it. "As the European powers," he said, "arrive upon the scene and push forward into the vacant spots, we are slowly having a European situation re-created in Asia with the same figures on the stage. The great European powers are also becoming the great Asiatic powers; already we have Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany and Turkey; and then, in place of all the smaller European kingdoms and municipalities, we have the empires and states of the East, Japan, Tibet, Siam, Afghanistan, Persia, only a few of them strong and robust, the majority containing the seeds of inevitable decay." It is to meet this situation, to strengthen India against the time that is coming, that so much concern is exhibited for the Persian Gulf and now for the situation in Tibet. It is evident that the last condition of that continent is likely to be worse than the first.

*JOHN A. EWAN*

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## TREATY-MAKING POWERS

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, as the head of a Government and the chief officer of a people who felt keenly the treatment meted out to this country in connection with the negotiations concerning the Alaskan Tribunal, rose in his place in the House of Commons in Ottawa on October 23rd last and uttered some remarks which will be historical. Such is the power of a premier when the opportunity occurs. He tried to locate the cause of Canada's defeat in the Alaskan Boundary Award and used the following words:*

> "The only thing that we feared in having a tribunal composed of six members was that there should not be the condition of finality, but there is the condition of finality as the tribunal has been composed. But the difficulty is not there. The difficulty, as I conceive it to be, is that so long as Canada remains a dependency of the British Crown, the present powers that we have are not sufficient for the maintenance of our rights. It is important that we should ask the British Parliament for more extensive power, so that if ever we have to deal with matters of a similar nature again we shall deal with them in our own way, in our own fashion, according to the best light that we have."

Immediately all watchers of political progress were alert. Sir Wilfrid had said something important, had indicated where the Colonies would seek for the next instalment of self-government, had shown what was to be the next step in that long course of nation-making which had given character to the colonial development of the nineteenth century.

In an interview which appeared in the London *Daily Mail* of December 22nd, Sir Wilfrid explained that it is not absolute power of treaty-making that Canada demands. Treaties will still be subject to the veto of the sovereign. Canada must be permitted to arrange the preliminaries of all treaties affecting her trade and territory, so that the Canadian Government will not be in the position Lord Onslow placed her in March last* when he signed the treaty while Canada's protests were still unsatisfied. If Canada had possessed the power to arrange the preliminaries in the recent international dispute, says Sir Wilfrid, she would not have accepted the three representatives whom the United States chose to represent it on that Tribunal.

Although this is the first time that a Canadian Premier has declared in favour of this extension of self-government, it is not the first time such a proposal has been made. In 1882 the Hon. Edward Blake, then leader of the Liberal Opposition, made an important speech on Commercial Treaties. He laid stress on the growth of the intellectual and political character of a community as concomitant with its material progress. Self-government was necessary to both kinds of progress. The steady advance and increased capacity of Canadians had been followed by greater self-government. Canada controls her own trade and tariff, but "what is wanted is communication and negotiation with those powers and countries with which we desire to enter into freer commercial relations." He complained that England in negotiating commercial treaties did not consider colonial trade interests, and that complications and delays were involved in references of Canadian trade matters to the English Departments. The

* Hansard, 1903, p. 14,817.

* Cf. F. C. Wade's article in this issue, p. 336.

conclusion of the resolution which he offered ran thus:*

"That it is expedient to obtain all necessary powers to enable Her Majesty, through her representative, . . . to enter by an agent or representative of Canada, into direct communication with any British possession or foreign state for the purpose of negotiating commercial arrangements, tending to the advantage of Canada, subject to the prior consent or the subsequent approval of the Parliament of Canada signified by Act."

In 1889 the House of Commons rejected a resolution offered by Sir Richard Cartwright looking to the acquisition by Canada of the power to negotiate "commercial arrangements tending to the advantage of Canada, subject to the prior consequent or subsequent approval of the Parliament of Canada, signified by Act."†

It is to be regretted that such an able writer as Professor Goldwin Smith does not see that colonial self-government is but making a demand for legitimate extension. The Professor takes an altogether too pessimistic view of Canadian progress.

## MUNICIPAL HISTORY

IT is pleasant to note that the history of our institutions is gradually being worked up into permanent form. The writers of most Canadian histories have contented themselves with describing wars, politicians, political happenings, and constitutional changes. They have, in a great measure, overlooked that equally important feature of history, the growth of institutions such as municipalities, banks, railways, newspapers, schools and public libraries.

Municipal history received little attention until recent years, except in a most general way. S. Morley Wickett, Ph. D., lecturer in Political Economy in the University of Toronto, being an enthusiastic student, and not being a celebrated "imported" educationist, recently took up this subject and devoted some attention to it. He wrote an article on "City Government in Canada," which appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* in November, 1901. This was reprinted in the University of Toronto studies in 1902, together with another article of his on "Municipal Government in Toronto," and a paper on Westmount by W. D. Lighthall. He has now issued a second "Study" containing "Municipal Government in Ontario," by Professor Adam Shortt; "Municipal Organization in Ontario," by K. W. McKay; and a revised "Bibliography" by himself. Dr. Wickett has planned future "studies" to deal with the municipal history of the other parts of Canada.

The work of Professor Shortt in the *Queen's Quarterly* and elsewhere is worthy of special mention. His contribution to this latest "study" edited by Dr. Wickett, is a masterly and readable survey of the history of Ontario's municipal government. It begins by describing the democratic ideas in regard to municipal government possessed by the people who occupied the Province in 1791, and the bureaucratic ideas of Upper Canada's first ruler, Governor Simcoe. The people, many of whom had come from the New England States, wished to govern their own towns and townships, to elect their own municipal officers and generally to legislate for the regulation of their local affairs. Simcoe, who was an autocrat of the mili-

* Hansard, 1882, p. 1075.
† Hansard, 1889, pp. 172 et seq.

*The following articles on Municipal History have appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE:

McEvoy, The New County Council, Vol. 7: 148.
Ross, Development of Street Railways, Vol. 18: 276.
Cameron, History of Edmonton, Vol. 15: 99.
Morgan, Founder of Halifax, Vol. 13: 96.
Tupper, Attractions of Halifax, Vol. 13: 347.
Wood, Halifax the Open Door, Vol. 12: 521.
——, Municipal Reform in Montreal, Vol. 12: 457.
Belding, St. John as a Winter Port, Vol. 12: 395.
Shaw, Fire-Fighters of Toronto, Vol. 20: 37.
Durham, History of Vancouver, Vol. 12: 109.
Durham, History of Victoria, Vol. 12: 207.
Belding, St. John, Vol. 15: 49.
Smith, Ottawa, Vol. 15: 57.
Grant, Sault Ste. Marie, Vol. 15: 483.

tary type, reported that the Lower House also "seemed to have a stronger attachment to the elective principle in all town affairs than might be thought advisable." The elective principle from New England eventually won, and is the chief characteristic of our municipal institutions to-day. But it took many years of patient aggrandisement on the part of the people to wrest the right from the autocratic forefathers of the Family Compact. Some of the townships went so far as to exercise rights before they were granted. The towns won their privileges with similar difficulty. Up to 1801 they had no privileges as distinct from the remainder of the district, and the right to hold a "market" was the first special grant to them. The first town to have the right to regulate its police was Kingston, and that did not occur until 1816, the year the first public school act was passed. York, Sandwich and Amherstburg were granted similar privileges the next year. After this progress was slow until 1832, when the town of Brockville was given a body corporate, known as the President and Board of Police of the Town of Brockville, and from that time the powers of the Judges in Quarter Sessions began to decline in favour of municipally elected bodies. In 1834, York was incorporated and elected its first Mayor. The whole of Professor Shortt's paper is well worth several readings, and perhaps one may be permitted to express the hope that the other provinces may be fortunate enough to possess a Professor Shortt, who will systematically and lucidly explain to them the current of their history.

The paper by K. W. McKay, editor of the *Municipal World*, is also of considerable importance. It explains the organization of each municipality in Ontario, and the duties of each officer. Especially interesting are the paragraphs on the newer features, such as Boards of Health and Houses of Industry.

The history of our municipalities is important because it is only through this history that one can gain a clear idea of the course which future progress is likely to take. There must be progress and there must be reform, especially in the larger cities. At the present time the municipal bodies are asked to perform more than is reasonably possible. The legislative function must be separated from the administrative, and the latter vested in permanent officials. This seems the most feasible solution of present difficulties. At present too much is demanded of the Mayor and Aldermen. Their ability and their time are limited; their work is practically unlimited. Citizens with reputations and businesses which make them impregnable to the assault of franchise-seekers and other kinds of "grafters," are loth to allow themselves to be chosen for offices which demand so much time and attention, and which would make them feel the pressure of strong corporations whose interests are not identical with the civic interests. A reform of some kind is necessary in order that good government shall be maintained in large cities.

## RELIGIOUS TAXES

IN a certain constituency in Ontario, not long ago, a new church was being built by a certain religious body. The member of Parliament was, of course, asked to contribute to the subscription list although he was not a member of that religious body, nor did he reside within twenty miles of the parish limits. He gave $25. Later it was intimated to him that $50 was the amount required.

This is the sort of delicate blackmail which prevails all over Canada. Members of Parliament, mayors, reeves, aldermen, councillors and those appointed by popular vote are blackmailed on every hand. Of course, it is delicately done. There is no compulsion. Yet the man who has the hardihood to refuse soon feels the scorn of those who expected his donation. The practice is reprehensible, and its hideousness is not lessened by the fact that

THE OTTAWA GENERAL POST-OFFICE—DAMAGED BY FIRE LAST MONTH
PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. PITTAWAY

religious bodies are the worst offenders. The main result is that honest members of Parliament and other publicists are crowded out by men who accept presents, "rake-offs" and "percentages" and then square their consciences by distributing the moneys so received to charitable and religious organizations.

The Toronto *News* does morality a service in pointing out that no less a personage than Lord Macaulay refused to make any presents to his constituents in the form of race-balls or subscriptions. He confined his giving to the same occasions as would have justified it if he were not the member for Edinburgh. Canada could bear an infusion of Lord Macaulay's principle. The politicians are blamed for perpetuating corruption, but the churches and the people are by no means guiltless. The keenness with which they hasten to rifle the pockets of the man who offers himself for election to any office is the most indelicate kind of highway robbery.

## THE COLONIAL MILITIA

There is one military journal in London which has become seized of the true essence of the Colonial spirit. The *Broad Arrow* says that it is the greatest mistake to expect the Colonial military authorities to slavishly copy the regular army. They should be left to work out their own special military ideas.

That is common sense. The Colonials are endeavouring to provide the militia with training and equipment suitable for Colonial service, and to establish a system which will not continually give rise to a public cry for "military reform."

*JOHN A. COOPER*

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

## CANADIAN WOMEN

CANADIAN women have been little written about in books, and they are seldom glorified except in a stray poem or an occasional paragraph in a general work on the Canadian people. There are few Canadian novels which glorify the female or portray a typical woman. The men and their doings fill the public eye. For example, in Prof. Roberts' excellent history of Canada the word woman does not appear in the index. The same is true of Mr. Kingsford's ten-volume history and Mr. Bourinot's numerous books. Even that gallant bachelor, Mr. Castell Hopkins, failed to include a chapter on women in his five-volume compilation, "Canada: An Encyclopædia." In volume IV of this work, Dr. Torrington has an article on Musical Progress, and Madame Albani is the only woman especially mentioned. This is followed by an "Historical Sketch of Music in Canada," by Mrs. Harrison, and even here women are only incidentally mentioned. In volume V there is a section devoted to Canadian literature and a paper by Thomas O'Hagan on "Canadian Women Writers"—the only tribute to women in the whole work.

The National Council of Women of Canada, which was formed in 1893, produced the first important book, devoted to the "Women of Canada: Their Life and Work." It was prepared by the Council for distribution at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and is a most valuable index to the position and character of the female portion of the community. The headings of the chapters will give some idea of the scope of the volume:

Past and Present of Canadian Women.
Legal and Political Status.
Professions and Careers.
Trades and Industries.
Education.
Literature.
Arts, Handicrafts, Music and the Drama.
Nationally Organized Societies.
Church Work.
Charities and Reform.
Social Life.
Immigration.
Indian Women.

The women of Canada are second to none in the world for physical strength, homely virtues, graces, accomplishments, scholarship and intellectual vigour. They deserve more praise and attention than they have yet received at the hands of the book-makers. True, the newspapers have, in recent years, devoted greater space to their work and activities. These women's pages are founded in reason, but rarely edited with common-sense or intellectual balance. They are stuffed with guff, clippings and general nonsense. They are as often as not made up of stealings from the various feminine publications of other countries, usually quite unreliable and quite unsuitable for their audiences. These women's pages should have the immediate attention of the

National Council. There have been some weak attempts to found a journal devoted to women's interests, but they have never been productive of much good. There is one Canadian feminine publication now collecting dollars from an easy public, but it is hardly more than a reprint of a United States publication of the same name.

All this is but preparatory to what follows in succeeding paragraphs.

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"Types of Canadian Women and of Women who are or have been Connected with Canada,"* is the title of a new book. The editor thereof is Henry J. Morgan, whose mind contains more historical data and undigested historical facts than that of any other Canadian. He is styled editor, but would be much more accurately described as compiler. This book is not edited, unless the writing of an introduction and the production of an index may be termed editing.

MRS. FITZGIBBON (LALLY BERNARD) — JOURNALIST
FROM "TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN"

The volume contains the portraits of 354 women, past, present and future, with a short article on each. The arrangement is alphabetical, which brings La Vénérable Marguerite Burgeoys, founder of the Congregation de Notre Dame, who came to Canada with Maisonneuve in 1653, opposite to Mrs. Bowring, a native of St. John, whose husband was once Mayor of Liverpool. It brings La Vénérable You D'Youville, a sister of Vérendrye, founder of the Grey Nuns of Montreal, opposite Lady Edgar; and Madame Gamelin, founder of Le Soeurs de la Providence in 1844, opposite Miss Dunlop-Gemmill, who was born in Canada, left it an infant, and has not since returned. It forces the reader who desires to know the names of those who have succeeded on the stage to examine the whole book carefully. It entails the same task on those who would read of celebrated writers, philanthropists, nurses, elocutionists, violinistes, or poetesses. In fact, the alphabetical arrangement prevents any classification without serving any useful purpose except that of

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, large quarto, 380 pp.

rendering the alphabetical index useless. Here is where the editor of a work of such pretensions would have been expected to show his skill.

If there had been a classification of some kind Marguerite Bourgeoys, Madeline of Vercheres, Madame de la Peltrie, D'Youville, Madame Gamelin, Lady Johnson, Lady Dorchester, Laura Secord and other historical women might have been grouped together. Such famous society leaders of the early period of the nineteenth century as Lady Sarah Maitland, Lady Seaton, Mrs. Simcoe, Mrs. (Judge) Haliburton, Mrs. William Lyon Mackenzie, Countess Durham, Mrs. Allen Napier McNab, Lady Lafontaine, Lady Hincks and Lady Head would have brought the history along another fifty years. A group of writers would have embraced Mrs. Susanna Moodie, Mrs. Traill, Madame Leprohon, Miss Machar, Miss Louise Murray, Miss Barry, Miss Saunders, Miss Lily Dougall, Mrs. Cotes, Lady Edgar, Miss Wood, Mrs. Coleman (Kit), May Agnes Fleming, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, and a number of other interesting literary figures. A group of actresses would have included Sallie Holman, although she was not born here, Mrs. Buckland (Kate Horn), Miss Mather (Margaret Finlayson), Clara Morris, Louise Baudet, Miss Prentice, who was born in England, Mrs. Stuart Robson, Mrs. Hoyt, May Irwin (Ada Campbell), Margaret Anglin and Julia Arthur. And so the reader might have expected to find the violinistes, the nurses, the philanthropists, the society leaders and those of official prominence. Some such arrangement would also have made it less possible for the "editor" to include some portraits of persons who have no claim whatever to prominence. There are at least twenty-five portraits of women who have no scintilla of right to be mentioned in such a work as this.

True, there is an "Index to Places and to Subjects," but it is ill conceived and clumsily done. "Authoresses" is quite acceptable, but imagine the following in the index of a book on women: Army, Balls, Bar, Baronet, Bathed in River Jordan, Birthday Celebration, Cawnpore, Half-breeds, Italy, Only Likeness ever Taken, and World-wide Reputation. Artists, Actresses, Authoresses, Beauties, Benevolent Work, Education, Entertainments, Governors' Wives, Journalists, Nursing Profession, Peeress, Philanthropist, Presented at Court, Society Leader, and Vocalists, are proper terms in a cross-index, but these are smothered in a multitude of useless references.

"Women Living Abroad" would be a useful classification both in the book and in the cross-index. It would have included such names as: Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain (Miss Williams, of Port Hope), Mrs. Walter Chamberlain (Miss Gilmour, of Quebec), Lady Musgrave and her sisters, Mrs. Calthorpe and Mrs. Chaplin, all of whom were Dunsmuirs, Lady Clarke, Lady Glen-Coats, Mrs. Clifford Cory and Lady Carew, Mrs. Cunard, Mrs. Curtis (Miss Drury, of St. John), Lady de Blaquiere (Miss Desbarats), Mrs. De Horsey, The Viscountess Dillon, the Baroness Macdonald and many others.

Perhaps one must not expect too much of a man working in a pioneer field; but, nevertheless, a book review is useless if it be not frank and suggestive. Perhaps Mr. Morgan will remedy some of these defects—if he agrees with this opinion—in his next volume.

Yet, far be it from me, to disparage this excellent work. It might easily have been better, but it is good. The pictures of 354 Canadian women, of whom nearly 300 are of some importance, cannot be collected without much labour and patience. The leading events in the lives of each are not always given, but they are usually given. This collection of events must represent a great deal of endeavour on the part of Mr. Morgan. No doubt these are accurately set out. Mr. Morgan is usually reliable; this may freely be said of him, even if one feels that he has not shown the full measure of ripe judgment which might

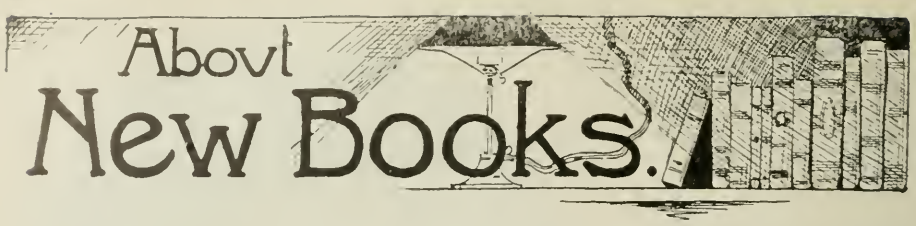
reasonably be expected. He is a painstaking worker and he knows his men and women. He lacks the philosophy which enables some writers to get down to the foundations of things, but he has a keen scent for an historical fact or date. The reader of these little biographies may gather much for his or her historical edification; nay, learn many facts about the women of to-day and yesterday which are worthy of being remembered. No woman may read this volume through without being stimulated—stimulated through her vanity, perhaps, but nevertheless stimulated to good purpose. She will learn a new lesson, a lesson which has done much to keep men virtuous, honourable and patriotic throughout countless generations. She will learn that the woman who aims to be a true help-meet to a husband who is called upon to render service to the public is not without her reward; that the woman who labours to enlarge the joys of her fellows in art, music or literature may have her name enrolled upon the scroll of honour; and that the woman who labours to uplift her race and alleviate its sufferings will be kindly remembered when her work is done.

In so far as Mr. Morgan's work is an inspiration for good, it must be praised. In so far as he has preserved facts and faces which might have been lost and forgotten, he must be credited with a public service. This praise and this credit are due him for what is a really valuable compendium of information about Canadian women. *S.*

MADAME LEPROHON, POETESS
FROM "TYPES OF CANADIAN WOMEN"

## THE PRINCESS LOUISE

The younger generation of Canadians do not remember the Princess Louise during her residence here, when she was so greatly respected and admired. The Duchess of Argyll, as the Princess is now generally called, is at once the most retiring and the most original member of the Royal family. She is curiously unlike any of her brothers and sisters, though she has always shared the late Empress Frederick's love of, and skill in, every form of art. She is a really fine sculptress, succeeding far more in this branch than in that of painting; and her presentment of Queen Victoria as the Maiden Queen is certainly most charming.




### QUEBEC AND ITS HISTORY

THE city of Quebec has many admirers and several historians. A volume concerning this "ancient capital," by Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude Bryan, has recently appeared. On the heels of that large, illustrated work comes a handsome volume, somewhat smaller in size but containing almost as much material, from the pens of A. G. Doughty and N. E. Dionne.* The first-mentioned history is written by men who know something of words and their meanings, who make phrases and sentences which vividly portray the picturesque scenes they describe, and who are able to make a story of what they have to tell about the historic city. It is a delightful book to read, yet it is wonderfully inaccurate in details. On the other hand, the second history is written by men to whom facts are more than impressions, language or style. It is more accurate, but much less vivid and picturesque. Perhaps the most prominent fault of the book is the absolute disregard of the rules which are supposed to guide writers in the construction of paragraphs. The illustrations of the first book are in all mediums, line-cuts, half-tones and photogravures; those of the second book are less numerous, but unified by being all one size and style in photogravure.

Such are the two books. The person desiring to decide which shall be added to his library must choose between brightness and occasional inaccuracy and dullness and general reliability. Probably the only safe decision at which he can arrive is to purchase both. Each has its merits, and both are valuable contributions to Canadian history.

The reviewer does not wish to be understood as guaranteeing the accuracy of the second book. A little slip is inserted at the end of the work giving nineteen corrections, and there are some errors which missed the eyes of the authors. Nevertheless, it must be said to the credit of these two writers that in this work, as in previous books, they have aimed at accuracy, and have been at considerable pains to provide against errors. On the other hand, Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Bryan have apparently not used all the diligence which might be reasonably expected.

There is another difference between the two books, although it does not condemn the one as compared with the other. That by Parker and Bryan neglects small and unimportant facts, and lays stress on those of paramount importance, while that by Doughty and Dionne possesses less perspective and aims to chronicle all things great and small. The latter volume somewhat resembles Robertson's "Landmarks of Toronto," although it is not quite such a storehouse of historical rubbish. In other words, Parker's book is a general history despite its small inaccuracies, while the Doughty and Robertson books are local history with the necessary plethora of unimportant dates, and small, if interesting, facts.

* Quebec Under Two Flags; a brief history of the City from its foundation until the present time. By A. G. Doughty and N. E. Dionne. Quebec: The Quebec News Co.

### WORLD'S CHILDREN

On account of its beautiful colour-plates, "World's Children" is one of the most admired books of the recent publishing season. The hundred plates in colour, reproduced from paintings by Mr. Mortimer Menpes of children of

different races, form the volume's feature of primary interest. He and his daughter Dorothy are great travellers, as the books which they have made together show; and the text of this book consists in Miss Menpes' piquant descriptions of the children of twenty-five different races and countries in which she and her father have sojourned. The Boston *Transcript* sums it up as "the most delightful picture gallery of the season."

Together they visited India during the time of the Durbar, and made a superb record in colour and description of the greatest colour scheme the modern world has ever seen. "The Durbar" was published a month or two ago. The reproductions in these two books were made under almost ideal circumstances—the plates were engraved by Miss Maud Menpes, and the pictures were printed in colours under the artist's supervision at the Menpes Press.

## NOTES FROM "THE BOOKMAN" (LONDON)

"Sea Puritans" is the title of Mr. Frank T. Bullen's new novel, the MS. of which has just been placed in the publisher's hands.

*The Academy*, which is making excellent progress under the able editorship of Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, is publishing a most interesting series of articles by John Oliver Hobbes, under the general title "Letters from a Silent Study."

The late Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, whose sudden death is so generally regretted, has, we believe, left two novels still to be published. One, at any rate, entitled "The Last Hope," is to be issued serially in the *Illustrated London News*, beginning in January.

Major Martin Hume has arranged to write a new historical work, which will be entitled "The Wives of Henry VIII." A new edition of Major Hume's "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," will be published in January by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. It will be thoroughly revised, and will contain additional chapters by the author.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a number of short parodies in verse under the general title of "The Muse among the Motors." By the bye, we believe we are correct in saying that Mr. Kipling owns and drives, or is driven in a "Lanchester," which, as our readers are probably aware, is a car wholly manufactured in this country.

There is a fashion in novels as much as in frocks, and just now the story of colonial life is all the vogue. Mr. E. G. Henham has turned to the early history of Canada for his latest book, and the scene of "The Ploughshare and the Sword"* is laid in Quebec, at the time when Richelieu's foreign policy was at its zenith. In deference to prevailing fashion, it is described as "a tale of empire," but it is imperial in the best and broadest sense. Mr. Henham's position as a writer of boys' stories is well established, and he is one of those who are helping to fill the gap left by the lamented Mr. Henty. "The Ploughshare and the Sword" is a stirring story, with the vigour and directness which appeal to a boy reader.

Mr. Jacobs is so delightfully amusing that it is easy to overlook the fact that he is also an artist. As the reader shakes with laughter at the irresistible humour of his dialogue or the ludicrous predicaments of these simple sailor-men, so childish in their diplomacy, he is tempted to regard Mr. Jacobs as a mere jester. Nothing could be more unjust, for this crispness of dialogue and spontaneous humour are not accidental, but the product of conscious art. These sketches of riverside and village life are drawn with perfect finish and the nicest discrimination between necessary and superfluous detail. They abound in subtle touches which show the keenest observation and insight. Nothing is more admirable about Mr. Jacobs' work than what he leaves out; in other words, he is master of that most difficult me-

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

dium, the short story. Like all artists, he is versatile, and lest we should be disposed to think that the bargee and the night watchman have a monopoly of the gift of repartee, he shows in "Odd Craft"* that the seemingly stolid villager is just as plastic in his deft hands. For Mr. Jacobs the artist we have the highest admiration; to Mr. Jacobs the humorist we offer thanks.

### THE CHILD'S MIND

The anxious parents and the fussing doctor are always anxious about the child's bodily development, but seldom have the same anxiety about its mental development. School teachers, as a rule, do not admit any development other than is produced by confining a child in a crowded schoolroom so many hours a day and giving it a certain amount of "home-work." Thousands of children are annually injured by this carelessness on the part of parent and ignorance on the part of school teachers—the $300-a-year kind, of course.

Psychologists at first treated child-development as adult-development in lower terms. They worked from that hypothesis. Lately, they have abandoned that and have begun to ask what these mental processes meant to the child, not to what are they analogous in the adult mind. In Canada the pyschologists still belong to the obsolete school, and their theories are, for the most part, useless if not harmful. In the United States child-study has become a rational investigation based upon rational observation and experiment. New works on the subject are being issued from time to time, and the later ones show a more systematic study and theory. Irving King reviews the subject in a small volume entitled "The Psychology of Child Development,"† for which Professor Dewey, of the University of Chicago, has written an introduction. The language is not always simple enough to make it a popular work, but school teachers and college-bred parents will find no difficulty in mastering its theories.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Cloth, 265 pp., postpaid $1.10.

### DICKENS AND THACKERAY

Mr. A. Tennyson Dickens, the eldest surviving son of the great novelist, writes the following letter to the Melbourne *Argus:*

SIR,—While reading the *Argus* this morning I happened to come across this sentence, published under the heading, "In the Papers": —"Dickens, who never liked him (referring to William Makepeace Thackeray), told a friend that he could see nothing to admire in one of Thackeray's novels, then being serially produced."

As the eldest surviving son of the deceased novelist, I can, with every possible confidence, give this statement a most emphatic contradiction. Thackeray died on Christmas Eve, 1863, and was buried at Kensal Green upon Boxing Day, when Dickens was his chief mourner, and wrote a biographical sketch of the great novelist, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* of January, 1864, and which, I think, did full justice to the genius and merits of the author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," etc.

Many a time prior to my leaving England I have heard my father speak in most glowing terms of the wonderful versatility of this great writer.

More than this, I can truthfully say that I never heard him make use of any unkind or indiscreet expression in regard to any author or authoress of his time.

If you will kindly refer to the "Letters of Charles Dickens," published by Chapman and Hall shortly after his death, you will find that these two great writers of the nineteenth century had the most sincere respect, friendship, and admiration for each other's writings.

This paragraph is, in my opinion, incorrect (using a mild expression) in every sense of the word.

As Mrs. Ritchie, a daughter of Mr. Thackeray, is a very great personal friend of my surviving sister, Mrs. Carlo Perugini, I shall esteem it a favour if you will give this letter publicity, in order to do justice to the memory of a writer who never had an unkind word to say about his fellow-scribes. I am, etc.,

A. TENNYSON DICKENS.

October 17th.

### NOTES

*The Canadian Almanac*, issued by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, is the oldest and the best of Canadian refer-

ence books. The issue for 1904 is larger and better than any of its predecessors.

*Queen's Quarterly* for January contains splendid comments on current events by Professor Shortt and Professor Cappon, scientific notes by Professor Carmichael and Professor Nicol, Principal Gordon's Installation Address and several important general contributions.

The man who wrote "When Knighthood Was in Flower" made a hit, or his advertisers did. His next book was not so successful. Now comes his third book, an Indiana Romance entitled "A Forest Hearth." It is an intelligently written, well-constructed tale and will not disappoint any person looking for fiction which will help to while away the idle hours. (Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.)

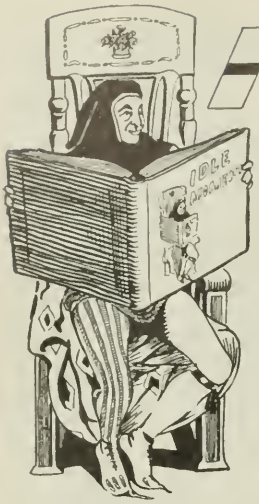
The recent volume on "Journalism and the University," issued by the Copp, Clark Co. in Canada, has attracted considerable attention, which must have pleased Sir Sandford Fleming who was responsible for the competition which produced the essays. It is interesting to note that England has just been given a similar book. This is "Journalism as a Profession," by Arthur Lawrence, with a chapter by Alfred C. Harmsworth, and a preface by W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row E.C.)

To those dear persons who consider that love, honest or dishonest, is the chief adventure of life, "Incomparable Bellairs," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, may be duly commended. Bellairs, by your leave, is no less a person than Mistress Kitty Bellairs, who claimed to have had thirty-seven declared adorers in three years, "and never one tired of me yet." Her characteristics, the authors claim, is "a most fastidious daintiness," which might also describe a beautiful piece of linen drawn-work, or a well-groomed female cat. Of course, there are other beautiful characters in the book, but—perhaps the reader would prefer to taste the delicacy without further information.

STELLA E. ASLING

Author of "Crowned at Elim," a Canadian novel noticed last month. Miss Asling has contributed a great deal to religious publications, and is now living in New York

Mr. A. G. Bradley, whose "Fight for North America" is now running in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has written a new book, "Canada in the Twentieth Century," just issued by Messrs. Constable. While written primarily for the English reader, it is of considerable interest to Canadians, since it gives a new point of view. It describes a voyage up the St. Lawrence, through Quebec, Ontario and the West, but ignores the Maritime Provinces. This omission is not to be commended, since the Maritime Provinces are a splendid field for immigrants and investors. It shows, however, that the Maritime Provinces are not keeping "in the swim." The descriptions in the book are written in Mr. Bradley's usual easy style, and at times are decidedly eloquent. It is not by any means a mere compendium of facts or figures.



# IDLE MOMENTS

THE MOUSE OR THE BURGLAR

IT is hard to choose when we must take one of two courses, both fraught with terrible danger; doubly difficult when this election must be instantaneous. Yet a young lady one evening was confronted with this dreadful dilemma: in one startled moment she was forced to choose between the most deadly foes to feminine peace —a mouse and a burglar.

It was after a late supper and when everybody in the house had retired that it occurred to Miss Cora that the huge roast of beef which had been left on the kitchen table would certainly spoil unless at once returned to the cellar. She, therefore, quietly slipped from her bed, descended the stairs, went through the dining-room and halted, as she fancied she heard some one moving as she was about to enter the kitchen. The rooms were entirely dark except for a dim light burning in the hall, which faintly illumined the doorway between the hall and the dining-room. To this point her attention was suddenly drawn by a figure that slowly entered. It was apparently swathed in blood, and carried some enormous weapon. Through the swinging door to the kitchen she glided and hid herself in the pantry. Her heart was beating so tumultuously with fear and excitement that she could hardly follow the movements of the mysterious "burglar," but she felt, rather than heard, his presence in the room. A moment later he was trying the pantry door; and Cora, with the strength of the desperate, was holding the knob in an iron grip. She tried to scream, but fright had robbed her of woman's chief defence. She was now convinced, in her own imagination, that the mysterious intruder was armed with a terrible cleaver, and nothing less than her very heart would satisfy his inordinate thirst for blood.

Then came the crowning horror. She distinctly heard in the wainscoting beside her, a mouse! In a moment it might be on the floor; its tiny body might even brush against her feet!

The door was her fate; on one side a burglar; on the other a mouse!

With a shriek that might have roused the dead, she pushed the door open wide, rushed for the stairway, gained her room, threw herself into bed, pulled the bed clothes over her face, and then cried herself to sleep.

The "burglar" was our friend and fellow-boarder, Sergeant James. He had gone to bed, but, being unable to sleep and assuming that everyone else in the house had long since retired, came down to forage for a bite to eat. In his bath robe of scarlet he appeared to Cora's imagination as a figure drenched in blood. He had neither seen nor heard her; and, a little astonished at the pantry door being so hard to open, was giving it a vigorous pull when it suddenly slammed against him, while a blood-curdling shriek rent the air, and a figure in white flashed by.

He came to my room very pale a few moments later, and presented me with a bottle of whiskey. He said he had

quit drinking himself and he thought I might like to have it. I thanked him, of course, for his courtesy, though I could not but think that his abstinence could not date very far back, and I wondered why it was necessary to get me out of bed to make this presentation at two o'clock in the morning.

At breakfast the whole story came out! Cora, of course, was delighted to learn the identity of her "burglar." As for the Sergeant I am compelled to candour to state that he dropped in to see me on his way to bed that night and, while he would not take back the bottle, he certainly carried away a considerable part of the whiskey.

*E. King.*

■

A MUSICAL CONVERSATION

This delicious bit of conversation actually occurred at one of the gatherings of the Woman's Musical Club of Toronto recently and is vouched for by one who overheard it.

The young woman was one of those intense creatures, full of enthusiasm about her art and absorbed in her studies. The youth was an undergraduate, full of knowledge and wisdom and opinionated to a degree. They had been discussing the art of music in a general way, and she had expressed her unbounded admiration for the work of the German composers.

"Oh, I suppose the Germans are all right enough," said the youth, "but personally I prefer the Scotch composers."

"The Scotch composers?" she replied inquiringly, "I did not know there were any great Scotch composers. I am not familiar with them."

"Oh, yes," he answered confidently, "and I consider the Scotch are by far the best composers. There's Annie Laurie, you know, and things like that. I think they are fine."

"Yes," she returned quietly, "they are good, and I like Annie Laurie myself, well enough; but then one soon tires of that kind. Now there is Liszt," she added; "I could listen to him for a whole day. And Bach! Bach is simply divine!"

"Bok! Bok!" mused the youth.

"Yes," she replied. "Don't you know Bach?"

"Oh, Bok? Yes, of course, I know," he returned quickly. "You mean the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*"

*E. J. H.*

■

A BAD SIGN

Briggs—Why did you back out of that deal with old Goldgrub?

Wiggs—He got affable and began to be very frank with me, so I got suspicious.

*A. M.*

■

SCIENCE ECLIPSED

Smithers—How did it happen that Professor Astro got no observations of the eclipse?

Withers—Well, you see, he was carefully observing it through his famous telescope when, just as it reached totality, a small boy yelled "Rubber." Before the Professor had caught him and kicked him the eclipse was over.

*A. M.*

■

A MAN OF RESOURCE

Flipjack—I tell you Jackson is a bright man.

Flyly—What has he done now?

Flipjack—He disappeared, and when his wealthy wife offered a reward for him he turned up and claimed it.

*A. M.*

■

POLITICAL CULTURE

Thompson—You seem to consider Balfour an ideal statesman.

Simpson—Of course. Haven't you noticed that he always wears gloves, even when handling live issues?

*A. M.*

■

A CRAWFORD ANECDOTE

"W. B. Yeats, the English poet, got off a good thing when he was at the Franklin Inn for lunch, the other day," said the literary man. "Of course, he's all for art for art's sake, but he told of a woman who once said to Marion Crawford, the novelist:

THE LATEST NOVELTY

"Please, mother says, can you let her 'ave a 'arf ounce of this 'ere Radium she 'ave read so much about in the paper?" —*Punch*

"'Have you ever written anything that will live after you have gone?'

"'Madame,' Crawford replied, 'what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here.'"—*Selected.*

■

## A CHAMBERLAIN YARN

Joseph Chamberlain, in one of his recent tariff reform speeches, told a new umbrella story. Mr. Chamberlain wished to point out that ignorance was to blame for much of the censure that had been attached to his tariff reform scheme. He said:

"Why, my friends, many of my opponents are as ignorant of my proposition as was a certain farmer, many years ago, of the umbrella.

"This farmer had made a journey of some twenty miles on foot to a small town. As he was about to set off for home again a hard rain came up, and his host loaned him an umbrella—a novelty at the time—opening it himself so as to save his friend all possible trouble.

"A week later the farmer took the umbrella back. The weather was bright and fine, but he held the instrument open over his head.

"'This contrivance,' he grumbled, 'is more trouble than it's worth. There wasn't a doorway in the village I could get it through, and I had to tether it all the week in a field.'"—*Selected.*

■

## IN THE NEAR FUTURE

Domestic: "Don't you want to go out this afternoon, Mrs. Manning?"

Mistress: "Yes, Mary, I should like to go out, but I'm afraid it will incommode you."

Domestic: "Oh, never mind me, marm; it's so long since you've had an afternoon off I must insist that you take one to-day. But be sure and come home early. I may have callers, you know, and I shall want somebody to tend the door."—*Selected.*

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

## A DOUKHOBOR CURIOSITY.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. J. A. Magee, of Yorkton, Assa., this department is illustrated this month with photographs of a natural curiosity. These pictures show the front and back of a wooden spoon, carved from white birch by a young Doukhobor. Not only is it a nice piece of carving, but the heart of the wood bears a remarkable resemblance to the ordinary grey owl. Those who have worked with wood know what peculiar effects are occasionally obtained from a piece of wood containing the heart of a tree, and this may be an addition to their stock of "effects." The photographs are by E. Hopkins, of Yorkton.

A WOODEN SPOON

Carved by a young Doukhobor—the heart of the wood showing an image much like an owl

## RUSSIAN PEASANTS

UNTIL 1861 the Russian peasant was a serf, one who renders obligatory personal service in return for the land on which he is bound to dwell. Serfdom survived in Russia longer than in other European countries. In Italy it had quite disappeared by the beginning of the fifteenth century. In France it existed in a modified form until 1789. In Denmark till 1804; in Prussia until 1809. In Austria until 1811; in Saxony until 1832. In Russia the history of serfdom is the gradual lapse of slaves, free peasants and small farmers into one class of serfs, from whom the Czar, Boris Godunof (1598-1605), took away the right of migration. Once tied to the soil they gradually lost their rights, and the power of their owners to sell them apart from the land became recognized late in the 17th century. The poll-tax imposed by Peter the Great led to proprietors being made responsible for their serfs, who, if not attached to a commune or a lord, were treated as vagrants. A reaction began under Paul I (1796-1801), who tried to limit the peasants' work to three days in the week, but it was not until after the Crimean War that effective measures were taken. The dues of the Russian serf were, as usual, labour, money and farm produce, and he was in some cases the victim of cruelty and oppression.

Alexander II ascending the throne in 1855, at a time of complete disor-

RUSSIAN PEASANTS FROM THE PROVINCE OF SAROV
SAROV WAS ONCE OVERRUN BY THE TARTARS, AND THEIR CAST OF COUNTENANCE IS STILL VERY MARKED IN THE PEOPLE
FROM "THE SPHERE"

der in the national economy, the close of the Crimean War, which had so clearly revealed the deficiencies of the Government, the absence of the rights of the people, and the despotism of the nobility and officials, began to reform some of the existing evils. His first work was to abolish serfdom, and Russian society was called upon to accomplish one of the grandest of the peaceful reforms of the 19th century. As a result of his efforts, in 1861, instead of 22,000,000 enslaved people, a free peasant class was created, with considerable power of self-administration within the limits of their community and volost. During the last forty years the position of the peasant has been much improved, although it will take many years to educate them to a proper use of their rights as free men.

At the present time the landless working class is much smaller and much less important in Russia than in the other countries of Western Europe, or in North America. With the introduction of manufacturing the small home industries will disappear and the two classes, so well-known in Canada, viz., workingmen and farmers, will be distinguished by a more marked cleavage than is the case to-day.

### THE CITIZEN'S DUTY

THIS is the time for the good man to get in his work inside the lines of his own political party. The candidates are being chosen for the coming elections; and it is the good man's opportunity to see to it that his party chooses a good candidate. After the candidate is named, nothing under heaven will prevent the party man from supporting him. But the most bigoted party man is open to reason while naming his candidate. He likes best one who promises to command the largest number of independent votes. And this is where the independent man, allied to a party, steps in and says that his vote is to be attracted by a good candidate. In a few weeks, it will be too late in most constituencies to thus affect the composition of the next Parliament. It is too late now in some. But where it is not too late, the good citizen can now do very much to make our next Parliament representative of the best elements in both parties.—*Montreal Star.*

### PROSPERITY

Canada is so prosperous at the present time that every branch of trade is expanding at an even greater rate than during any previous year of marked prosperity. During the year 1903, the liabilities of those who failed in the United States showed an increase over 1902, of fifty millions of dollars. On the other hand, Canada's business failures fell from 1,092 to 956, with liabilities about the same. They might have been expected to increase, as there were two or three large failures due to the financial depression in the neighbouring republic. That they did not do so is a most healthy omen.

### LONDON'S FINANCIAL LAKE

The *British Canadian* of London has the following interesting editorial note in a recent issue:

"Although the B.C. Market has been in a practically comatose condition during the past 12 months, and few attempts have been made to find working capital for new mining enterprises, we hear this week that an enterprising Canadian has succeeded in raising the sum of £300,000 in London during the last few months to develop some large coal areas in Alberta, a feat which will be regarded with envy and astonishment by London promoters. The coal areas in question are situated on the North Fork of Old Man's river, and comprise about 45 square miles, and are owned by the North-West Coal and Coke Co., Ltd. This is a company registered in Canada originally with a capital of three million dollars, since raised to ten million dollars, in shares of $100 each. The coal lands, which the company has been formed to develop, lie just at the foot of the Rockies in Southern Alberta, at a distance of about 16 miles from the Crow's Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is intended almost immediately to construct a branch line, not exceeding 25 miles in length, con-

necting the coalfields with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and for the purpose of railway construction and the development of the properties a sum of £300,000, in 6 per cent. debentures, was recently placed in London, a portion of this sum having, however, been subscribed on the Continent. We understand that no prospectus has been issued. A report on the properties by Mr. F. B. Smith, Coal Mine Inspector for the Dominion Government, states that the coal measures of this company show a very approximate relationship to the coal-bearing areas at Fernie, which are owned by the Crow's Nest Coal Co. The coal seams vary in thickness from two to thirty feet."

### THE SYDNEY BLUNDER

"Two cargoes of Canadian-made iron and steel have been loaded at Sydney within the past fortnight for despatch to Great Britain. At the same time quantities of outside-made iron and steel work are being brought into Canada for use. A better industrial arrangement would turn the Canadian iron into rails, bridges and building material at home."—*Montreal Gazette.*

Canada is reminded every day of this Sydney blunder. When the imitation Morgans and the imitation Hooleys got possession of the Sydney plant they did make fools of the people and the country. They saddled the innocent public with stock at $70, now worth about $10, and the country with a name for blundering which it will take time to wipe out. What a funny story Whitney and Moxham, the two hypnotists, must have to tell their friends! And, no doubt, some of the able financiers in Montreal and Toronto wouldn't like Mr. Moxham to tell all he knows. Some people say that he doesn't know anything, that he never did; but surely he could tell some strange tales about certain banquets and other meetings that were held in Sydney at which champagne was cheap.

But a few years and a few millions will put the business on its feet, and then Canada will have a steel plant (perhaps) the product of which will not require to be "dumped" on the British market to the disgust of honest steel manufacturers.

### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SUGGESTION

The Vancouver *Province* of December 17th contains the following editorial under the heading, "Mr. Chamberlain's Suggestion":

"It is all very well for the English Liberal press to sneer at Mr. Chamberlain's assertion that as Ambassador from the British Government he could arrange with the Colonies an imperial preferential tariff which would be satisfactory to all parties and immensely to their interests, but simple hostility is not argument, and the endorsation which Mr. Chamberlain's proposal has received in Canada, South Africa and Australasia ought to obtain for his suggestion the consideration to which the views entertained by those countries are entitled. The English Liberals refuse, however, to regard the opinion of the Colonies in the matter at all, and demand loyalty and devotion to the Mother Country without any ties of material interest to increase and strengthen those sentiments. That Mr. Chamberlain is the one man in British public life to carry on and successfully complete any such negotiations with the Colonies is the firm belief universally held throughout the British dominions beyond the seas, and no party prejudice or personal animosity which exists to him in the Mother Country should be allowed to stand in the way of securing a consummation so necessary to the nation. 'Posterity will certainly never forgive' either the Government or the political organization which stands in the way of such an achievement."

### RECIPROCITY

It is said that those interested in reciprocity in the United States have been informed from Washington that Sir Wilfrid Laurier steadily refuses to consent to a meeting of the Joint High Commission. Consequently the movement is practically abandoned.

SIR PETER HALKETT

WHO COMMANDED A BRIGADE UNDER BURGOYNE IN HIS FAMOUS DEFEAT ON THE MONONGAHELA

SEE "FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA"

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII TORONTO, MARCH, 1904 No. 5

## A YEAR IN A BOER SCHOOL

*By FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL*

WHEN the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, in March, 1902, paid Canada the delicate compliment of asking for some of her daughters to teach in the Burgher camps of South Africa, there was consternation in many a mother's heart. Could she allow her daughter to live for a year in one of those dreadful, unsanitary places abhorred of Miss Emily Hobhouse?—to spend hours in close contact with dirty little urchins speaking a foreign language—to brave the perils generally of life in South Africa; enteric, bubonic, Kaffir risings, perhaps, in a country then in the grip of war! And there stood her adventurous daughter accepted as one of forty Canadian teachers for Government service, and highly delighted at the fact. She laughed at all her mother's fears, and declared to friends who envied and those who prophesied evil things that she was more lucky than plucky in being able to go.

As events turned out I think the daughter was right, and that the trip was a great opportunity. At the end of the term of service not more than a quarter returned to Canada, most signing two and three-year agreements with the Transvaal Government. The latter was most liberal, and made our long journey as comfortable as one could wish. Incidentally, while in England, we were fêted on all sides, (in one instance taking tea at Kensington Palace with Princess Louise); and once at work in South Africa the dreaded hardships failed to materialize. The Canadian girls were certainly in luck in this respect, for their English and Scotch sisters, who had preceded them by some months, found no bed of roses awaiting them, but rather one of packing-cases. They had to cope single-handed with classes of a hundred children, most of them quite ignorant of English. We late comers entered into the fruits of their labours, and could only wonder, praise and be

DUTCH GIRLS AS PROBATIONERS IN A CAMP HOSPITAL

A GROUP OF CANADIAN TEACHERS ON A STEAMER BOUND FOR SOUTH AFRICA

thankful we had not been of their party.

Yet we rather envied them when they told of their war-time experiences; of the train which had borne some to the "front" in February, 1902, and which had been fired at; of subsequent night alarms in camp, laughable, perhaps, in the morning light, but unpleasant for nervous people. Our experiences, interesting as they were, seemed tame after this; for we had come sauntering up the country in a first-class compartment of a goods train, on what was practically a five days' picnic. The Tommies in the blockhouses along the line cheered lustily that train-load of eager-eyed girls, the first Canadian women to invade the land, though on a more peaceful mission than that of their brothers.

At the distributing centre, Irene Camp, near Pretoria, the "Transvaal," or first contingent of twenty, was broken up into couples, and sent to various large camps. There the girls found themselves representatives of the Empire, together with English, Scotch, South African or "Colonial," and native Dutch teachers to the number of fifteen or a score.

In some places the new comers found comfortable corrugated iron houses awaiting them, but my friend and I thought ourselves fortunate in having a taste of marquee life. We changed our minds when the same night a fearful windstorm made our tent pole totter, and knocked two school tents down. Marquee-life in a South African winter is rather trying, and picturesqueness hardly made up, we discovered, for the shivering toilet in the morning in ice-cold water, for the evenings spent in bed with hot-water bottle, reading by candle light—the only way to keep warm—and for the months of dust storms when we were coated with grime, which sifted over beds and tables and mingled with our food in the mess tent.

SATURDAY MORNING—CLEANING-UP DAY IN A BOER CAMP

It was most unpleasant, too, teaching in the school tents when a sudden dust-storm raged and blinded the patient little children at their slates.

When it rained it simply meant a holiday, for a South African deluge soon floods a veldt tent. But in spite of minor trials our lives were fairly happy. Day by day one knew that the glorious sunshine and cloudless blue sky would greet one on rising—that after one o'clock the hours till bedtime were our own, to do as we liked with, there being none of the drudgery of preparing work that so often falls to the lot of the Canadian teacher. For our amusement there were tennis and veldt hockey, with riding and driving for those who had friends to take them out. Amateur theatricals and music, with dancing and moonlight picnics, filled in the evenings very pleasantly. Not long after our coming we moved into the ugly, yet comfortable, tin and wood house, typical of South African architecture just after the war, when everything that was a shelter was considered a house for the time being. There were few restrictions, and we spent many jolly hours in it, the life reminding many of college days. Chief among the merry-makers were the two Boer girls. And here I might say that, although in some of the camps where Boer teachers were employed there was some friction, there was never any heart-burning where I was, for matters political were never discussed in their hearing, and they themselves kept to a marked reserve on the subject of the war. While not trained teachers, the Boer women did good service in the earlier days of the camp, and I do not think, with a few exceptions, that they used their positions to give false views of English policy to the children, as some feared would be the case.

In very few cases were the children hostile. "Give me the little ones," said a high official of the education department, "and I will make South Africa British in one generation."

I have not the slightest doubt of the great good accomplished by the camp schools in furthering Imperialistic aims. To see, as I have seen, the dullness and apathy fade from the little faces, giving place to an eager, alert look, warming the cockles of a teacher's

A KAFFIR DRIVER—ON THE WAY TO A VELDT SCHOOL WITH THE NECESSARY FURNITURE

heart—to widen their horizons immeasurably and to win their boundless, childish love, is to be glad indeed that we crossed two oceans and lived for months in a Burgher camp.

But no sooner had the efficiency of the organization in such schools asserted itself, than new troubles arose for the harassed officials of the department. The concentration camps month by month sent parents and children back to the veldt, and the educational authorities were left that autumn with a grave question to settle. The hold on the children gained during the war must be kept by some means. Before the Dutch could rally and re-establish their veldt schools the English must slip in and gain the ascendency.

So the "Farm School" came into being. It was an expedient, and, therefore, should not be judged as a permanent scheme of things must needs be. It has many failures to point to; but, on the whole, in my opinion, it has been successful in its object—that of keeping English what had been partly made so in the camps.

Yet the undertaking required much of the unfortunate teacher.

From the almost college-like life among girls of her own age, on the breaking up of the camps she was sent out into the veldt to act as a pioneer. If she were lucky she was sent with a friend; it might have been her deadliest foe, as far as the Government was concerned, which sent them hopefully forth, in Noah's Ark fashion, to eat and drink and live together in happiness or otherwise. The most ill-assorted couples resignedly got into Cape carts, and were taken by the mules from ten to thirty miles into the veldt. With them went their household and teaching equipment; three marquees, tin kitchen and a very good set of furniture and housekeeping gear. They received stores every month, and the South African Constabulary men (or "S.A.C.") brought fresh meat and letters once a week. The tents were pitched near a ruined farmhouse, being rebuilt by its former occupants, then living in a tent alongside. A Kaffir boy was supposed to do the rough work. With salaries of twenty pounds a month, what more could these fortunate teachers want?

After nearly a year's trial of the

HOUSE OF CORRUGATED IRON—TEACHERS' QUARTERS

A BLOCKHOUSE ON THE VELDT

scheme, I think the Government has decided that women, in most cases delicately brought up English girls, are not suited to a solitude *à deux* in the veldt, and they are gradually bringing them in to such towns as are becoming rebuilt and settled, and sending men to the more remote districts. Of course, these have to be more highly paid. No doubt the best plan of all would be the employment of a man and wife; the woman undertaking kindergarten work, and the man teaching the senior classes, which often consist of youths of eighteen and twenty. In the Transvaal, at any rate, the women teachers in the farm schools have had a very dull and hard time of it, and few consider that the money makes up for the isolation (though there will always be many ready to try it). A certain head-master expressed great surprise to me that Canadians should feel this in any way.

"I thought it was what you were used to, you know—roughing it on the prairies."

I may say here that the whole system of the new education in the Transvaal is modelled on Canadian lines, with Lower Province men in high places. The Canadian teachers happily seem to have justified the good opinion formed previously of their system of teaching and, being adaptable, they appear to be generally liked personally. I doubt if Canada will get many of her daughters back, for they are given great inducements to remain.

In some cases, where the girls were within a reasonable distance of a town, and could receive visitors, the months on the veldt were not unhappy; they were treated with much kindness, as a general thing, by the Boers who seemed to highly appreciate the chances offered by their coming. They got education and books free, and in some cases they even asked to have night-schools established, so eager were they to learn English.

Of course things did not always run smoothly, and some districts held many bitter hearts; but, on the whole, the percentage of children attending school was large. In January, 1903, all but 8,000 of the school children of the Burgher camps had been reclaimed, and though I have no figures to show later returns, by this time there can

only be a few hundreds out of the fold, for the monthly gains were great, and new farm schools were constantly being established. This was the work of the District Headmasters, who reported to their Inspectors, who in turn were responsible to Government headquarters at Pretoria. The duties of a District head were various. Two or three days each week he had to "trek" into the veldt and look up promising centres for schools. When teachers were sent he had to take them out and settle them; perhaps turn to and help put up the tents and wrestle with the kitchen stove. He must see that each school had proper equipment of books; that tents blown down were at once put up; and every girl in the district had the privilege of writing to him all her complaints!

The fear of the tent falling made some nervous girls sit out on the veldt during a violent storm, and many found that the straining and flapping canvas gave them nights of sleeplessness and drove some to the verge of nervous prostration. There was the certainty of reptiles, though bravery often came with the occasion, and many a timid girl has killed her snake who in England would have screamed at a mouse.

However, the days of tent life are about done, for after it came the canvas house, a decided improvement. This consisted of two floored rooms of good size, with waterproof walls and roof. Though ugly enough in its box-like appearance, it was really very comfortable. Whenever a school has fifty pupils, houses of wood and tin are shortly to be erected. The veldt-school may in time become a large boarding-school with several teachers in residence; children within a certain radius, who could not otherwise be pupils, will be expected to attend, and will get free tuition and rations. The Transvaal Government is pursuing a very broad and generous policy, and one can only hope that future years will justify it. Only —the Boers are not noted for their gratitude, and what comes easily is not apt to be very highly appreciated.

But the Boer children at least will be tenfold happier. In spite of their lack of truthfulness and sense of honour they are very lovable children. Politeness seems to be instinctive in their hearts. Their submissiveness, docility and lack of mischief make the teacher's morning an ideal one, for seldom is it necessary to resort to even the mildest punishments (though in the town schools, under poor Dutch discipline, in some cases they are rough and unruly, I am told). But this does not mean that the Boer boy lacks spirit. Naturally enough the war has given all his thoughts a martial tinge, and the son of a "bluid-hound" or "hands-upper" (as a National Scout is scornfully termed) has often to knock his reviler down if life would be tolerable. Or let a small pupil tell it in his own words in a letter to his teacher:

"Jongens (boys) they fight very much in the camp. Fiercest (first) they ask if you are funkey. Say you are funkey and they will not fight with you. If you are not funkey they fight, and who wins they will pick him up and shout 'Hip, hip hurrah!'"

Notice the combination of English and Dutch—the children were proud of their learning, and in their games they used a hybrid dialect that was sometimes very amusing.

Dutch children are light-hearted, good-tempered and easily moved to laughter. The motion songs of the kindergarten please them immensely; they copy the teacher's accent and inflection exactly. So fond of learning were they (probably owing in part to the novelty) that they actually disliked holidays in the camp schools. But not all liked the camp itself. The writer of this note was a thorough boy in that he suffered from the pangs of hunger "presently after dinner":

"In this old camp we just get a little food that a person can nearly died from hungry. On our farms we were eating just as much as we lik. I don't know what for they caught us."

The children showed in their letters the great homesickness that possess-

WASHING AT ROOIKOP FARM—A TYPICAL BIT OF SOUTH AFRICAN FARM SCENERY IN ITS PRETTIEST ASPECT. ENGLISH TEACHER IN "KAPJA"

ed them: "I am longing very much to the farm. And the English did come us and my brither is far away. I wis let him come to me, I wis this wor is over."

Some tell the story of their enforced journey to the camp in simple phrases that touch the heart. It is pathetic to note the feeling of captivity. They seem to have thought they were caught like a caged bird.

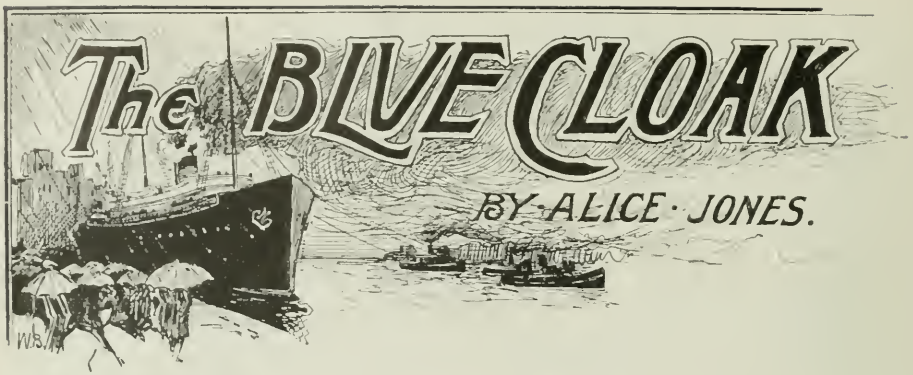
The following are extracts from letters: "Now I am going to tell you how we came in the camp. One day we siting in the house and there came the Kakies to catch us. It was a very hard day to go from our dear old house. We have run away the day the Kakies catches us. My mought was so dry that I can't eat."

"In Bethlehem there was a big fiting with cannon and guns and the boars have run away and the Englishman take us and bring us here seven months. And the English can run fast, and are live now in Boarland, and when the Englishman going they burn houses and catch the people and bring it in camp. And at the farm if we is sick we stay in our homes, but here if we sick we goes to the hospital, and there we died all."

The last three words—are they not pitiful in their calm statement of tragedy? The Boers, superstitious, credulous and ignorant, believe that to be ordered to a hospital is the same as receiving sentence of death. But for a time the awful mortality in the camps must have given anyone the same idea.

That some mothers welcomed the teachers of English is shown by the following naive letter of her small son: "My home is just on a big hill. Its name is Hill Cottage. In duch it is Bultwoning. My mother is a half ot an English girl. She don't want to say the duch name of the house. When we say it she said often 'if you say it again I will give you a whip.' So we don't use the name, we say Hill Cottage."

The last letter in the budget is characteristic of the Boer child in its expression of affection: "I can't tell you how sorry I am you are going away. The news is very scarcely. I must close with my pencil but not with my heart."




AUTHOR OF "BUBBLES WE BUY," *Etc.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BEATTY

ALL DRIZZLING, dreary June day, nowhere more dull and dreary than in the Liverpool docks, that border country between sea and land, with all the drawbacks and none of the advantages of either.

At the Alexandra dock there was the stir and movement that marks a departing steamer. A few cabs and a white London and North-Western bus were drawn up, luggage laden, under the shed. Passengers squabbled with porters over their packages, clerks ran about with important-looking papers, women stumbled against planks and coils of rope and persistently took the wrong direction.

On the wet decks of the vessel the same signs were visible. Groups of people stood about, keeping up the forced smiles and galvanic cheerfulness characteristic of such moments. A half-dozen fresh-looking emigrant girls, going out intermediate, clustered around the matron they were leaving, had already wept until their eyes were red and their handkerchiefs turned into damp balls, though some of the younger were occasionally taking peeps into the paper bags of sweets which had been given to them for consolation. From the main deck arose a babel of many tongues; German, Swedish, Russian and Irish brogue coming mingled from the throng of emigrants.

All this was but a miniature reproduction of the scenes that take place on the sailing of the aristocrats of the sea, the great New York greyhounds, for the good steamship *Huron*, now ready to start in half an hour, was merely a rather old and slow boat of one of the Montreal lines.

Leaning against the railings that ended the saloon deck, just at the point of vantage to command the whole scene, two young men stood, taking in everything; one with a novice's fresh interest, the other with the matter of course air of an old traveller.

If any of the ship's officers or stewards had taken time to glance at the two, which they did not, they would have summarily classed them as "bound for the North-West," for the type of young Englishmen to whom an economical passage is a necessity, was a familiar one on board the *Huron*.

The moneyed magnates of Montreal and Toronto, who are wont to crowd into one or two favourite fast boats, were generally unknown to the *Huron*, where the "society" group around the captain's seat at table was apt to consist of English travellers who had not learned to discriminate between a fashionable and an unfashionable ship, the usual spring crop of English lads starting for the North-West, and a sprinkling of the plainer sort of Canadians, grim old Scotch tradesmen returning

from their yearly business trips with wives and daughters of more or less degrees of refinement.

The two young men did not appear enthusiastic over the prospects of the voyage. "A scratch lot, I must say," growled the younger of the two, Bob Agnew by name. "It seems beastly hard lines that we can't have some nice girls to talk to, when it's the last chance we'll have for many a day. At least, I suppose there are not many feminine charms to be found round the ranch?"

"Not many, unless you count Mrs. MacGlochan," and his cousin chuckled at the thought—"but all the same," he went on, "I wouldn't despair too soon. One always thinks it's a hopeless lot at starting, but the decent people turn up some time or other. I don't know how it is they always manage to hide themselves at first. That young parson down there among the emigrants doesn't look a bad sort. Do you suppose he is coming?"

"Yes, his stateroom is opposite ours, and I heard him being introduced to the captain just now. He is going out as chaplain to the emigrants. Heard him say he is taking the voyage for his health."

"Looks run down," Edward Coppinger commented absently.

"By Jove, look there, on the gangway! You can't grumble now," with a sudden change in his voice, a change continued in his companion's face as he looked and beheld. Crossing the gangway in a leisurely, assured fashion, came a woman, young, tall, clad in the severest and most correct of cloth travelling dresses. The veil over her face was so heavily figured in black lace that the two intent spectators could not get the vaguest of ideas as to what charms it concealed, but there was enough material in the masses of pale yellow hair showing underneath her broad-brimmed hat, and in the perfect curves of the slim figure, to cause Bob Agnew to remark with calm certainty, "Here comes the '*jeune première*' of the voyage! And who's the fellow behind, I wonder?"

"The fellow behind" was a middle-aged, good-looking man, of type and bearing distinctly military. In his hand he carried a small alligator-skin bag mounted in silver, and over his arm hung the heavy folds of a dark blue, fur-lined cloak. Even to the two pairs of masculine eyes the beauty and costliness of these belongings were apparent, though the thoughts of the two were more bent on the man than on his burden.

"He's her husband, I expect," said Coppinger in accents decidedly depressed.

"Looks more like her father," answered the other, always inclined to take an optimistic view of things. "Now, by all the powers that be, young woman," he added in a low voice, "put up that aggravating veil, and let us have a look at you. If you only knew it we are your destined henchmen for the next ten days."

Unconscious of the solemn adjuration, the girl came slowly through the crowd and confusion of the main deck, and up the steps by which they stood. If only she might stumble and require a helping hand! But no, silently followed by her companion, she passed them, and without turning to the right or left, vanished inside the companion-way door. Coppinger looked over his shoulder and chuckled in his dry little fashion. "The parson is as struck all of a heap as you are, Bob, my boy," he said. "Look at him gaping over there on the bench."

## CHAPTER II

THE bell rang, and a stream set shorewards of weeping relatives and friends, a stream which left the decks wonderfully quiet and bare. Women waved handkerchiefs from the wharf; the great hawsers strained; the machinery uttered its faint throb; the *Huron* had started on her westward way. Even as she passed the dock gates, it seemed already strange to see the hurrying passers-by delayed by the lifting of the bridge; the bustle and

turmoil of life on shore was suspended, the calm of the sea had begun.

The two young men strolled the deck, watching the low shores of the Mersey, the bustling ferry boats, the passing ships, and yet keeping a keen lookout for the re-appearance of the veiled lady, who had not come up from below to see the last of her companion as he made his way shorewards.

"She's alone," Bob Agnew had cheerfully remarked as they watched him, "and will require the usual amount of rug-arranging and chair-moving. Now, Neddy, my son, remember Angelina at home and give me my fair share of those pleasing duties."

Coppinger smiled with the happy fatuity of the newly engaged man, and became lost in reminiscences of the parting interview, while his fancy-free cousin meditated over the solving of the problem of the mysterious fair one, at dinner-time. Before that approaching hour, however, those two eminently sociable individuals had already made friends with the Rev. John Hamilton, the thinnest and most cadaverous of young parsons, whose face was wrinkled and lined like that of an old man, though made attractive by the kindly smile that lurked around the eyes and mouth. Being men of about the same age, mutual friends at schools and colleges were soon discovered, and before the steamer had churned her way much beyond the muddy waters of the bar, they had fairly started on that stream of sea talk, which almost always becomes, sooner or later, so strangely confidential. Not having the daily newspaper to discuss, it seems as though people are under some obligation to reveal their past history to their intimate of the hour. Therefore, the Rev. John Hamilton told them how his health having suffered from the work of a curacy in a northern manufacturing town, he had taken this trip as S.P.G. Emigrant Chaplain for rest and change.

Being a conscientious soul, his thoughts seemed much burdened with the charge that he had undertaken. He had been on board for two or three hours, and had made friends with a party of boys from an orphanage who were under his charge, and had cheered up their spirits in the forlornness of the start.

He had already fallen under the spell of the North-West, that curiosity which seizes on anyone who, crossing in these outward-bound Canadian steamers, sees all the young life and energy turning from the old land towards those dark northern regions.

In those regions Coppinger was an old inhabitant, having been over on a short visit to England, and he was as ready as most of his kind to sing the praises of his new home, so that the talk soon echoed with such words as Calgary, Winnipeg, the C.P.R., Rossland and the Klondike. But the watery-looking sun sank lower, the river banks widened, and the dinner bell rang, a summons promptly responded to by most.

On either side of the captain sat Miss MacNab, a mature, over-dressed young woman, and her father, Scotch Ontario people. Next to Miss MacNab came Bob Agnew and his friend, and opposite them, with an empty seat between him and Mr. MacNab, was Mr. Hamilton.

This empty seat was the object of Bob Agnew's keenest interest; but the soup had been served and the captain had already remarked, "Seems as though one of our ladies were ill already," before the tall girl they had watched come aboard, glided past the stewards and slipped into the vacant place.

And the face on which so much speculation had been bestowed? It proved to be a very lovely one, with delicate regular features and faultless oval. Pale though, with the pallor as of recent illness, and with an appealing sadness in the big blue eyes, and around the lines of the sensitive mouth. The yellow hair was combed back in waves from the low forehead. The severity of the dark green cloth bodice seemed to throw the pale colouring of face and hair into stronger relief. Al-

"Silently followed by her companion, she passed them, and without turning to the right or left, vanished inside the companionway door"

together, here was a woman who would have attracted attention in any company, and Agnew felt that he was not disappointed in his expectations.

There was a distinct sensation around the table. Miss MacNab, conscious of her red silk blouse, looked across critically at the newcomer's plain attire; the captain bowed, the two young men opposite sat ready for the first chance of making acquaintance.

But it was the church that had the first innings, for Miss MacNab, turning with an engaging smile to Hamilton, said, "I think we saw you at the Lime Street Hotel this morning. We caught sight of the *Huron* labels on your luggage, and, of course, that aroused our curiosity."

By the time that he had responded to this overture and got his attention clear again, Mr. Hamilton was embarked on the inanities of an opening conversation with the newcomer, and Agnew was forced to take the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table in listening to the remarks exchanged upon the weather, the prospects for

the voyage and such like for some little time before his persistently amiable and conversational bearing won him an including glance from the blue eyes, and even, before dessert had come, a little talk of the same species to his own share.

■

## CHAPTER III

THE first morning out was a fine Saturday, with the sea too still to allow even the lady passengers an excuse for illness.

There were great spyings through glasses, and discussions of half-forgotten geographical facts, as the *Huron* coasted the desolate cliffs of the north of Ireland.

Bob Agnew was in a state of placid self-content. He had by promptness secured the privilege of arranging for Miss Dumeric (for such turned out to be the name of the yellow-haired girl) a chair and rug, and had been rewarded by enough of a smile to feel at liberty to pull up a camp-stool and to start a little conversation.

He hoped that Miss Dumeric was a good sailor. "Yes, she was fortunate enough to be so, although she had never been tried by a very rough passage." "Perhaps she had crossed often?" "Well, it was getting to be a good many times, for she might say that she had two homes, one with her brother in Canada, the other with that dear, good, kind uncle who had brought her on board. Had Mr. Agnew seen him?" "Yes, Bob had seen him. An old soldier, was he not?" "A colonel on half-pay. He had married her aunt when he was a young man stationed out in Canada." "Did Canada seem more home-like to her than England?" "Yes, she thought it did. She had been a child there, and her mother was there, and she loved the Canadian sunshine. England was so dark and gloomy."

This was a view which suited the youth, whose thoughts were all turned towards a future in the new world, and he listened in a state of supreme content while the sweet voice babbled on about her childhood in the old French homestead within a few hours of Quebec, where she had played in the woods and reared her pets—pets which would welcome her next week. "My family of squirrels are six now, but, alas! my dear old Jacco, the grandfather of the tribe, died last month."

All this was very pleasant, and Agnew, as he basked in the morning sunshine, felt that the sea-voyage was quite coming up to his expectations. But, alas! his content was short-lived, for the Captain, strolling past at that moment, said, "I'll show you that chart now, Mr. Agnew, if you like."

It would be a bold man who would tell a Captain on his own deck that he would come presently, so with as cheerful a smile as he could assume, the youth followed the Captain into the chart-room, only to find on emerging a quarter of an hour later, that the parson was in possession of the camp-stool, and, apparently, of the attention of the young woman as well. With gloom in his soul, and yet trying to whistle philosophically, Agnew strolled off to search for Coppinger and to make enquiries as to the starting of a sweepstake for the day's run.

The Rev. John Hamilton was a man who took himself and his profession very seriously, and he intended to put all his energies into his ten days' chaplaincy. He had been spending the time since breakfast down in the steerage, making friends, listening to jerkily told life-histories, whose bald sentences contained the hint of romance or tragedy.

He had come on deck now, his mind full of the arrangements for the Sunday's services, services which, in their necessary amateurishness, seemed rather formidable to his ultra-professional spirit.

A Canadian or an Englishman accustomed to Canada would have at once have associated Miss Dumeric's French-sounding name and her Quebec destination with the Roman Catholic Church, but Mr. Hamilton, who could hardly remember ever to have exchanged a remark with a Catholic that

was not a workingman or woman, had the untravelled fashion of putting down all those whom he encountered on the plane of equality, as belonging, perforce, to the Anglican creed. Thus, when inwardly debating on the material available for an organist and choir, his thoughts turned first towards Miss Dumeric, and he addressed her with his usual simple directness.

"I hope you may be able to help me with the music to-morrow?"

The girl started and flushed nervously.

"To-morrow?" she repeated in rather a confused fashion. "Oh, it is Sunday! I forgot for a moment. And you are going to have service?"

"Of course," Mr. Hamilton said somewhat severely. He was disappointed by her manner. "I thought that perhaps you might have helped me at the piano," he added.

Whatever had been its cause, her momentary embarrassment was over, and Miss Dumeric looked at him with a pleasant friendliness in her eyes as she said gently: "I would like to help you, and I think that I could manage it. I sometimes play the organ in the village church at home."

The Rev. John's face expanded in a cordial smile. It rejoiced his heart to find that this young woman, with the soft eyes and voice, was of the ecclesiastical type.

"That's right," he said heartily. "I think that I have discovered some material for a choir in the intermediate. One young fellow has quite a remarkable tenor voice. We could get them together this afternoon and have a practice."

The prospect seemed to bring back Miss Dumeric's nervousness, for she flushed again and then grew paler than usual, though saying with the same acquiescence as before, "Very well, I will be ready whenever it suits you."

And later in the day, in the long, social hours of the afternoon, which can be turned to such pleasant use at sea, Bob Agnew had the disappointment of only finding an empty chair on deck, and when he went to explore, the more harrowing sight met him in the music-room of Miss Dumeric installed at the piano and Mr. Hamilton fluttering around her in utter absorption.

■

## CHAPTER IV

SUNDAY passed, and helped to shake down the *Huron* passengers into their respective places. The parson was a favourite, there was no doubt about that. A favourite with the emigrants who liked his hearty, sympathetic ways; a favourite with the Captain, whose religious corns (all captains have religious corns) he avoided treading on; and a favourite with Miss Dumeric. Well yes, it certainly looked like it, judging by the time they spent together over their musical preparations, and the interest that the girl showed in helping him. His service was a success. The intermediate and the superior English class in the steerage crowded into the saloon for it; the Captain took the seat of honour in his best coat. Miss Dumeric lead the choir with her clear though not strong voice. It was much above the average of ship's choirs, chiefly through the efforts of a young man from the intermediate, a slim, undersized youth with an unusually good tenor voice. Agnew found himself watching the keen glances with which this young fellow took in everything, especially Miss Dumeric's appearance. "Confound his impudence," he thought, "that last time we were standing up, it almost seemed as though he were trying to catch her eyes in the glass. I believe in keeping the intermediate *in* the intermediate, and not mixing them up with ladies."

The Rev. John preached a short, earnest sermon, and everyone was loud in praise of it; everyone save Agnew, who seizing on his confidant Coppinger, dragged him into a quiet corner and demanded with an air of tragic gloom:

"Did you see that silver cross?"

"Silver cross?" said Coppinger in a dazed fashion. He had just been

"She took her place at the piano to accompany the violinist"

aroused from the beginning of a slumber on the smoking-room sofa.

"Yes, silver cross. She didn't have it on yesterday."

Coppinger was now wide enough awake to know that "she" on board the *Huron* meant Miss Dumeric, so he tried to look both knowing and sympathetic as he answered:

"I think that I *did* see it at breakfast. It's a sign of the way the wind is blowing, Bobbie."

"Bobbie" responded to this with a groan of portentious gloom. "It's all up with being the 'first and only,' so let's drink to a good second in a John Collins, my son," guiding his cousin's footsteps in the direction of the smoking-room. And a very good second he managed to make in the days that followed—days of the usual north Atlantic chill and gloom, culminating in the fog and bitter cold of the ice regions—regions where the Captain's conversation was brief, and his replies were absent, where the passengers excited themselves over bergs as they showed dull through fog, or

glittered white and green in the cold sunshine.

Although it was evident that Mr. Hamilton was Miss Dumeric's favourite companion on a deck walk or in the sheltered corner where her chair was fastened on rough days, still Agnew resigned himself to fate and cheerfully took what he could get. He must talk to someone, and even Miss Dumeric's second best conversation was better than Miss MacNab's honeyed blandishments, so he enjoyed many a half-hour of that young woman's smiles, while the parson was busy amongst his steerage flock, when he would beguile her to the piano to sing little French-Canadian songs.

Towards this universal charmer, Coppinger, in his quiet way, preserved a somewhat cynical attitude. "Whatever does she find to talk to you about?" he asked one day, and Agnew pondered a bit before answering. "Well, I don't know. I think, perhaps, I do a good deal of the talking. She listens and smiles, you know."

"Oh, I see. You do something like the parson whom I heard explaining the history of Arianism to her the other day. Do you talk about Arianism to her, Bob?"

"Don't be a fool! Well, I suppose we talk about shooting and fishing and all those kind of sensible things. There's no nonsense about her. She was awfully interested yesterday when I was telling her about last summer in Norway."

"I see," Coppinger repeated. "Well, it takes a clever woman to listen," with which oracular remark, he strolled off.

## CHAPTER V

THE fog and gloom had lifted, both from the sea and from the Captain's face. The great Atlantic surges rolled clear blue green in the sunshine. Land lay in a grey streak in the north-west; the decks were dry. The happy period of "in the Gulf" had begun, and each and all, from the highest to the lowest, rejoiced in it.

The concert, without which the voyage is stamped as a failure, was now fixed to take place, and although, according to ship's custom, the doctor, a cheery, cheeky young Irishman was the official organizer, still both Mr. Hamilton and Agnew lent efficient aid.

It was Agnew who persuaded Miss MacNab to sing "Marguerite" embellished by her Scotch accent, but it was Hamilton who organized a part song among his intermediate friends. Indeed, the intermediate came out strong in the musical line, for the sallow youth with the tenor voice turned out to be a violinist as well, and was had into the saloon and tried over various things with Miss Dumeric before they settled on Gounod's "Ave Marie." This did not over-much please Agnew, who, ordinarily the most affable of youths, still entertained the most unreasoning dislike for the violinist; but he was propitiated by having the accompaniment to a most sentimental song played by Miss Dumeric. And so, for two or three days, the concert was the principal topic on deck and at table. The piano was incessantly going. The doctor and Agnew prowled about interviewing people with lists in their hands.

The evening had come, the saloon was at its trimmest and brightest with the English and American flags hung over the piano. Most of the ladies had attempted some elaboration of their sea toilettes, but Miss Dumeric showed no change in her plain dark green dress, with the shabby little silver cross dangling at her watch chain.

"How quiet and still she is," thought Agnew, as she took her place at the piano to accompany the violinist. "How far removed she seems from us all. It is as though her thoughts came back from somewhere when we speak to her—I wonder—" What he wondered he scarcely knew, but just then he started with such a vigorous imprecation that Coppinger nudged him warningly. Had his eyes deceived him, or had the violinist, in handing her a piece of music, touched her hand with a quick, peculiar ges-

ture that could scarcely be accidental?

"Whatever was wrong that you made such a mess of that song of yours?" Coppinger asked him afterwards with the frankness of friendship, and Agnew answered, truthfully or not, that "he didn't know." He had heard through a haze of troubled feeling the rest of the concert—the Captain's comic reading, Miss MacNab's song "Marguerite," and then, sad and sweet, rose Miss Dumeric's voice in a pathetic little German ballad. He did not know what there was in that voice that almost brought the tears to his eyes, but the undertone of woe in its sweetness seemed to affect others, for there was a momentary pause before the storm of applause broke out; and Mr. Hamilton, standing beside the piano, showed in his face more plainly than ever, his utter and complete infatuation with the singer.

The concert was over, the half-crowns and shillings were heaped in the plated dessert dishes for the benefit of that omnivorous institution, the Liverpool Seaman's Orphanage, and sitting over the usual indigestible sea supper, the great event was discussed in all its bearings. All the accustomed group was round the Captain's corner, even Miss Dumeric having been persuaded to break through her habit of retreating before supper time.

The Captain pronounced his dictum. "The honours of the evening lie between Miss Dumeric," with a courtly bow in her direction, "and our friend from the intermediate—what is his name?"

"The very non-committal one of Jackson," said Coppinger, consulting the programme, while Agnew, sitting opposite, watched Miss Dumeric with an intentness for which he could scarcely have given a reason.

The girl sat listening with her usual stillness, one hand playing with a quaintly worked silver smelling-bottle that lay on the table before her.

"He seems a very superior young fellow," said the Rev. John, with his usual optimism. "I have had several talks with him, and have taken a great liking to him. He is going out to a brother in New Brunswick. Hopes to give lessons on the violin."

"One could tell that he was a musician by his hands," said the Captain. "I was watching his fingers as he played—long thin fingers that could do anything with a fiddle."

"Or with a lock," put in Coppinger. "I was staying with a cousin, the chaplain of a prison, last month, and he introduced me to one of his show characters—the man who stole the Countess of Perth's jewels. He had just such hands as our friend, Mr. Jackson."

To Agnew's watching, the hands that trifled with the smelling-bottle closed sharply around it, but the blue eyes remained fixed on Coppinger with their same vague wistfulness.

"Talking about jewel robberies," put in Agnew, "did you see the account of another big one in the papers the morning we sailed?"

"No, what was it?" asked the Captain with interest.

"It was an awfully clever affair—Lady Aster's famous diamonds, tiara and necklace, and a lot of smaller things, vanished off her dressing table, when she had only just left her room to speak to some one, and her maid was in the next room. They say there wasn't a clue—"

"Why, I thought that a footman had disappeared," Coppinger said, but the talk was interrupted by Miss Dumeric's smelling-bottle slipping from her grasp and, with a gentle roll of the ship, falling to the floor, spilling its contents.

"Oh, my poor dear coreopsis! That is the very last of it," she exclaimed with more animation than usual.

The general groping that ensued resulted in Mr. Hamilton triumphantly securing the prize. As he placed it in her hands, he said in a low tone:

"Thanks so much for this night's pleasure, but I fear that it has overtired you," for he saw by the electric light overhead that her face was wan and haggard.

"Oh, no, good-night," was all she answered, and was gone.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

# A SEARCH FOR AN IDEAL

*By ARNOLD HAULTAIN*

THE nineteenth century seems to have brought us to the edge of a precipice, and to have left us there gazing wistfully into outer space. That rather smug era led us to believe that we stood on a *terra firma* whence, as from a πού στῶ, we might bridge any chasm that presented. It was a scientific century, and—so it seems to us now—rather a myopic one. Given matter and motion; given a collection of atoms and a law of evolution; given so many nebulæ or so much meteoritic dust, and a few by-laws such as correlation of forces or the conservation of energy—and it constructed you a cosmos. The archetypical thinker of that century was perhaps Herbert Spencer — peace to his *manes*, he who based a sort of philosophy on a sort of science and summed up the universe in a single, if a somewhat cumbersome, sentence — "a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations" — a sentence which led an acute philosophical historian with a subtle but engaging irony to remark that "the universe may well have heaved a sigh of relief when, through the cerebration of an eminent thinker, it had been delivered of this account of itself."*

But things have changed since Spencer's day. Materialism, we begin to think (Ernst Haeckel *contra*), does not explain everything. The *terra firma* is not as solid as it looked, and we see before us a *terra incognita* without any foothold from which to bridge what appears to be an unconscionable length of span. Where once we talked glibly of material atoms as if they were tangible, visible, ponderable Things-in-Themselves, we now flounder first among vortex rings, then among ions and electrons. Even "motion" and "force" begin to be suspected. If motions are changes in space occurring in periods of time; and if space and time are but modes of thought, it is difficult, in a material world, to know where we stand. So "force," they now tell us, is a figment of the mind, a mental subterfuge by which to explain sequences of phenomena. To evolution we have clung long—and perhaps rightly; it is, at all events, a moving rule. But what it is, what set it agoing, whereto it leads, no one knows. Nor are these upheavals confined to Science. Theology has felt them. The Higher Criticism has led us to a moral as well as a theological precipice. For if the sanction for virtue is not a divinely revealed one, what is it? To change the venue from a future life to a future generation—as the Positivists do, and as "The Data of Ethics" virtually does—is to put the plaintiff out of court. Witness, too, as evidences of the swing of the pendulum of thought, the rise and growth of such tendencies as Spiritualism, Mysticism, Esoteric Buddhism, Telepathy, Theosophy, Christian Science, and what not. Not even Mathematics have escaped. Once we were content to jog along on the comfortable, flat and circumscribed plane of Euclid, or to disport ourselves at our ease within the confines of the three Cartesian axes; now even popular lecturers begin to talk seriously of hyper-space, and of the possibilities of an *n*-dimensional and time-less world, compared to which Alice's Wonderland would be commonplace and tame. Nor has philosophy gone unscathed. Who talks of philosophy now-a-days? The talk is all of experimental psychology. The political upheaval is patent. Authority has passed slowly but steadily from monarchy to oligarchy; from

* Mr. Goldwin Smith in the *Contemporary Review*, vol. xli, p. 349.

oligarchy it is passing to polyarchy—to judge from the daily-increasing influence of labour-unions. How the many-headed are to come to a decision—the necessary *prius* of action—that is the present political puzzle. The social revolution is as patent as the political, as the rise of a "smart set," restive under aristocratic restraints, proves. And so is the economical, else we should not have had Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal scheme. Yes; things have changed.

There is a very eminent Canadian, now living in England, who has been standing at the edge of this precipice and gazing wistfully into outer space for a long time. But he has done more than gaze. With the practical persistence which his Scottish ancestry infused into his veins, he has deliberately tried to erect a philosophico-ethical cantilever bridge — a thing which can be built out into space. Dr. John Beattie Crozier's "My Inner Life"* is the most typical book of the age: of an age that finds no anchorage in materialism, yet is afraid to drift; an age which feels that the nineteenth century solution of the world-problem was inadequate, yet that it is too far removed from the solutions offered by the eighteenth century to derive much comfort from them; an age which sees that it must find a solution for itself, but has no data for the task, and as yet can do little more than stand shivering timorously at the brink.

Dr. Crozier, some one has said, ought to write a novel. It was a strange assertion. As well suggest that Carlyle should have written a novel. But if the suggestion means that Dr. Crozier has in this story of his life shown those gifts of vivid narrative and intense human interest, together with the faculty of portraying character and of enveloping the minutest incidents with a halo of romance, which are supposedly the necessary qualifications of a novelist, well and good. Yet some of us non-novel reading public are only too glad to get a book in which these gifts appear and yet is not a novel—Why, in the name of Literature, a *novel*?

But there is a yet deeper significance in the suggestion. "My Inner Life" is a faithful and detailed biography, the history of a strong yet sensitive soul in search of an ideal. The strong yet sensitive soul deliberately waived worldly advancement in order to find for himself some foothold by which, while reaching up to and grasping the things which are not of this world, he might thereby find an unworldly and idealistic motive and sanction for practical action in the world. It is difficult to say to whom this book would not appeal. The style is simple; its reasoning pellucid. As a picture of Canadian life it is præ-Raphaelesque in its faithfulness to detail. As a narrative of personal struggle it is fascinating as fiction. Yet it is deeply philosophical, and an atmosphere of profound, of pathetic candour envelops the whole.

To epitomize a biography is impossible. Whether to paraphrase a philosophy be less impossible I doubt—though I do not forget Ueberweg, Tennemann, Lewes, and Schwegler. I must perforce, therefore, leave to those of my readers who know not Crozier to learn for themselves from his own lips how he fought his way through the various schools of metaphysics, dissatisfied as he was with each and all, till he arrived at what he called "the Ideal which he had lost and of which he had been so long in search; had found it in the Mind, where neither the Psychologists nor the Physical Scientists could find it." Suffice it to say that he tried to build his cantilever without the aid of any theological abutments; averred that "much that cannot be known by Science must nevertheless be believed," (and this on grounds far different from those of Newman's "illative sense"—which,

* My Inner Life: Being a Chapter in Personal Evolution and Autobiography. By John Beattie Crozier, author of History of Intellectual Development; Civilization and Progress, etc., etc. London. Longmans, Green and Co. 1898. Cl. 8vo. Pp. xix, 562. Fourteen shillings.

in another work he takes occasion to repudiate); declared that Evil was not "an absolute essence;" and finally found in "the largest Tendencies or Laws of the World and the Human Mind . . . . the existence and progressive realization of the Ideal," and this "to his own satisfaction, and he trusts it may prove to that of others."

How many of us to-day, having made jettison of Science (*videlicet* Reason) over the starboard, and of Religion (*videlicet* Faith) over the port, have arrived at any self-satisfying ideal? The majority of us, like S. Paul, having cast four anchors out of the stern, wait for day. Not so Dr. Crozier. The inadequacy of Science deters him as little as the impotence of Religion. He firmly believes that "if the question was to prove that the world had in it an Ideal towards which it was steadily working, the means of demonstrating its existence to those who doubt it ought to be accessible to the natural human faculties." What courage, what hope shines out in that belief! A courage and a hope derived, as he earnestly reiterates, from "the Laws of the Mind" itself, that mind which, we all of us must believe, has some supernal source, and unconsciously looks up to Him who made it.

The importance which Dr. Crozier attaches to this his discovery of an "Ideal in the mind" is not small. "When I came on this Ideal in the mind," he says, "I felt I had struck on a vein of purest gold." And it is this Ideal that he utilizes as his organon for exposition, elucidation and interpretation not only in his "Civilization and Progress," but in his "History of Intellectual Development" also. "There must be," he says, ". . . . some dynamical and active force at work somewhere in society to cause . . . . advance, . . . . and when we ask what this dynamical power is . . . . the answer will be found in that same Ideal in the mind of man." Yet what this Ideal actually and definitively is it is not easy to say. It is "something in the mind that is not a faculty or organ of the mind;" it "abides as an unchanging standard;" it is "primarily the representative in the mind of the Divine" (*sic:* he means it is the representative of the Divine in the [human] mind); and it is to be found only "in the laws of the human mind as a concrete whole." I think it probable that, collating, as it were, all Crozier's various modes of explaining his organon, what he means is that we may derive, not only comfort for ourselves, but faith in the progress of humanity, from the very nature and constitution of the mind; —for he believes that "things are slowly, but surely, ascending towards the heights where the Ideal reigns—towards Justice, Beauty, Goodness and Truth." What these mental "laws" are he finds great difficulty in formulating—and very naturally, despite his strenuous endeavour to be always philosophically and verbally accurate. If I am right in this conjecture there is, it seems to me, a very close correspondence between Dr. Crozier's philosophical, and Tennyson's poetical, confession of faith. Into the mouth of the Ancient Sage Tennyson puts these words:—

> If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive
> Into the temple-cave of thine own self,
> There, brooding by the central altar, thou
> May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,
> By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise,
> As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not know.

Of the novelty of this organon, of its efficacy as an architectonic faculty of the mind, or of its claim to a philosophical status, I do not undertake to speak here; nor am I prepared to say whether its discovery of necessity required the long and intricate ratiocinative apparatus here laid bare for us.

A pathetic interest attaches to the publication of "My Inner Life." It is intended to "give some sort of unity" to the author's as yet unfinished "History of Intellectual Development," a threatened failure of eye-sight, making him fearful of his ability to bring

this to a conclusion. The theme of this Dr. Crozier's life-work is identical with that of Hegel's "Philosophy of History." It is interesting to compare the methods and conclusions of the sturdy, practical Scot with those of the speculative, abstract German. Between them they describe what in mathematics is called a meniscus: Crozier travelling along the arc of a small and concrete circle whose centre is the individual mind; Hegel along that of a large and abstract circle whose centre is the eternal Spirit. The circles over-lap; the arcs intersect: Hegel finds the goal of human history in "the development and realization of Spirit;" Crozier in "the widest range of individuality."

Dr. Crozier has his limitations. An eminent Scots philosopher once jocoseriously informed me that the excellence of Scottish philosophy was due to the fact that youthful Scots philosophers had to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Shorter Catechism. Not a little of Dr. Crozier's metaphysics reminds one of the Shorter Catechism. It is precise to the verge of pragmatism. It enumerates, as basis of belief, six postulates which, in their entirety, or perhaps even severally, would hardly gain universal assent. It attempts to reduce the deepest and the loftiest conceptions within the limits of an exact verbal definition—as the Shorter Catechism complacently defines the Deity and the Deity's ways and means. He will not be satisfied with anything that does not explain for him the world-problem as a whole; and he would like it explained, if possible, in a pamphlet of twenty pages. (He so explained it himself once, but no editor would accept it: whereat he was surprised). He seeks a single key by which to turn the ontological, cosmogonical, physiological, psychological, epistemological, theological, historical, social and ethical locks of the cosmos. He was long a slave to phrenology. He has not yet quite burst his Herbert Spencerian fetters. He still believes, so it would seem, that "matter" and "spirit" are two separate, distinct, and mutually exclusive entities. Not even Hegel bridged for him that phantasmal chasm. And —to descend momentarily to minutiæ —he gives the imprimatur of his name to such hybrids as "sociology" and "scientist," and to the use of the split infinitive. He is still accordingly somewhat in the nineteenth-century gall of bitterness. Nevertheless, this sincere seeker after truth does, out of these materials, construct, if not a solid cantilever, then, let us say (if I may change the metaphor), a highly dirigible air-ship that, at all events, carries him some distance over the edge of that precipice. That any one Crozier, that any one Hegel, should build a bridge that would reach the horizon, or construct an air-ship that would scale the empyrean—that were impossible.

It is a notable book is "My Inner Life;" its perusal will repay the reader sixty, seventy, or a hundred fold.

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## THE SOUL'S YEARNING

BY INGLIS MORSE

TO every lane of life
There is some turning,
Where the Soul at last shall find
The goal of all its yearning.

# THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN ONTARIO

*By W. L. GRANT*

WHILE ordinary consciousness expresses the truth admirably when it speaks of 'the drama of History,' it has not the courage to say that it requires the devil to make the drama march. History is poisoned with discord and is nothing but a movement of oscillation and collision. History is a nightmare. Great empires rise and perish, and describe only a great cycle of vanity, and death is in the blasts of their trumpets. Think of the great generations once militant and furious, and now become only a surplus of ghosts!" (The Eternal Conflict. William Romaine Patterson. Heinemann, 1901.) Certainly if this be so, if the supposed march of human progress be but "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury," then the less we have of it in our schools the better.

A somewhat more cheerful theory, and one which lies at the base of a good deal of the research work done in the American Universities to-day, is that History consists in the study and investigation of the facts of the past. This is the view of Mr. William Houston, of Toronto, of Morse Stephens, of Cornell, and of York Powell, in Oxford. The latter even rises from the usual angry dullness of his controversial style and becomes almost lively in his insistence on this point. "A history book is not necessarily good if it appears to the literary critic 'readable and interesting,' nor bad because it seems to him 'hard or heavy reading.' The formation and expression of ethical judgments, the approval or condemnation of Caius Julius Cæsar, or of Cæsar Borgia, is not a thing within the historian's province. His business is to find out what can be known about the characters and situations with which he is engaged; to put what he can ascertain before his readers in a clear form and, lastly, to consider and ascertain what scientific use can be made of those facts he has ascertained." Two professors of the Sorbonne, Messieurs Langlois and Seignobos, in their "Introduction to the Study of History," try to carry out this idea to its conclusion with the unsparing logic of their nation. There is no philosophy of History; there can be no study of general causes; to attempt to draw lessons from the study of the past is to infringe on the sphere of the clergyman or the novelist, whom our vivacious French friends group together as the two chief classes who make their living by fiction. Accuracy of fact is the one thing needful. "Better spend weeks polishing a masterpiece of a score of pages in order to convince two or three among the scholars of Europe that a particular charter is spurious, or take ten years to construct the best possible text of a corrupt document, than give to the press in the same interval volumes of moderately accurate *anecdota* which future scholars will some day have to put through the mill again from beginning to end." In the same way Mr. Houston indignantly contrasts the work of the lecture room with the work of the Historical Laboratory; in the former the student strives to absorb without reflection or discrimination the erudition, or rather the prejudices and presuppositions of a rather musty and befogged lecturer; in the seminary the student works under the direction of the teacher, who saves him time in his search for facts, but carefully abstains from any attempt to control his reason.

Following out this idea our logical French friends pour scorn on the antiquated suggestion of Freeman that the would-be historian should have an adequate knowledge of philosophy, law, geography and political science in order that he may be able to understand the great forces which moved upon the face of the epoch which he is studying. Away with such training,

fit only for the mere litterateur and popularizer! We may remark, in passing, that for the popularizer, the man who strives to bring his knowledge down to the level of the general public in the vain hope of giving them some smattering of education, of perhaps aiding them in their social and political struggles, our French friends feel that pious horror which good Christians are supposed to feel for the devil, that greatest popularizer of all. The preliminary studies which the historian must pursue are, of course, Palæography, Epigraphy, Philology and Diplomatic (with its adjuncts Technical Chronology and Sphragistic), Numismatic and Heraldry. Then, armed with the breastplate of Palæography and the helmet of Diplomatic, bearing in his hand the sharp sword of Sphragistic, he will proceed to his God-given work of "Chronological Classification," being careful first to provide himself with a cabinet full of small drawers in which to systematize his notes. "The possession of a well-arranged, though incomplete, collection of slips has enabled M. B. Haureau to exhibit to the end of his life an undeniable mastery over the very special class of historical problem which he studied."

After all, this is only a half truth produced by reaction. Professor York Powell's contention certainly has a truth as against, let us say, the conception of history held by the Irish Nationalists, where the facts are so surcharged with "ethical meaning" that they cease to be facts, and come to be disregarded altogether. We cannot get rid of truth by labelling it "the mere dirty facts." But, as against Prof. York Powell, the question arises "What are the facts?" They are in number infinite. Can we investigate them all? On what string are we to arrange our scattered pearls? The Chronological? How, then, are we to get a perspective? This is the defect of a work, in many respects so admirable, as that of my friend, Mr. H. P. Biggar, "The Early Trading Companies of New France."

Either history loses herself like the Rhine in the sands of detail, or we have a series of monographs interesting only to an extremely limited public, or we are false to our theory. In fact, we must have a working hypothesis as to the meaning of history in general and as to the importance of the special period which we are studying, though we must be willing at all costs to alter our hypothesis as the facts necessitate. So, gradually, we become justified in making great inductions, and in finding out the real meaning of the facts. Thus Mr. Biggar's book is only subsidiary to the main history which will one day be written, and which will show why France failed, why Britain won, and what lessons as to colonial government may be drawn from the struggle. While we can hardly give too much credit to Mr. Biggar for the industry and ability with which he has striven to get at the facts, and for the clearness with which he has seen that the facts are all important, we may say that the school to which he belongs sometimes fails to realize what the facts are, and that apart from the theory holding them together in an order far more vital than that of Chronology, the bare facts are not the real facts.

In what perspective are we to look at our material? Here, to our great surprise, we find that M. Langlois is compelled to abandon his theory. He casts withering scorn upon the Germans, who have tried by the lessons of history to instil patriotism and love of country; yet on the very next page he admits that the historian will arrange his facts so as to give prominence to those of a high educational value and less prominence to those of a lower educational value. But what is his standard? What constitutes educational value? If the historian thinks that those facts which conduce to patriotism are of high educational value, is he not justified in bringing them out into relief? For the perspective is everything. In the history of the art of war the American Revolution would not be worthy of mention;

in a history of the progress of civilization it is one of the half-dozen most important things in the world. The same may be said, in a less degree, of the raising of the siege of Orleans by Joan of Arc or of the taking of Quebec by Wolfe. Nor will it do to say that we must try to give them as they appeared to their contemporaries, for then the birth of Charles II would be far more important than that of Milton, and the Gunpowder Plot than the translation of the Authorized Version. Perhaps, after all, the history of any period can never be written with finality. Even Thucydides and Gibbon require to be supplemented and brought up to date. It is enough if we can attain to a higher objectivity, can reach a higher point of view than our predecessors. Only when

> "The last grim joke is entered
> In the great black book of jobs"

can the true import of any period of history be finally settled. For us it is enough if so far as in us lies we

> "Paint the thing as we see it
> For the God of Things as They Are."

This is especially true for the state-aided schools of Ontario. We must give the facts in that perspective which appears to us to represent most truly their relative importance to us as men of the present, yet looking forward to the future as citizens of Canada, of the Empire, and of the world. Those facts which have made us what we are are the salient facts. From this point of view how interesting is the history of Canada! On her confines three empires meet—France, Britain and the United States—the greatest powers of the past, the present, and it may be of the future, and her history must be studied in connection with the history of each of them.

And what a prospect opens up before the Canadian teacher! How much he might do to remedy the awful indifference of so many of us to politics! The lightness with which we regard the precious gift of the franchise! Was it for this that Eliot languished in the Tower, that Pym and Cromwell died before their time, for this that Pitt and Beaconsfield struggled, for this that in our young country men revere the names of Papineau, Baldwin, Brown and Macdonald; for this that tens of thousands, perchance on famous battlefields, perchance unknown, save in some quiet English village or distant Highland glen, have fought and bled and agonized and died; that Mr. Charles Murphy should hold sway over as many subjects as Queen Elizabeth, and that even in Canada voters should be bought, cheaper than cattle in the market-place, at two dollars a head, till the cynical American politician assures us that "the honest politician is the one that stays bought!" Cannot the historian of Britain and Canada do something to remedy this? Can he not teach us in the words of Milton to consider "What a nation it is whereof we are, and whereof we are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to."

What are our Canadian schools and universities doing to teach this great lesson? Excellent work is carried on in the universities, but the number whom it influences is limited. The University of Toronto has published every year since 1896 an exhaustive "Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada," under the editorship of Professor Wrong. Other historical studies are issued at intervals, notably the admirable series of monographs on municipal subjects now being edited by S. Morley Wickett, Ph. D. Professor Shortt, of Queen's University, has contributed valuable articles to *Queen's Quarterly*, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and other periodicals. But in the class-rooms of both universities the study of Canadian history is thrown too much into the background, both in the pass and the honour courses. One reason is probably the difficulty of obtaining suitable works of reference. Parkman has described

Canada under French rule "in pages glowing with purple light;" but our development subsequent to 1763 lacks as yet an historian with Parkman's literary finish and historical accuracy. The materials are, however, in large part accessible, and a little study of the original sources would be very valuable for the honour student, and even for the humble pass-man.

In the primary and secondary schools of the Province considerable attention is paid to the subject, but the text-books employed are extremely unsatisfactory. The youth of the United States know far more of the history of their country than do those of Canada. More than to any other cause the United States owe to their schools their large measure of success in digesting the vast masses of crude population poured in from all the countries of Europe. What are the text-books used at present in Canada to teach a history certainly not less inspiring than that of the great Republic?

In Nova Scotia "The History of Canada," by Mr. J. B. Calkin; in Ontario "The High School History," by Mr. Robertson, a scanty hundred pages crammed in at the back of "The High School History of England," or "The History of Canada," by Mr. W. H. P. Clement; in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, where the intelligent study of history would be of especial benefit, chiefly Mr. Clement. Of these Mr. Calkin's book is distinctly the best. It is readable and intelligible; proceeds on an orderly plan and preserves to a considerable extent that unity of treatment which is so necessary in a school text-book. Though not a great book, not even a great text-book, it is, at least, an adequate one. As for "The High School History of England and Canada," the less said of it the better. Below the lowest depth there is a depth, and it is, at least, distinctly superior to "The Public School History," which we take to be, in most respects, the worst text-book in the world. As to "The History of England," the author would appear to have read Green without fully understanding him, and then to have attempted to boil down the "Short History" by the simple and ingenious method of leaving out all Green's illuminative anecdotes, reducing his masterly character-sketches to a series of adjectives and adopting a style which resembles nothing so much as straw chopped into lengths. "The High School History" was then boiled down, the last faint spark of interest removed, and "The Public School History" produced. "The High School History" is also full of mistakes and misprints of which the following are a few, picked out this morning as the result of fifteen minutes' labour.

P. 118—"Three months later Louis XII died, and his son, Francis I, became King of France." As a matter of fact, Francis was by blood only a distant relation, and by marriage the son-in-law of Louis XII.

P. 172—Death of Hampden, June 24th, 1634, instead of 1643.

P. 175—Pride's Purge is said to have taken place on December 6th, 1649, *i.e.*, about eleven months after the execution of Charles.

P. 271—Buonaparte is spelt Bonaporte.

The portion devoted to Canada is more correct in detail, but so unspeakably arid as to be even less helpful to either teacher or pupil.

Of Mr. Clement's work it is difficult to speak with patience; it is at once so conscientious and so incorrect, so turgid and so bald. Before going on to discuss its general characteristics let me criticize a few individual peculiarities.

P. 9—"Cavendish again *ravished* the Spanish Main." A truly notable exploit which fully justifies Mr. Clement's description of him as "the famous adventurer."

P. 23—The Hundred Associates engaged to settle four thousand colonists in New France within ten years. The High School History, p. 327, says six thousand. Mr. Clement is correct as to the number of colonists; but the company were given from 1628 to 1643, or

fifteen years, in which to settle them in Canada.

P. 31 speaks of "the lustre of the achievement of Charnisay." We had rather thought that the lustre shone round the head of Madame La Tour; but Mr. Clement is doubtless entitled to his own opinion.

P. 78, a map of Louisbourg is given, supposed to be copied from Parkman, but which by leaving out the signs of the compass given by Parkman, gives to the harbour a twist in the wrong direction.

On page 79, in his account of the same siege, it is said that "in the confusion British ships got in and captured the rest." As every one knows, the two remaining French ships were cut out by the British sailors who slipped in in *boats*. "A fell union"; "Halifax was a chief military centre;" "no settlements were established that far south," are examples of the correctness of the author's style.

But it would be useless to follow Mr. Clement any further in detail, and the main defects of his work lie far deeper. In the first place he excludes the picturesque as carefully as if he were drawing up a deed of sale. On p. 80 he does not even mention the presence at Ticonderoga, and the magnificent valour, of the newly formed Highland regiments whose enrolment had been so happy a stroke on the part of the British Government. On p. 107 his mention of "The Boston tea-party" is a model of dullness; for though this exploit stands morally on a level with the more recent escapades of Mrs. Carrie Nation, it had at least the merit of being picturesque.

Throughout Mr. Clement shows that tendency to too great minuteness in the specification of names, and too great abstractness in phraseology, which is apt to characterize the legal mind. "Deal arbitrarily," "provide for the appointment of Commissioners," "This Council was evidently intended to be but a temporary contrivance," "ordinance dealing with all such matters of Civil Government as require regulation," are phrases much more fitted for a legal document than for a boy's school-book.

This dislike to being interesting makes Mr. Clement's work devote far too much attention to the constitutional side of history, and practically none to the equally important details of social life among the people. Nothing is so useless for the young as the dry bones of constitutional history. Constitutional history is substantially a digest of the national experience in the development of governmental machinery. But to give boys the digest before they have had the experience is to feed babies on beef extract, or chickens on protoplasm. If they read the life stories of Cromwell or of Pitt, of Joseph Howe or Robert Baldwin, the great ideas of constitutional history will gradually become present to their minds, present, too, as embodied in the lives of men as living and as human as themselves, rather than as abstract verities in which no boy and very few men can take the slightest interest.

Even with Mr. Clement's constitutional history we have serious fault to find. Macaulay's history has been described as "a great Whig pamphlet." Mr. Clement, in the latter part of his work, has produced an extremely small Liberal pamphlet. By identifying the Conservative party of the time with the Family Compact, and the Family Compact with its own most extreme and intolerant wing; by identifying the Reformers with their most enlightened section, and by producing a highly idealized portrait of the vain and unbalanced Mackenzie; by appearing to suppose that the Reformers foresaw all the happy results which added liberty has conferred upon Canada and brought about in her relations to the Empire, results which apparently the Family Compact also foresaw, but under the inspiration of the devil did their best to thwart,—he has produced a picture of the constitutional struggle from 1815 to 1841 which is utterly unintelligible. As a matter of fact, the moderate men of both parties seem to have been guided by much the same ideal. The calmness with which, after the Act of Union

in 1840, the responsible men of both parties settled down under the new regime reflects the greatest credit on each, and shows the absurdity of Mr. Clement's account too fully to need discussion.

When we consider that in the competition for a prize of one thousand dollars, offered by the Dominion Educational Association, Mr. Clement's book received the award over such a really excellent history as that of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, one is almost inclined to despair. For in the last resort the teaching of history depends not on the text-book but on the teacher, and if the teachers of Ontario prefer Mr. Clement to Mr. Calkin or Mr. Roberts, there is really no more to be said. Let us hope that it is not so, for again in the words of Milton, "What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge; what wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?"

# THE HEIGHT O' LAND

*By K. L. AITKEN*

THE big man's name was Jack Brentram. His companion was christened Edward Ransley, but for some reason unknown to us Brentram called him "Dub."

They were the first white men we had seen for a matter of three weeks, so we welcomed them to our camp and tried to make them comfortable.

A great pile of brushwood was stacked on the rocks below, so when night fell we fired this and with our pipes gathered round it.

Brentram had said little or nothing up to the time when Billy, in the course of conversation, remarked: "This country is all right, but I'm getting tired of it. I'm here this summer, and I was here last summer, and the summer before that, and the year before that again. I'm coming up some *winter* when things are frozen good and hard."

"Humph!" said Brentram.

Ransley laughed. "*He's* seen the country in a condition like that," he said, pointing his thumb over his shoulder to where Jack half sat and half lay with his back against a dunnage bag, "Eh Jack?"

Brentram volunteered another "Humph," and refilled his pipe.

A story was unquestionably in order, so we smoked on in silence. Rein arose and threw an armful of wood on the fire. The air around us was motionless, but the speed of the upper current was shown by the driving clouds, which at times completely covered the moon, revealing her the next moment in the full beauty of her splendour.

Before leaving the fire, Rein raked out one of the glowing embers and pressed it into the bowl of his pipe.

"Just bring me that, when you're through with it," said Brentram, "it's away ahead of a match."

Rein brought up the coal and placed it on the fresh tobacco in Jack's pipe, which was soon imparting to its owner that peace of mind and contentment wherein we appreciate the complete and entire fitness of all things.

"If you want the yarn, I'll be glad to give it to you," he said, and, as we made no comment, he began:

"As luck would have it, I was picked as one of a party of twenty to do some northern work in '98, and the start was made in the early part of

May. We were to run a line one hundred and eighty miles due north from a point thirty miles northwest of Shodd's River—so we did, though why the government wanted that line was more than any of us ever knew. However, it was sufficient that they wanted it.

"You know what that part of the country is like—muskeg in the open and in all other places underbrush and rock that would break your heart. It was a tough trip and progress could be made only at a snail's pace.

"When the last tamarack stake was driven into place in the beginning of November, we joined hands and did a war dance around it—not so much because we had run the line, but because we had finished running it. Then we set our faces southward and there was joy and gladness in every heart. Our dates had worked out well, and with easy travelling we would get home in good time for Christmas.

"There was, of course, the possibility of being frozen in; in fact, ice formation had been seen already several times. So, instead of taking things easy we went along with all speed and it was just as well we did.

"On December first we reached the western end of Lake Menishing—but the ice was there before us, by perhaps a day. It took forty-eight hours for the ice to thicken enough to make walking safe, and then, leaving the canoes and such stores as we could not carry, we started east on a hundred mile tramp across the ice.

"The weather in the north is mighty treacherous as you know. Because at the moment the sky is clear and the sun bright, it is no evidence that within a single hour there won't be a blizzard.

"Menishing, I think, is one of the worst sections for these sudden changes—it is situated just on the Height of Land—so as a matter of precaution some one was on watch throughout each night to guard against the possible, and very probable, breaking up.

"Early in the morning of the fourth day the warning came, and we hustled for the shore, reaching it none too soon. It was dark, so, of course, we could see nothing; but the deafening cracking and grinding that came to us from all directions gave a hint of the great change that would come to view with the light.

"The sun came up full and strong, and showed the ice well broken. Looking around we found ourselves close to a deserted Indian hut, and an Indian hut, as you know, is not the choicest thing in the world. However, we entered this one, and found two old birch barks and some dried fish. Whether the fish had been dried by the owner of the hut, or whether they had reached that condition owing to the lapse of time, was a much argued question. Anyway, we guessed we didn't want the fish, so we took the canoes, and did what we could to make them seaworthy. They were poor jobs, to say the most of them, but we were thankful for anything.

"One canoe was much larger than the other. The smaller, however, was of good size, and easily took care of six men. One of these was a half-breed we picked up farther back, and as he was travelling toward the same Hudson Bay Post that we were headed for, we took him into the party. This arrangement of canoes gave fifteen men for the larger one, and in this shape we started, the sun shining overhead as if it were midsummer.

"About three in the afternoon the southern breeze changed into a brisk west wind, and things began to cloud up a bit. By half-past three the wind had shifted into the north and it was positively cold. By four we were feeling the full strength of a northern blizzard and paddling for dear life for the southern shore, about a mile distant.

"Somehow, in spite of our utmost efforts, the canoes became separated—and not until nine days later did we see our mates again.

"The storm drove us anywhere it saw fit. We came to an apparently solid sheet of ice, and it being a choice between smashing the canoe or disembarking, we did the latter. Walking

across the ice some thirty yards we found the mainland, and luckily, a fair-sized natural clearing, well sheltered by a thick wall of trees and brush.

"We set up the tent, and, with the aid of an old and rotten though very resinous pine, started a fire right at its mouth. We were soon comfortable in spite of the driving storm and bitter cold. Supper was the next thing to attend to, but upon inspection we found very little, for the food bags were in the big canoe. However, we had bacon, flour and salt—what more could a man want?—so we made a dough with the flour, and cutting it into artistic shapes fried it in the bacon grease. These little cakes were not so bad if they were eaten while yet so hot that you couldn't taste anything.

"I have always wondered where the mixer of that dough got his receipt. I think it was composed of about equal parts of flour and salt—proportions which, to my mind, are not correct. However, they were good."

Brentram chuckled as if the recollection of the "goodness" of those "cakes" amused him. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and took my proffered pouch.

"'Long about twelve o'clock that night," he continued, "the wind dropped completely. It was the lull we were waiting for; in it lay the chance of picking up the other canoe or, at least, of making some progress towards the Post. We set to packing immediately, and got off somewhere about one. Before leaving we took the precaution of piling the fire high with all the remaining wood, so as to have a landmark in case something should happen, for the night was a black one.

"And something did happen! Two hundred yards out we ran straight into a big cake of ice with a jagged point that ripped a hole in the birch bark big enough to put your foot through. Johnson was bow man, and he did the best thing possible—pulled off his coat and thrust it into the gap. One of the bags contained six tin plates. This bag lay directly in front of me, so I got out my knife and slit it up the side. I passed along the plates, and with two men paddling and the rest bailing, the canoe was headed for the fire. We seemed to have the best of the water at first, but soon I felt it creeping up around my knees.

"About a hundred feet from the shore ice the canoe went down under us. I was helpless in the water with my heavy jacket, so I pulled it off and let it go. I saw the breed for an instant; he had hold of one of the bags which came to the surface. I waited a moment to see if the fellows got free from the canoe all right, but it was so dark that I could see nothing. I felt the cold begin to creep into my bones, and realizing that it would be a hard fight for all of us, struck out for the shore. I reached it first and pulled myself up on the ice as best I could, and knelt there, peering out into the blackness, trying to catch a glimpse of the rest of the boys.

"One by one they came in. Matthews was first. I gave him my hand and pulled him up.

"'Thanks, old man,' was all he said, and then he too tried to see out into the night.

"Johnson was next, and then came Hawkes, and then, after some few minutes had passed, we pulled in Scarborough, completely exhausted and numbed through and through. That made five—there was one to come and that was the breed.

"We stood there in the cold for some time and then went up to the fire.

"Queer thing about the half-breed, you know. Take him on land or on water and he's a first-rate man, but in the water—well then it's quite different. I suppose our breed stayed up as long as the bag did, and when that lost its buoyancy the poor devil sank with it. He never reached the shore.

"That night was not a pleasant one. The snow came down again and the few remaining embers of our fire were soon put out. If we had had our axe things would have gone better, but it, with everything else, went down with the canoe.

"Physical movement of some kind was absolutely necessary, so taking the place of the burnt-out fire as a centre we made a circular track some thirty feet in diameter. Then we strung out into single file and around that track we tramped all the rest of the night and well into the next day.

"All of the boys had left their coats in the water as I had done. Our clothes were now much too light; besides this they were frozen, and though every step was agony we did not dare to stop, for that would mean—well, the fight had scarcely begun.

"With the dawn came a sort of vague hope, and then a reaction in the form of a complete realization of our position. Hawkes sighed.

"'Cheer up, old chap!' Johnson said to him. 'It's a hard game, but you know the stake. It's worth while.'

"'Maybe,' Hawkes replied, 'but I was just thinking I would willingly change places with that breed out there!' And he pointed through the snow in the direction of the lake.

"By noon the air was clear and we could see something of the country. We were at the mouth of a big bay. We couldn't see down into it at all, but the opposite shore was distinct enough and seemed about seven or eight miles away.

"Matthews went down the shore a bit, and when he returned told us that he thought he knew the bay as there was only one other as big as it in the whole lake, and that was away at the western end. He also said that if this was the bay he thought, there was an Indian store-hut on the shore in the centre of it, and now within eight or ten miles of us.

"It was a chance—the only chance—so we took it. If we were to get help it must be soon. A man cannot stand intense cold without food.

"We decided that three would be the best number to make a try for the hut, though why we did not stick together is not now clear to me. I distinctly remember, however, that there was some practical reason against it at the time. Each of the boys seemed anxious to be one of the three, and I must confess that I wanted to get away from that clearing myself. However, I volunteered to remain if someone would stay with me.

"Johnson came over to where I stood, and we shook hands. We had been pretty good chums throughout the trip.

"It was a plain 'good-bye' when the boys left us, for we scarcely hoped to see each other again. They struck straight into the bush—there was no trail, nor much hope of finding one.

"Johnson and I spent the rest of the day on the track. When night came we went down to the edge of the shore ice and had a drink of water—just to show, as it were, that there was no hard feeling. Then we went back to the circle and spent the night plodding around it."

Brentram paused, and I instinctively passed him my tobacco.

"Thanks," he said, taking it, "that's a weakness of mine, and I've run short to-night. What I most wanted up there in that clearing was neither food nor clothes but tobacco. If I had had something to smoke I could have held out for a week, I think. Johnson did not feel the loss so badly—he smoked very little, but with me it's a sort of passion. I can't work or feel easy or comfortable unless I have my pipe between my teeth."

George went down and tried to coax the dying fire into a blaze. The wood we gathered was almost gone by this time, so he could do but little with it.

"Well, to go on," said Brentram. "When morning came Johnson and I were not on speaking terms, so far as an outsider could judge. Somewhere about noon, however, we went down to the water again and had another drink—just to show, as it were, that even as yet there was no hard feeling.

"A heavy snow storm set in late in the afternoon.

"'Guess we'll have to do a little walking to-night to keep the track in shape,' I said. It was a pitiful attempt at a jest. We had been walking continuously for two nights and two days already.

"Johnson gave a half-hearted laugh and replied, 'Yes, it's a pleasant evening for a stroll.'

"As the night wore on the snow became heavier, and the cold more intense. The northern lights were showing faintly and seemed to half-illuminate the clearing in spite of the big flakes. A strangely weird uneasiness seemed gradually to possess me, but just what was wrong I couldn't tell. I saw Johnson several times—he was always on the opposite side of the circle—and I thought of asking him if he noticed anything out of the way. However, for once in my life I was unselfish, for I didn't force my unpleasant and demoralizing thoughts upon him.

"After a while the snow ceased and the light from the north became stronger. Heavens! but it was cold. But now I could see what was bothering me—there was a black object lying out in the snow some fifty feet from the track. At first I thought it was an animal of some kind, but soon it developed into a man in a crouching position. There was something sinister about the figure which banished the thought that aid was at hand. It was unnatural. It was like the figure of a spy lying concealed and motionless, noting intently the secret actions of an enemy. It seemed like a cat watching a mouse—and somehow, I felt that I was the mouse, and that the first sign I should give, showing my knowledge of the Thing's presence, would be the signal for the spring.

"My unselfish thoughts vanished at once. My one object was to catch up with Johnson and cautiously ask him what he made of it. I did not dare call to him, so I quickened my pace. He apparently did the same. I gradually reduced it to a slow walk, but still Johnson continued diametrically opposite me. This kept up for the rest of the night—the Thing in the snow remained unmoved. Johnson seemed unconscious of its existence, while with me the fear of it slowly ate its way into my heart until I was terrified to the point of screaming. But I dared not. At times I felt that come what might, I must scream, but was restrained only by the horrible conviction that the next instant would find me crushed into the snow beneath that inhuman uncanny shape.

"Johnson seemed to fade with the breaking of the day, while the figure in the snow became plainer. The sight of it repelled me, for even in the light I still felt the same overwhelming fear. Yet some irresistible impulse forced me towards it. It was Johnson. He must have been lying there dead for half the night."

Brentram paused. The embers of our fire had been supporting a little blaze for some minutes past, and this now popped out with a suddenness that was most distressing, leaving only the glowing coals to light our camp. From the bay opposite came the agonized cry of a loon, followed by its peals of maniacal laughter.

"If there had been one of those hell-birds up there to laugh at me that night," said Brentram, gazing across the water towards the source of the sound, "it would have been the last straw. But there wasn't!

"I remember dragging Johnson's body over to the centre of the circle—after that, things are hazy; I must have taken to the track again, for I was half-walking and half-running around it when the fog lifted off my brain. The sun was shining and the air was clear.

"The thought possessed me that with a fire I could bring Johnson back to life. Then I remembered the big pine stump over on the left of the clearing. If that could be got out of the ground it would give me all the heat wanted. Of course there was no means of igniting the wood, but that was of no immediate importance—the thing was to get the stump out. So I scraped away the snow and went at one of the big roots with my clasp knife.

"The rest of that day and the following night and part of the next day, I suppose was divided between the stump and the track. When I became discouraged about the stump I would

take an hour or so on the circle—and then tackle the stump again. That whole time is still a sort of blank to me, but I can judge the amount of work I did with my knife by the condition of my hands. It took a full month for the wounds to heal.

"The boys reached the clearing that morning about ten. They had found the hut and brought back with them a shelter tent, blankets, some clothes, an axe, food and matches, and—tobacco.

"I must have been pretty crazy when they arrived. They told me about it afterwards—I seemed to know who they were in a vague way, but their presence did not change my intentions regarding the stump. It was only after I had made them solemnly promise to chop it out that I was persuaded to leave off. I did not want any food—what I did want and what I got was a good smoke. They had to give it to me. I was doing all sorts of fancy cuts and lunges in the air with the knife. After that I crawled into a blanket, lay down beside a big fire, and slept the rest of the day.

"I awoke with a clear mind and told the boys as best I could all that had happened during their absence.

"Next day the snow was well packed and had a crust strong enough to travel on, so we started on our overland trip to the Post. It was forty miles, and we made it in five days, since about a mile in from the clearing we struck a kind of trail that ran direct to our destination. Poor Johnson's body we carried on our backs, taking turn about. Those five days were gloomy ones I can tell you.

"We reached the Post safely and found that the other canoe had struck the shore much farther east than we did, and had supposed that we were still farther along than themselves. They took advantage of every opportunity to make headway, and so reached the Post three days after the separation. They waited for us until the second day, and then sent out a relief party which returned in a week after a fruitless search. We had been at the Post some days when they got back.

"Well, we got home for Christmas. Occasionally I meet some of the boys nowadays and we talk over old times; however, there is one part of that trip upon which we never touch—that five day tramp from the bay to the Post, when we carried poor Johnson on our shoulders."

Brentram knocked the ashes out of his pipe and got up. Turning to his companion, he said:

"Dub; it's three miles to camp. Don't you think we ought to be moving?"

Ransley assented; so we shook hands all around, and they embarked. We watched them paddle out into the moonlight and round the point, and then we sat and smoked in silence for perhaps an hour.

"—Wish we could see just a little blaze in that fire before we turn in," said George.

I went down to the rocks and kicked the coals together. But the fire was dead.

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# CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

## No. 50—FREDERICK WILLIAM WOOD THOMPSON

AMERICA is the continent of young men. In Europe, youth is a weakness to be lived down; in America, youth is a promise of vigour and initiative to be lived up to. Canada is, in this respect, not quite so American as the American Republic, but it is far in advance of Europe with its love of long apprenticeships.

The group of young men who are pushing to the front in Canada are among the most hopeful signs of coming nationhood which the eye of those who cherish a passion for this land of unmeasured promise can discern on

the horizon. We are not in the hands of a dying generation. We are not compelled to stand by the armchairs of feeble-framed experience, fearful lest a few hoary heads may fall and we be called upon to bury the hopes of the Dominion. Across the seas they are, perhaps, overfond of sighing "the last great Englishman is low," but there is little danger that we will be called upon very soon to sing a similar dirge for "the last great Canadian." We have the faith —or the optimism — to believe that great Canadians are plenty, and that some of them are young.

One of this group of young men who gives to us a happy confidence in the future of the Dominion is the forty-two-year-old Montrealer, who is at the head of the largest flour milling company in the British Empire. Mr. Frederick William Wood Thompson is to-day Vice-President and Managing Director of the great Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited; one of the vast industrial enterprises of the "wheat belt," which has made this country known in the flour markets of the world, and which has contributed not a little to the immediate financial success of the wheat-growing farmers of the West. Now Mr. Thompson has not reached this position by waiting for it, in the approved patriarchal fashion; he climbed to it. He is one of the stamp of men who do not tarry until honours 'descend upon them because there are no older intervening heads in the way; he pushes up to the honours.

MR. F. W. W. THOMPSON
PHOTO BY STEELE & CO.

His birthday was January 16th, 1862, and his birthplace Montreal. His first business experience was in a broker's office, where men early learn the inexpediency of waiting for things; things are to be reached for. After that he tried banking, and there is a legend that, while engaged in discovering that keeping "tab" on other men's "score cards" in the game of money-getting was too limited an occupation for him, he developed unexpectedly on one occasion some Sherlock Holmes traits which resulted in laying by the heels certain gentlemen who thought they knew a shorter road to wealth than the law recognizes.

But his real life work began in 1882 when, at the age of twenty, he was given by the late Mr. W. W. Ogilvie a position as accountant at Winnipeg for the Ogilvie Milling Co. Here his splendid business qualities soon made themselves seen. Youth had bestowed upon him energy and initiative instead of her commoner dowers of diffidence and a tendency to imitate. And the West was then—as it is now—a vast hothouse for the rapid development of young power. The result was that Mr. Ogilvie—no mean judge of men—made him, at the age of twenty-six,

general manager of the Company with full management of the business from Montreal west to the Pacific. His headquarters were still Winnipeg, and the new appointment gave him great scope, for the Company had a large mill there, and at that point was carried on a very important part of the whole business, *i.e.*, the buying of the wheat.

Naturally, in a city of young men, Mr. Thompson's worth was soon and fully appreciated. He took rank at once with the best men in the western metropolis, and it is stated that he was on one occasion offered a portfolio in the Manitoba Government if he would give up milling wheat and go into the dustier mill-room of politics. But Mr. Thompson is essentially a business man. He had found his *metier*, and he wisely refused to leave it for a field which might not have proved so genial. Still the fact of the offer stands as an unforced testimony to the value set upon his abilities by his fellow-citizens.

Then came the death of Mr. Ogilvie and the question as to how the vast business he had built up should be carried on. Mr. Thompson, who knew well the opportunity thus offered, united with another of the very brightest of Canada's young men, Mr. Charles R. Hosmer, to form the new Company which bought out the Ogilvie business. This venture is so recent that the public still remember how well the new enterprise was received in the financial world, how the stock was subscribed for several times over, and how a fresh impetus was given to even the swelling success of the old Ogilvie Company.

This was less than two years ago, and yet the Ogilvie business has grown in a marked manner since that near date. To the impetus of personal ambition has been added the impetus of ownership, and it would be surprising if Mr. Thompson were not doing better work now than he was when "manager for Ogilvie's" in the West. Then he has the invaluable quality of being able to attract to himself the spontaneous loyalty of colleagues and subordinates. He is a likeable man, and he is just as well liked by those who are on his pay-roll as by those who meet him by the social fireside. He does not make the first-class mistake of carrying two manners, but is always the alert, decisive, human, capable and yet sympathetic man who does business with a circle of friends.

One of the things which one hears oftenest of him is that he is exceedingly quick in reaching his conclusions. His is the razor-like mind which cuts to the heart of a proposition at a stroke, and sees at once whether it contains any promise of good. Consequently he usually decides a proposal promptly, without that delay for consideration which most men think so essential. This saves time, and prevents any danger of a rival forestalling him while he cons the matter over. A man who can do this, and not make mistakes, is undoubtedly better equipped for the lightning competition of titanic business struggles than the surest man who pays for his certainty the price of slowness.

It is something for the country to have two of its brightest young men—Thompson and Hosmer—closely concerned in the business of milling wheat. For many years to come, wheat and flour must be our chief output. It was as "the granary of the Empire" that we were introduced to the assembled world at the Coronation. It is as a vast wheat field that Mr. Chamberlain proposes to extend to us a British preference. The immigration which is being drawn to our shores—and especially the best of the immigration—comes to sow and reap wheat in the Canadian West. It is, therefore, highly important that an industry intended to manufacture wheat in the country of its origin, and to export it as a finished product and not as a raw material, should be fittingly manned. And in this we are remarkably fortunate. The great millers of Canada are all men of energy, wide vision and national stature. One of the latest to come to the front is the subject of this sketch, but he has already made it certain that he will carry on not only worthily, but, perhaps, with enhanced vigour, the traditions of his calling.

*PLUME*

KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—THE DINING ROOM

# CRIME AND ITS SUPPRESSION

*By J. J. KELSO*

IN this age of progress, the effectiveness of the short-sentence method of dealing with criminals is being seriously called in question, and a new and better way, both reformative and deterrent, is earnestly desired by those who have to do with crime and its suppression. That short terms of imprisonment neither reform nor deter is, in a general way, admitted by many prominent judges and Crown officials, but the criminal procedure is so well defined, and from long usage has become so firmly established as to make legislators extremely careful in proposing or endorsing any change. The time is coming, however, when the probation system of dealing with first and second offenders, and the indeterminate commitment of habitual criminals, to be subsequently paroled on evidence of reformation by a competent board, will be the settled policy of the country in criminal jurisprudence.

### THE NEED FOR A CHANGE

There is a professional criminal class whose misdoings cover many pages of the police records, and for whose reformation no hope is entertained by the police or the prison officials who are intimately acquainted with them. This class is not so very large, but the frequency with which they come before the public in the newspaper annals make them appear numerous. Many of them have been convicted from ten to fifteen times, and some even twenty and thirty times, not to speak of the trials which did not result in conviction, and the well-founded suspicions entertained at all times concerning them by the police when they are at liberty. They

are sentenced according to the offence, so that after a term in the penitentiary they begin over again with thirty days in jail or six months in prison, their commitment varying from the short to the long term, according to whether the offence is stealing a small article or burglary and manslaughter. Often they are able with the proceeds of their plunder to employ expert legal aid and claim release on technicalities. It is the offence rather than the offender that is on trial, whereas it should be the offender, his character and antecedents that should determine the penalty.

REPEATERS

Were it not that the records would take up too much space, some interesting histories might be given of young men who, starting as mere children with ten days in jail, have for eight, ten or fifteen years been constantly on the police books; of women, for drunkenness, given thirty day terms over and over again, until they are so well known in the Police Court as to be familiarly remembered and greeted by the officials, their records extending over from ten to twenty years, with less reformation at the end than the beginning of their career. Here is the record of a comparatively young man selected at random:—

Aug., 1902—P. M.—Convicted of stealing, and remanded for sentence.

FORMER SENTENCES.

October 22, '86—60 days in jail.
October 9, '87—30 days in jail.
November 15, '87—60 days in jail.
November 6, '88—Six months in Central Prison.
May 23, '89—Six months in Central Prison.
August 11, '90—60 days in jail.
October 7, '91—Six months in Central Prison.
April 12, '92—Twelve months in Central Prison.
January 20, '94—Three months in Central Prison.
July 9, '94—Three months in Central Prison.
November 30, '94—Four months in Central Prison.
April 26, '95—Three years in Kingston Penitentiary.

KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—THE WALLS FROM THE INSIDE. THESE WALLS WERE BUILT IN 1845

CORRIDOR AND CELLS IN THE PRISON OF ISOLATION

December 17, '97—Six months in Central Prison.

June 25, '01—Remanded for sentence.

Glancing over the Police books one could in an hour collect dozens of records longer than the above, extending from the petty offence of the child of eight or ten, and running through the various institutions, such as the gaol, reformatory, central prison, penitentiary, and then back again to short gaol terms. A sad reflection also is that so many should pass through a reformatory, not only unreformed, but hardened and revengeful and determined to follow crime as a vocation. How important it is that society should direct its best efforts towards rescuing and tenderly caring for the neglected child ere the pure young soul has lost almost beyond recall its innocence and beauty!

### THE COST OF CRIME

The cost of this battledore and shuttlecock method is naturally enormous, though no one has as yet made any careful study of this feature of the case. There is in the first place the loss and insecurity entailed upon the innocent victims, who are very rarely recompensed for their losses or injury. Then there is the great cost of police protection — over a quarter of a million dollars in Toronto alone, with corresponding expenditure in other cities. Every municipality carries this load, and the Government of Ontario expends over half a million dollars yearly for the administration of justice. Prisons are maintained at large expense as places of temporary detention merely; for the most sanguine officials do not pretend to reform even a reasonable percentage of those passing through their hands on the short sentence plan.

### INEQUALITY OF SENTENCES

No two judges mete out the same punishment for a given offence. Some are inclined to be lenient, others to be harsh. In the Police Court the sentence might be three months, while in the general sessions it might be a year or more. Prisoners compare sentences when they get together, and calmly tell the warden they are at war with society because they have been unjustly treated. An actual case occurred not long ago where a young man for a certain offence was given six months' imprisonment, while another for precisely the same crime was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. In another case, two young men were charged with robbery—one elected to be tried summarily by the police magistrate and received three months; the

other decided to go before a higher Court and was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. It all depends on the point of view of the judge, his disposition, or the state of his digestion. One well-known judge, in a public address recently, gave it as the result of his observation that sentences varied according to the temperament and training of the presiding judge. Prosecuting attorneys, when elevated to the bench, were as a rule more severe than those whose legal practice has been chiefly in defending criminals. Thus the judges themselves recognize the disparity that in the nature of things is more or less unavoidable.

A CORRIDOR, WITH CELL DOORS OPEN

### PROBATION

In considering any plan for improving the present system of dealing with offenders first place must be given to probation—a plan that differs from the present suspended sentence in this, that it provides a system of supervision after release. When a judge decides to suspend sentence the offender is discharged, and is left entirely to his own resources. Under a probation system he is discharged to the custody of a probation officer, who helps him to find employment, and in a general way acts as his friend and counsellor, reporting to the Court as to his general conduct and progress. Probation officers may be directly appointed by the Court, or they may be the representatives of philanthropic societies, but they must always be selected because of special fitness for this class of work. Women are eligible as probation officers, and in certain cases they succeed by tact and kindliness where a man would fail. The offender is encouraged and befriended while at the same time he is given to understand that the unfavourable report of the agent will mean the withdrawal of his privileges. It is a well-known fact that the first offence is due to special temptation, to uncongenial or defective home life, or to evil companionship, and that if these difficulties can be removed a second offence will rarely occur. Committed for the first time to prison, there is not only the disgrace, loss of self-respect and loss of employment, but there is the association with other offenders, that so often leads to hardness and indifference. Every possible effort should be exerted to save the erring before the official grind has made the task of reformation a difficult if not an impossible one.

### RESTITUTION

The principle of restitution is not given sufficient prominence in the administration of justice. A man should be compelled to work and pay back

to the person wronged either the amount of loss sustained or a reasonable compensation for injuries inflicted. This would in some measure meet the difficulty of providing adequate punishment for those who have flagrantly broken the law and who cannot be allowed to go unpunished. The idea seems to prevail that imprisonment is the only remedy, whereas conviction, and the attendant publicity and exposure, is often sufficient punishment, and an order for restitution—not a fine to go into the public treasury—would be only common justice and would be a deterrent equally as effective as a month or two of apologetic confinement. When a man is sent to prison he loses his employment, which he can seldom regain on release. Wife, children or parents who may be dependent on him will suffer, and often they have to be helped from charitable funds, so that the community suffers also. What an enormous gain it would be if he could serve his term without imprisonment, that is, continue to work under the watchful eye of a probation officer and pay the person whom he defrauded or injured! He remains an industrial unit, the penalty is practically as severe, and the community is not compelled to maintain him as an idler in prison.

### THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE

When after two or three fair chances a youth shows by his actions that he is bent on criminal ways, then he should be classed as an habitual criminal and committed indefinitely to a reformatory institution—for under this system all prisons would be reform institutions. Even on the first conviction judges should have power to commit indefinitely, for the antecedents of the prisoner may be unknown, and there may be reasonable ground for suspicion that in other communities his record would be bad. There is a class of offenders who are continually drifting about and who have no settled habitation. The chief duty of a judge or magistrate would then be to see that the accused party received a fair trial, and to register conviction. The length of term of imprisonment would depend on the prisoner's own conduct. Some advocate the fixing of a minimum and maximum period, but with first-class officials and a competent paroling board it would be reasonably safe to make the sentence absolutely indefinite. This would greatly relieve the judge, would do away with the short sentence, and also with the inequality of which prisoners complain. It would do

KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—A CORNER OF THE WALLS, SHOWING A GUARD ON DUTY

DYNAMO HOUSE INSANE ASYLUM WEST GATE

KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—SOME OF THE SMALLER BUILDINGS

far more, in that it would introduce an element of uncertainty that would prove the strongest possible deterrent to a career of crime.

Without going into the question fully, it might be here stated that the ticket-of-leave system inaugurated by the Department of Justice recently is not approved of or endorsed by persons competent to judge, owing to the absence of proper safeguards. It is now a practical discharge, and the privilege has been flagrantly abused.

### THE PRISON AS A REFORM SCHOOL

It may safely be said of our prisons that the officials are humane men who strive after the permanent improvement of those placed in their care. They cannot at present accomplish much, because the short term simply builds the prisoner up physically and makes him more capable of wrongdoing when released. The prisoner, knowing his stay will be brief, scorns any good influence, and openly proclaims his intention to continue the warfare against society. Under the indeterminate sentence plan release is earned by good conduct, and the personal cooperation of the prisoner—an essential in all true reformation—is secured.

### THE PARDONING BOARD

By a carefully devised system of observation, etc., and the daily reports of the officials, very little difficulty would be experienced in deciding when a man was fit to be trusted at large. A pardoning, or to be more precise, a paroling board, consisting of gentlemen of the highest standing, would be appointed to decide when the prison door should be opened. This release would be on parole, subject to recall at any time, with an absolute discharge after a certain period of good conduct outside. Probably a pardoning board for each institution would give better results than one board for the entire province, as it would permit of a closer study of each case.

ON PAROLE

No person would be released until a situation had been secured for him, and his expenses would be guaranteed until he was fully self-supporting. Parole officers directly connected with the institution would maintain a friendly supervision, not espionage, the object being to encourage and assist him to regain his lost place in society. If at any time he returned to criminal ways he would be brought back for further discipline without the formality of a new trial. What a saving over the present method of arresting and trying the same man several times each year!

THE MENTALLY UNFIT

A large proportion of habitual offenders are mentally defective, and are unsafe to be at large at any time. Cases are on record of men and women convicted of crime time and again, and sent from one prison to another for years, who should have been sent in the first instance to an institution for the feeble-minded. Under a proper system these undeveloped and mentally-lacking persons would be carefully sifted out and the pardoning board might safely be trusted to decide what course should be pursued with regard to them, having in view not only the best interests of the unfortunates themselves, but also the welfare of the community.

This is but a brief outline of the need and the remedy, and it would certainly be an immense relief to society if a definite and satisfactory plan could be evolved whereby safety of life and property could be more fully guaranteed than at present by the elimination of the habitual criminal.

The great majority of the people, who are not brought into direct contact with the criminal class, and whose acquaintance with the subject is largely confined to the newspaper reports of vice, rapine and murder, cannot be expected to agitate for changes which they do not fully grasp, but officials who are constantly fighting to protect society from these criminal pariahs know full well how hopeless their efforts are under existing conditions and are earnestly looking forward to parliamentary action. It has been suggested that a conference of judges, Crown and prison officials might be held to consider this special subject, and that possibly the Government might be willing to appoint a Royal Commission to study the problem and prepare the way for legislation.

In the hope of making this article as nearly as possible the expression of the views of those specially qualified to speak, it has been submitted to and has been approved by His Honour Judge McDonald, of Brockville; Chief Inspector of Detectives Stark, of Toronto; Dr. J. T. Gilmour, Warden of the Central Prison of Ontario; Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh, Secretary of the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, and Mr. James Noxon, Inspector of Reformatory Prisons of Ontario.

## LIFE

BY INGLIS MORSE

LIFE, thou art like a woman fair,
Whose wondrous hair
Falls trailing down the stairway of the years.
There is a look upon thy face
That e'en suggests a deeper grace—
A mystic look that oft breeds tears
And often countless fears;
Yet last and best of all, in thee abides the joy
Of living in thy glad employ.

# THE DISCREDITED INTERVIEW

*By C. F. PAUL*

FOR a line of choice, hand-illumined invectives, produced at such times and upon such occasions as the English language appears to fall by the wayside, commend me to Sir William VanHorne, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and master-mind of a dozen other large enterprises," commented the Old Time Reporter.

"I have heard of occasions when an odd one of the boys ran afoul of Sir William's hawser, and I did myself upon one occasion," said the Old Timer, who was in a reminiscent mood.

"It all occurred a number of years ago, when Sir William was still President of the C.P.R.

"Rumours were flying. Boiled down and skimmed they all gave the same result: The American railroad man upon whom good Queen Victoria had bestowed the K.C.M.G. was about to resign his office; he would retire to his pictures and his books, and allow someone else to shoulder the work and worry of directing the destinies of Canada's great transcontinental Line.

"That this was all discussed in inner railway circles I had good reason to know, but unfortunately there was nothing sufficiently substantial to print.

"One day in talking over matters with a friend, who by the way is now a member of the directorate of this same railway, I mentioned the subject.

"'I know,' said he, 'I have heard the rumors, but I am not in a position to help you out. The only thing I can suggest is that you go to Sir William, tell him what you have heard, and get your reply straight from him.'

"A kick is as good as a wink to a blind horse, and I lost no time in making my way to the general offices of the company.

"Here I was held up by Sir William's private secretary, which is a righteous practice, and the only method by which a railway president can secure a minute to attend to his own affairs.

"I stated my business. The P. S. looked thoughtful, and finally concluded to state the case to the President, who was in his private office. The P. S. returned in a moment saying that Sir William would write out his answer. I might wait for it.

"The reply to my query arrived in the form of a half-sheet of bluish-white foolscap paper. There was no mistaking the writing. It was in Sir William's flowing telegraphic hand.

"'Sir William says to make this into an interview,' were the instructions I received as I left.

"This is exactly what I did do when I arrived at the office, and I headed it up with a three-quarter column introduction, for that interview said as plainly as words could, that Sir William VanHorne intended to resign.

"True, incorporated in it were a few ifs, ands and perhapses; but reading it from top to bottom it meant resignation, nothing more and nothing less.

"Inside of a minute I had Reuter's man glued down on one side of me and the Associated Press man on the other, and long before I had that introduction complete the cables flashed the news to Europe, and the A. P. wires were sending it from one end of the American continent to the other. Surely it was the news of the day, and for the remainder of that twenty-four hours I mentally shook hands with myself.

"A glance at the papers next morning showed, much to my astonishment, that the interview was discredited, and by no less a man than Sir William himself. It seemed impossible, but there it was in cold type. The author of this alleged resignation, published in the rival evening journal, was an undistilled liar of the first water. He was capable of beating his grandmother to death and blaming it on the

SIR WILLIAM VANHORNE

FROM A SNAP SHOT BY THE LATE WYATT EATON

C.P.R. In fact he was guilty of anything from manslaughter to arson.

"With an uneasy feeling in my soul I arrived at the office, and was there confronted by a note from the managing editor. He wished to see me at once.

"Greybeard looked me over with a dubious countenance, shook his head and remarked: 'You are in a devil of a muss. Sir William denies that interview. Says that he has been misquoted; that it is an infernal lie, and a few more things, some of which would not pass muster in polite society. What have you to say for yourself?'

"I told Greybeard the story of how I had obtained the interview and produced the slip of paper, which fortunately I had tossed into my desk the previous afternoon. The managing editor looked it over, compared it with the interview in the paper, and concluded by saying that aside from the introduction, which was a trifle yellow, I appeared to be all right. Upon receiving the verdict I gathered in my precious bit of manuscript and decamped.

"But this was not the end of it all.

The stock markets did not take kindly to that reported resignation. C.P.R. opened three points down in London, to be followed by New York and Montreal both making a 'bear' card of it. All along the line the reported resignation of the master-mind was looked upon with no favourable eye.

"In the meantime the general offices of the C.P.R. kept the wires hot. The report was denied in London, and Reuter's got after their Montreal man. The Associated Press wired back to their correspondent wishing to know why 'fake' news had been sent them, for they too had received an official denial.

"There was but one thing left to do, and that was to have a blue print made of the original document, and copies of this were sent out by the boys to the various news agencies and papers they represented. It was hard on Sir William, but it had to be done to save the boys.

"As for myself, I never heard any more of it from the office, and we printed no denial of the story.

"Looking back at it now I can clearly understand how it was that Sir William Van Horne said more on that sheet of paper than he intended, and his declaration that my interview was untrue was made in all good faith. The resignation was in his mind, for it followed about a year afterward. It was evidently his intention to give me something which would quiet the rumours, and at the same time let the public understand that he had no intention of using his life up guiding the destinies of a single railway when there were books, curios and pictures to buy, and when there were new and untried fields of enterprise to conquer. He overshot the mark a trifle. That was all. He permitted the public to know what he was thinking of before the time was ripe. He did not realize how bald the statements were until he saw them in print, and then he was positive that I had drawn the long bow. Not an uncommon failing, as anyone who has interviewed will tell you.

"Well, I did not go up to Sir William's office for some time after that, and when I did the private secretary told me, with a grin, that Sir William, in language painted and picturesque, had ordered that when next I appeared on the scene I was to be thrown down the stairs or the elevator shaft, the President was not particular which."

The Old Timer lit a fresh cigar, looked at the burning end carefully, and said: "When a man of importance will write his own interview, by all means let him. But I tell you, boys, save the copy."

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## LOVE

BY PETER JOHNSON

WHAT pleasure though I grave my name
Indelible on scroll of fame;
Though marble shaft, in letters bold,
My virtues to a world unfold;
Though millions numerous as the sand
Proclaim my merits through the land,
If I but lack that subtle skill
To win thy love—to keep it still—
With all those blazoned glories paled—
E'en virtue's citadel assailed;
The glittering gloss of gaudy power
Is but the passion of an hour
Beside that mystic bond sublime
Which joins my heart, my sweet, to thine.

CHAPTER III—A BRITISH FORCE DESPATCHED TO AMERICA—BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION TO OHIO—HIS DEFEAT ON THE MONONGAHELA—HIS DEATH—DISASTROUS RESULTS—1754-1755

DINWIDDIE was full of wrath when Washington reached Williamsburg with the news of his discomfiture and the state of affairs beyond the mountains. His zeal, useful as it was, greatly exceeded his military discretion, though this is not to imply for a moment that he was out of temper with Washington. Indeed, he warmly thanked both him and his men, as did also the Virginia legislature, and well they may have, seeing how bravely they had conducted themselves under dangers that no military commander would have sent so weak a force to face. Dinwiddie's ire was expended rather on the dilatoriness with which the other colonies had supported his efforts, for to this he attributed the discomfiture of his little army. The affair of the Great Meadows, we may well believe, was now the talk of the back country from New Orleans to Lake Erie and the joy of Canada. No English trader dare any longer cross the mountains. British prestige had vanished in the West, and the French were everywhere paramount; yet the colonists were still quarrelling briskly, both with one another and with their governors, concerning land grants and patents situated in this very country.

The Virginia legislature, as I have said, passed a vote of thanks to Washington and his men, and expressed proper regret at their misfortunes. Importuned by Dinwiddie, they voted £20,000 for military purposes, but again saddled with some irrelevant condition that the Governor was, by his instructions, not free to sign. Soon afterwards, however, they voted the money without the obnoxious rider. "Thank God," wrote the distraught official in the middle of this contest, "I have never before had to do with such obstinate and self-conceited people. A governor is truly an object of pity."

The British ambassador at Paris in the meantime had made urgent representations to the Government of Versailles regarding what his nation considered to be the unjustifiable occupation of the Ohio Valley, but to no purpose.

In the preceding year the lords of

the board of trade and plantations had ordered the various Governors of colonies to make some efforts at combination, and the result had been a conference at Albany, where representatives from seven provinces met, both to discuss this question and to confer with the chiefs of the Six Nations who had ready access to the New York frontier town. Benjamin Franklin, from Pennsylvania, already held to be one of the most capable men in the country, had elaborated a scheme of colonial combination that was pronounced to be excellently conceived, and went a considerable way towards the results that in later days were so painfully but successfully achieved without the help of England. Neither party, however, were prepared to accept it. The mother country thought it gave the colonists too much power, while the latter, on the other hand, jealous to a fault of their independence, thought Franklin's scheme encroached on what they already possessed. The commissioners were the best men of their respective colonies, and approved of the plan, but they had no authority to act, and their constituents were not in accord with them.

The desperate endeavours of the French to undermine the attachment of the Six Nations towards the English, and procure their support, had not been without effect, and they had been materially assisted by the bad conduct of the Dutch traders from the Hudson, and even of the New York Commissioners. Detachments of these hitherto staunch tribes had been already enticed away, some into Canada, others southward into the Ohio Valley. The revolt of the Iroquois (to use a convenient term), whom the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle had actually recognised as English subjects, would have been disastrous. Of infinite service, however, at this crisis was a young Irishman of good birth, named Johnson, who had settled in the back country on the Mohawk River and acquired an immense influence over these particular nations. He was now, of course, at Albany in person, and the Indian chiefs did not mince their words. They accused the English of deserting them, while the French were continually soliciting their friendship; of failing to build forts, while their enemies were swarming into the country; of already discussing the partition of their lands, and of quarrelling at that very moment with the French about territory that belonged to neither; while for the Dutch traders from Albany they had not a good word to say. The Six Nations were, in fact, on the very verge of repudiating the old alliance. Johnson, however, was the man of the hour, who stepped into the breach—one of those many Britons whose sway over native races has been of more profit to his country than rifles and regiments, and we shall hear of him again.

The Dutch and English, as I have before noted, were, for all practical purposes, one people; but the Germans of Pennsylvania and the Jerseys were, in Franklin's opinion, a wholly undesirable element, and even a dangerous one in times like these. He admits that they were plodding, industrious and peaceable, but their rapid increase and rejection of the language of their adopted country made him fear that the province of Pennsylvania might in time become wholly German, and the English tongue actually die out. In the legislature and the law courts their language, he says, was becoming an intolerable nuisance, and their stupidity, he declares, alarmed him. People were even beginning to consider whether it was advisable to admit them at all as immigrants. They not only refused to arm in defence of the province, but mocked openly at those who did, and were in the habit of remarking that they would as soon be under French as English rule.*

A little of the most Christian king, of his archbishops and his thieving

* The familiar American colloquialisms "Yankee Dutchman," "Pennsylvania Dutch," have no allusion to the Dutch proper of New York, but apply wholly to the German-American stock of Pennsylvania and the neighbouring States.

officials and iron-fisted generals would very soon have satisfied these poor ignorant Lutherans. Yet, in spite of Franklin's contempt for their persons and his dread of their numbers, it may not be amiss to remember that either want or the attraction of pay made soldiers eventually of many of them, for our present 60th Rifles, as will soon appear, chiefly consisted in its inception of German-Americans. But the result of all this chaos, this jealousy between colonies, this general inability to divine the future, and helplessness in face of a determined and united foe, was an urgent demand on the Home Government to send out troops and a competent general.

Parliament met in November, 1754, and money was then voted for the despatch of troops to His Majesty's American plantations —only, be it noted, for their protection—no declaration of war being so much as hinted at. So before January was out, the 44th and 48th regiments of the line had sailed from Cork Harbour, and a fleet of transports was labouring heavily westwards through the wintry seas.

BRITISH SOLDIERS, 1759

A heavy and light Dragoon and two Guardsmen. The cap of the Guardsmen is of German origin, and was in general use by the English Grenadiers of this period. The heavy Dragoon is on the right. The breeches are of leather, the coat is scarlet. From Luard's *History of the Dress of the British Soldier*, London, 1852, p. 95.

England at this moment was neither happy in her rulers nor well equipped for war. Her navy, it is true, was considerable, but her army had been reduced to twenty thousand men—about the number, in fact, that the small provinces of New England four years later placed in the field. Her generals were of very moderate capacity, though among the younger officers there was some rising talent, which jobbery and corruption could not wholly strangle. Affairs of state, too, were just now in lamentable hands. The ridiculous Newcastle, to whom politics, in its petty sense, was a passion, and who had no conception of anything loftier than distributing patronage with the sole object of retaining office, was Prime Minister. Sir Thomas Robinson had charge of the colonies, in connection with whom it has been said that Newcastle's crowning feat was in finding a coadjutor who was a greater fool than himself. If there had been reasonable prospects of a lasting peace, the British ambassador at Paris, Lord Albemarle, was not calculated to improve them. His success as an absorber of lucrative positions without capacity for any of them is the text of a somewhat memorable paragraph on the value of good manners in one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. He points out the moral of "a mere Dutch gentleman, without estate, learning, parts, political abilities or application," achieving such a position by "his air, his address, his manners, and his graces." He was infatuated with a French mistress, who not only ruined him but sold his secrets to the Government. Albemarle died just before the English expedition sailed, and

it was then too late for diplomacy to do anything but stave off the inevitable conflict. But this France alone was interested in doing till her preparations were complete. Great Britain, though her statesmen talked peace, made no further pretensions to act it.

It must not be supposed, however, that the despatch of the British force had been unobserved by France. On the contrary, it was regarded, in some sort, as a challenge, and 3,000 soldiers, with a new Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, sailed, after much delay and under a strong naval escort, from Brest, early in May. Yet, in the face of these unmistakable demonstrations, the two Governments assured each other of their sentiments of mutual friendship and esteem, advancing at the same time their respective claims in America, which were hopelessly irreconcilable. If the secret instructions deposited with each commander had at that moment been published to the world, they would have caused no little astonishment. Boscawen and Holborne, with some eighteen ships of the line between them, were in the meantime despatched in two parties to cut off the French, an attempt which met with very little success. Off the coast of Nova Scotia, however, two advanced British ships came up with an equal number of French stragglers, the *Alcide* and the *Lys*. Hocquart, the commander of the *Alcide*, demanded, through a speaking trumpet, of Howe (afterwards Lord Howe), of the *Dunkirk*, whether it was peace or war. A French account runs that Howe called out "*La Paix*, *La Paix*," and after inquiring the French captain's name poured a broadside into him. Howe's story is that he replied he did not know till he had signalled to Boscawen, but he advised Hocquart to be prepared for war. Then came the signal to fight, and the action opened which ended with the capture of the two French ships, carrying eight companies of soldiers, and the loss of eighty-six men on the French side and thirty-four on the British. The rest of the French fleet were safe in Louisbourg Harbour. The news of this fresh collision caused some excitement in Europe. The Versailles Government recalled its ambassador, but still shrank from declaring war. All this took place in the month of June, during which events of still more serious moment were hastening to a crisis in the forests of the Alleghanies.

On the 20th of February the small British armament cast anchor in Hampton Roads, Virginia, when General Braddock, who was in command, proceeded at once to Williamsburg, the capital of the colony, to confer with its eager and expectant Governor, Dinwiddie. The fleet then sailed up the Potomac and deposited the troops where the Virginia town of Alexandria, then in its infancy, now looks across the broad river towards the noble buildings of the city of Washington. These two regiments were the first substantial force of British regulars that had ever landed on American soil, unless, indeed, we go back to that curious revolt against Governor Berkeley in 1876 and the brief civil war in Virginia, which was finally extinguished by the landing of a mixed battalion of Guards.

Concerning Braddock,* seeing that his name has been immortalized by the tragedy for which some hold him, in part, accountable, a word or two must be said. He was now over sixty years of age, and was the choice of the Duke of Cumberland, then commander-in-chief. As he had neither wealth nor influence, American warfare not being in request by fortune's favourites, we may fairly suppose that he was selected on his merits. No name has been more irresponsibly played upon, and few reputations, perhaps, more hardly used than Braddock's by most writers of history and nearly all writers of fiction. His personality, from its very contrast to the wild woods in which he died, has caught the fancy of innumerable pens, and justice has been sadly sacrificed to picturesque effect. One is almost inclin-

*No portrait of Braddock is known.—Editor CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

ed to think that the mere fact of his name beginning with a letter which encourages a multiplication of strenuous epithets, has been against him. He is regarded as the typical redcoat of the Hanoverian period by all American writers—burly, brutal, blundering, blasphemous, but happily always, and without a dissentient note, brave—brave indeed as a lion. This familiar picture of our poor general, as a corpulent, red-faced, blaspheming bulldog, riding roughshod over colonial susceptibilities, tones down amazingly when one comes to hard facts. Legends of his former life are, with peculiar lack of generosity, quoted for what they are worth, and when examined they seem to be worth nothing. Walpole airs his wit in one or two doubtful aspersions, and a play of Fielding's is with little reason supposed to satirize the general's earlier years. What is really known about Braddock is in his favour. Vanquished in a duel, he had been too proud to ask his life. In command at Gibraltar he was "adored by his men," and this though he was notorious as a strict disciplinarian, a quality which Wolfe at this very time declares to be the most badly needed one in the British army. He had been in the Guards, had enjoyed a private income of some £300 a year, which it may be noted, since spendthrift is one of the epithets hurled at him, he slightly increased during his lifetime. The night before Braddock sailed, he went with his two aides, Burton and Orme, to see Mrs. Bellamy, and left her his will, drawn up in favour of her husband. He also produced a map, and remarked with a touch of melancholy, that he was "going forth to conquer whole worlds with a handful of men, and to do so must cut his way through unknown woods." He was, in fact, the first British general to conduct a considerable campaign in a remote wilderness. He had neither precedents nor the experience of others to guide him, and he found little help in the colonies where he had been taught to look for much. He has been accused of disparaging the colonial irregulars and neglecting to utilize the Indians. As to the first taunt, having regard to the appearance and discipline of the provincial troops that were paraded before Braddock, he would not, as a soldier trained on European fields, have been human had he refrained from all open criticism; as to the second, we shall see that it was untrue. Information regarding colonial resources was then vague in England. Braddock had been given to understand that the transport and commissariat would be provided by Virginia and her neighbours; whereas he now found that not only was nothing ready, but that there was no ground even for future expectations in that particular. If, as an officer of the Cumberland *régime*, he had used the vigorous language of that school, it would surely have been almost justified by circumstances; but there is no particular evidence that he did even so much. His accomplishments in this line are in all probability part of the more or less fancy dress in which writers have delighted to clothe him. Robert Orme, of the 35th regiment, and recently of the Coldstreams, was one of the general's aide-de-camps, and has left us an invaluable journal of this expedition. Orme was highly thought of both by regulars and provincials, and regarded as a man of great sense and judgment, even by those who did not like Braddock and thought him, from their colonial point of view, unconciliatory and overbearing. Orme in his private diary gives no hint that Braddock was the violent, unreasonable, foul-mouthed person of the magazine writer. He was as much disheartened as his chief by the appearance and seeming temper of the colonial troops, and dwells on the trying conditions which Braddock had to meet and the energy and honesty with which he endeavoured to do his duty.

The two British regiments in the meantime were being raised from 500

men to a strength of 700 by provincial enlistment. The 44th was commanded by Sir Peter Halkett, a good officer, who, ten years previously, had been captured by the Pretender and released on parole. The 48th were under Dunbar, who acquitted himself but poorly, as we shall see. The camp of exercise on the Potomac was a strange and inspiring sight to the colonists, who had now begun in some sort to realize the French danger. With all their seeming apathy, the Virginians and Marylanders were staunchly loyal. The echoes from far-off European fields, won or fiercely disputed by the intrepidity of British soldiers, were still ringing in their ears. Stories of Dettingen and Fontenoy were yet told by cabin fires and on the planters' shady porches by new-comers from England, and sometimes, no doubt, by men who had assisted in those glorious victories and scarcely less glorious defeats. Here now were these redoubtable redcoats, gay in all the glitter and panoply of war, actually marching and manœuvring on the warm soil of the Old Dominion. If there had been anything in this French scare, there was now, at any rate, no further cause for alarm. It was a great opportunity, too, for the gentry of the Potomac shore to indulge at the same time their loyal and their social instincts. Tradition says that the ladies appreciated the situation more than the gentlemen of the colony, who were not over-pleased at the supercilious bearing of the British officers. Washington, whose estate at Mount Vernon lay within a few miles of the Alexandria camp, was a frequent visitor. A stickler always for punctilio, and with a keen sense of justice, he had resented an order which placed all king's officers over all provincial officers, irrespective of rank or experience, and before Braddock's landing had resigned his commission. Such a keen soldier as he was sorely tantalized, we may be sure, by all this pomp of war. Nobody ever seems to have thought of snubbing Washington, and to save him the indignity he would not stomach, namely, that of ranking, colonel as he was, under a British ensign, Braddock with kindly forethought placed him on his personal staff. Curiously enough, there seems to have been no general misgiving as to the ability of these well-drilled redcoats to meet the French and Indians in the heart of the forests. On the contrary, save for an occasional note of doubt, the middle colonies only saw in these invincible warriors an instrument which was to sweep the French forever from their path and from their minds.

A council of colonial governors and British officers was held at Alexandria on April 14th, when a definite plan for the season's operations was drawn up. The chief expedition, of course, was that of Braddock and his regulars against Fort Duquesne, already decided upon. But it was thought advisable to distract the French at other points with such forces as the British Americans had at their disposal. Shirley, the clever and capable Governor of Massachusetts, though of middle age and no soldier, had some passion for military glory, and was immensely gratified at being placed in command of a force destined for the capture of Niagara. Acadia, now in the throes of those troubles alluded to in a former chapter, was to be the scene of a vigorous movement by Monckton against the troublesome French fort of Beausejour on the boundary. Johnson, the backwoods statesman and soldier, was to strike at the chain of lakes which led due north from Albany to Canada and formed that famous and blood-stained highway between the two countries which will be the scene of many later chapters in this book. For the present it will be enough to say that these blows were to be struck almost entirely by the better organized provincial militia of the Northern colonies. The limited nature of their success will be briefly alluded to hereafter, and the remainder of this chapter will be devoted to that tragic and memorable disaster known as "Braddock's defeat."

In Canada there were now available, or soon would be, 3,000 troops of the line, in addition to the 2,000 marine or colony regulars and the colonial militia, estimated at about 15,000. Nor does this include the Louisbourg garrison, numbering 1,400 regulars. What fraction of this force had moved southwards through the vast wilderness to Fort Duquesne no one for a certainty then knew. It was the key to the Ohio Valley, and, indeed, to the whole situation, and strenuous efforts would be made to hold it. There were not believed to be as yet more than 500 white troops on the spot, but the number of Indians was an entirely unknown quantity, and they were quite as formidable so long as they remained in real earnest on the war-path.

As regards Indian help for Braddock, Dinwiddie had undertaken that 120 warriors should be at his service. It was not his fault that less than half that number, and those anything but zealous, came straggling in. They were hampered, moreover, with women and children, that the provincial officers assured Braddock that the tax on the commissariat would be greater than the assistance of so small a number was worth. The general has been roundly accused of despising Indian help, whereas he never had a chance to reject it in any substantial form, though he made all the advances which his somewhat helpless position admitted of; indeed, he made their backwardness one of his chief complaints. As it was, less than a dozen went through to the end with him as scouts. Braddock had now been two months in Virginia, and in spite of indefatigable exertions found himself thwarted and balked at every turn. If he showed some temper and used strong language, he may well be excused, for though 1,500 horses and 125 waggons were needed, and had been promised, by the end of April, 25 waggons only had been secured, and those mostly by his own exertions! There were, in fact, no waggons to speak of in all Virginia. They were not then necessary to its single industry, as anyone familiar with that country and its peculiar conditions can readily understand.

Benjamin Franklin, then postmaster at Philadelphia, was at the general's right hand, dining daily at his table—"the first capable and sensible man I have met in the country," wrote poor Braddock to his Government.* Franklin undertook the waggon business, and with great effect he turned to Pennsylvania, a colony of prosperous small farmers, apathetic as to the war, but possessed of abundant agricultural requisites. Franklin appealed not to their patriotism, but to their pockets, or rather to their fears, telling them roundly that it would be better to hire their waggons and teams to His Majesty's Government than wait till they were dragooned, as with a fine touch of ready audacity he assured them they certainly would be. He, moreover, pledged his personal credit, and both the required waggons and several hundred horses were collected in a few days. With the food contractors in Virginia, too, there was infinite difficulty: the meat was rancid, the flour was short, while many of the horses were afterwards stolen by the very men who had sold them. Whatever were Braddock's faults, and one of them, no doubt, was cursing both the country and the Government which sent him there, he at least spared neither himself nor his private purse, which last he drew upon freely, Orme tells us, in his struggle for ways and means.

Wills Creek or Fort Cumberland, a former trading station some hundred miles westward up the Potomac, was to be the actual base of the expedition against Fort Duquesne. It was behind the settlements, and stood amid a stump-strewn clearing in the forests on the Maryland shore of the river. By the middle of May, and by various routes, Braddock's whole force had gathered at this backwoods station. which was bounded on one side by the

*Franklin, it must be admitted, did not return Braddock's regard.

river and on the other three by the leafy walls of the primeval forest Braddock himself had crossed the Blue Ridge into the valley of the Shenandoah, and paid a visit *en route* to the eccentric Lord Fairfax, near the backwoods village of Winchester, where Washington joined his staff. Thence, moving northward, he crossed the Potomac, resumed command of his army at Fort Cumberland, and after a few more struggles with belated contractors of food, forage, or horses, by the 7th of June was in a condition to commence his march with safety.

The small force was divided into two brigades. The first was under Sir Peter Halkett,* and contained the 44th regiment, now numbering 700 effective men, with 230 New York, Virginia, and Maryland rangers and 50 carpenters. The second brigade, under Dunbar, included the 48th regiment, 650 strong, 170 rangers from the Carolinas, somewhat less from Virginia, and 35 carpenters, in all nearly 2,000 men. It was absolutely necessary to take supplies for not less than nine weeks, since 122 miles of rugged and heavily wooded mountain country had to be traversed, where no subsistence worth mentioning for either man or beast was to be found, to say nothing of the provisions for the troops to be left as garrisons of the backwoods fortress which they hoped to capture. The 44th, under Halkett, were the first to enter the forest; next came the provincials, under Burton, while Dunbar and the 48th, with the general and his staff, brought up the rear. Washington, who from illness and other private reasons, had been as yet little with Braddock, ventured to contest the sweeping verdict of the harassed general, namely, that the population of these colonies consisted chiefly of knaves or fools. But Washington had not shared his commander's troubles, though he had plenty of his own of a like nature a few months later, and has left comments upon them as strong as poor Braddock's. All the sympathy the unfortunate general got from the British public was probably expressed with tolerable accuracy by Horace Walpole, who amused his fellow-dandies at St. James' by remarking that Braddock seemed "in no hurry to get scalped."

The route followed to the Great Meadows was much the same as that used by Washington and his small force in the preceding year, but now a road twelve feet wide had to be opened over the rugged, tree-encumbered ground. Its course lay neither over veldt, nor plain, nor prairie, nor sandy desert, nor Russian steppe; but over two high ranges of mountains and several lesser ridges, clad in the gloom of mighty forests, littered with the wreckage of unnumbered years, riven this way and that by turbulent streams, and swarming with hostile Indians. After a day or two's march it was generally recognized, Orme tells us, that the loads must be lightened. This done, and the officers' kits reduced to bare necessities, they even then took a week to reach the Little Meadows, only twenty miles from Fort Cumberland; and the long line, which had to guard against a surprise at every point, straggled over four miles. A strange enough sight in those wild woods must have been the long train of jolting waggons, dragged by ill-conditioned horses, growing daily weaker; the clumsy tumbrils, and artillery and ammunition carts jolting and crashing over the rough-made track; the strings of heavy laden pack-horses, stung by deer-flies and goaded by the drivers' whips, sliding and slipping over limestone slabs, and floundering amid stumps and roots; the droves of stunted cattle shambling unwillingly along the unfenced track; the fresh-faced soldiery, in tight scarlet uniforms, pigtails and pipeclay, mitre hats and black gaitered legs, sweltering in the fierce, unwonted heat of an American midsummer sun, whose vertical rays pierce even the rich canopy of leaves that high June spreads aloft,

* See Frontispiece.

and which rustle so temptingly in breezes unfelt below.

By the 19th of June it was evident to Braddock and his officers, including Washington, that greater expedition must be made. To press on with a small force merely carrying rations was out of the question. Indian runners had stated the French at Duquesne to be as yet comparatively few, but the number of their savage allies was altogether outside calculation. Without artillery the fort would require a long siege—was, in fact, impregnable; and lastly, it was perilous any longer to venture in small numbers into a country towards which the French were hastening in unknown strength. The pace, however, was somewhat mended by leaving 600 men, including the sick, and all the weaker horses, to come leisurely on with Dunbar; while Braddock with 1,200 regulars and 200 of the best provincials, pressed forward at a somewhat less snail-like rate. Washington was so ill with fever that Braddock absolutely compelled him to stay with Dunbar's rear column, promising upon his honour to have him sent forward to the front in time for the fight. "I would not miss it for £500," wrote the ardent young soldier to his friends in Virginia. So Braddock, making the patient, in his turn, solemnly promise to take "Dr. James's powders, the best medicine in the world," pressed on with his reduced column. They had still 92 miles between them and Fort Duquesne, but now managed to achieve between five and six miles a day. Sometimes their slow progress lay through open forests, where the giant stems of oak and poplar, chestnut and maple rose from a clean carpet of fallen leaves, or spread their leafy roof over wide-stretching and luxuriant masses of rhododendrons and azaleas, just now in the very zenith of their bloom; at other times they were brushing between sombre walls of cypress and hemlock which hid the sunlight and the heat from dank, deep soils where the moss-grown carcases of fallen trees lay heaped together in all stages of decay. Now the long column was clinging precariously to a precipitous hillside, beneath which some pent-up torrent churned and roared. Now it was struggling—cattle, horses, waggons and men—in some rocky channel, where a shrunken stream trickled amid the *débris* of its winter floods. Signs of French and Indians were plentiful, but as yet they kept their distance, filling the measure of their hostility with taunts and ribald verses smeared upon the trees. Admirable discipline was maintained, and every precaution that prudence required was observed by Braddock. Men were thrown out upon both flanks marching abreast through the trees, while beyond these again scouting parties ranged the woods. A careless straggler was occasionally killed and scalped, but no party of the enemy ventured an attack on the column, attenuated though it of necessity was. Christopher Gist, Washington's former guide, acted again in that capacity, while a handful of Indians and mounted Virginians cautiously probed the forest in advance.

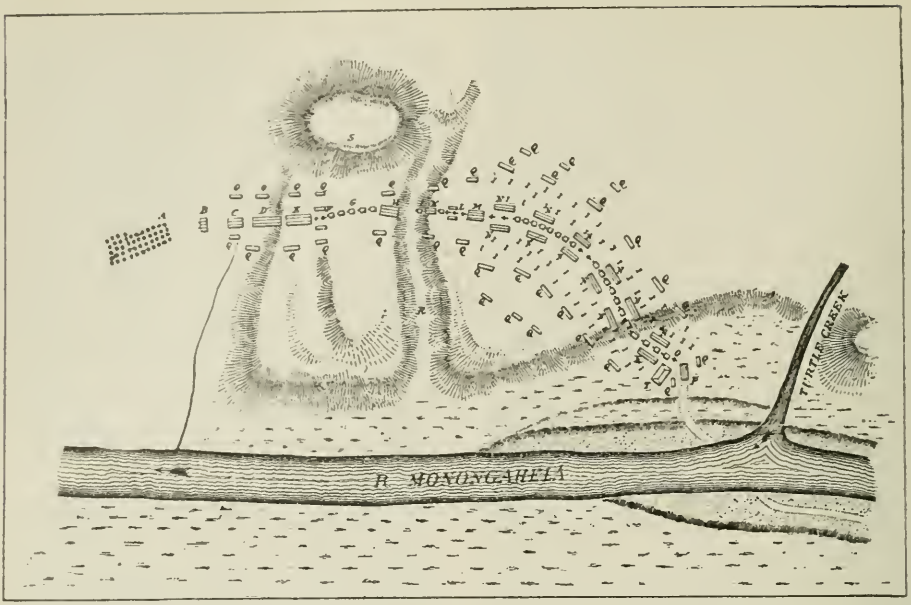
On the 7th of July, after a month's march, the column arrived within a dozen miles of its destination, and its difficulties seemed almost over. Whatever reinforcements might have reached Fort Duquesne, the French and their allies could hardly be in great strength, or some sort of demonstration would surely have been made, particularly as the Indians had small liking for open spaces and artillery. "Men and officers," says Orme, "had now become so skilful in the woods that they were no longer in fear of an ambuscade." Nor did Braddock for that matter, as is often loosely stated, eventually run into one. The army was now within a few miles of the Monongahela, which rolled with broad and shallow current on the left and in a northwesterly direction to its junction with the Alleghany. These two rivers unite to form the Ohio, and in the angle of their junction, on a site now

buried amid the smoke and din of Pittsburg, then stood the lonely fortress. The shortest route for Braddock was to continue his course parallel with that of the Monongahela, but the broken nature of the country made the risk too great. It was decided, therefore, to ford the river and recross it at a spot some five miles lower down and eight from the French fortress. On the next day, July the 8th, the column moved down to within a couple of miles of the first ford, and there bivouacked for the night. It was to prove the last sleep from which one-half, at any rate, of the poor fellows who there made their beds of leaves and pine brush were ever to awaken. Washington, in accordance with Braddock's promise, was brought up that evening, though still weak with fever, having left Dunbar and his 600 men at a spot called Rock Fort, some fifty miles in the rear. The troops were to cross the river twice in the course of the next day's march, and if all was well would camp sufficiently near the fort to strike it on the following morning, for progress had now become much easier. At dawn Sir John Sinclair, with the engineers and axemen, went forward, as usual, to clear the road. At sunrise Gage, of later and less favourable notoriety in the Revolutionary war, but now a promising young brevet-colonel, with 300 men and two guns, marched out of camp to occupy the second ford, some five miles below the first. It was eight o'clock when the main body waded the Monongahela, and it had scarcely entered the oak forests which clothed the further bank, when a messenger from Gage arrived announcing that he held the further ford. It was past noon when the rest of the column arrived there, and the reunited force was drawn up by Braddock preparatory to making the passage of the river, at this spot about two hundred yards broad, with some pomp and circumstance.

Beyond the river the ground swelled up into low hills, clad with the inevitable forest. No enemy was visible, but from behind that vast screen of foliage many a pair of eager eyes, both French and Indian, were fastened on the broad sheen of sunlit waters which here broke for a space the forest and its illimitable canopy of leaves. Knowing this full well, and regarding with some justice the abandonment of both fords as a confession of weakness, Braddock determined to effect this last passage of the Monongahela in a fashion worthy the soldiers of a proud empire coming to enforce its outraged rights. So the troops were marched across by companies with much precision and with colours flying, while drum and fife and bugle woke the echoes of the woodland wilderness with stirring and familiar strains.

Reforming on the farther bank, the column moved forward in much the same order and with apparently no less caution than before. Half a dozen Indians and some Virginia light horsemen felt the country in advance. Then came the road-makers with Gage, his two guns and 300 men, while as many yards behind followed the main column. It was now about eight miles to the fort, and the order was to march till three o'clock, when the last camp would be pitched before what was fondly looked for as the crowning triumph of the morrow.

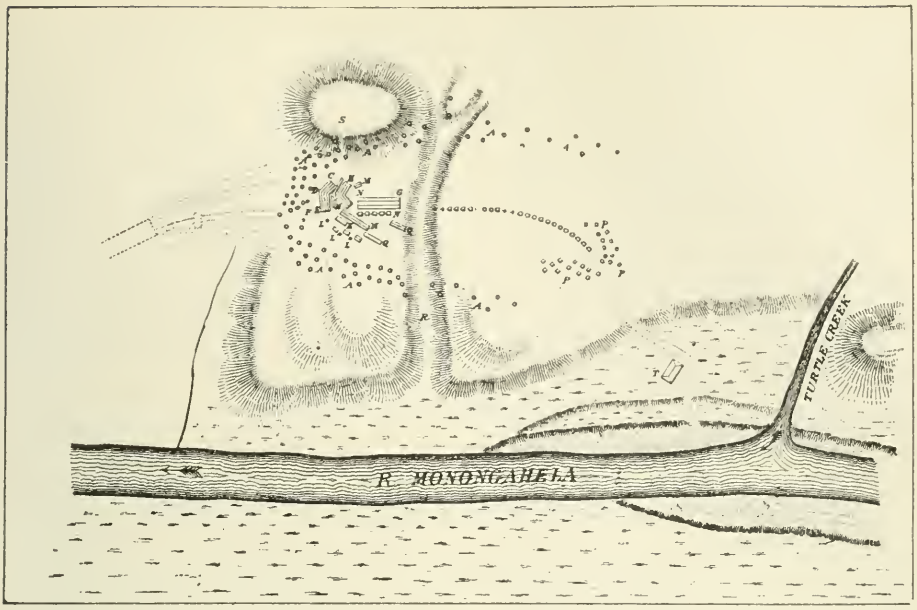
In this order the troops had proceeded the better part of a mile, and had reached a spot where the underbrush grew thicker than usual beneath the trees. The vanguard under Gage had just crossed a shallow ravine, when the scouts and horsemen came rapidly in, and at the same moment Gordon, the engineer who was making out the road, caught sight of a man dressed as an Indian but wearing the gorget of an officer, running towards him. The latter, as soon as he saw the English, pulled up short and waved his hat over his head, when the woods in front became of a sudden alive with warriors, and the Indian war-whoop ringing from nearly a thousand throats shook the arches of the forest with its novel and appalling clamour. Forms innumerable, some in white uniforms, some in blue, still more in the weird feathered




A SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF JULY 9TH ON THE MONONGAHELA, SHEWING THE DISPOSITION OF THE TROOPS WHEN THE ACTION BEGAN

A—French and Indians. B—Guides. C—British Vanguard. Q—Flank Guards. N—Main Body upon the flanks of the Convoy, with the Cattle and Packhorses between them and the Flank Guards. S—A Hill from which the Indians did most of the execution. T—Fraser's House.—From a Contemporary Plan made by Pat MacKellar, Engineer.

head-dress and garish pigments of the Indian, could be seen speeding to right and left among the trees. In a few moments a musketry fire, at first desultory, but as each fresh enemy found cover quickening rapidly into a formidable fusilade, poured in upon Gage's men. For a short time many of the foe were visible, and the small British vanguard wheeled into line and delivered two or three volleys with steadiness and precision. But the enemy, with a far greater superiority of aim than the modern Boer has over the modern redcoat, and with a bright-coloured exposed target such as was rarely offered to him in forest warfare, was already playing deadly havoc. The British bullets did little more than sliver the bark from trees and cut the saplings. Gage's two guns, however, were brought into action, and fired three volleys of grape and canister, which seem to have accounted for much of the slight mortality which the enemy experienced on this fatal day. Indeed, if the British, enveloped in that thickening canopy of smoke and leaves and already shaken by such a hail of lead from almost unseen foes, had only known it, the moment was a critical one for the enemy. De Beaujeu, their leader, whose waving hat had been the sign of the battle, was lying dead in the bushes. Dumas, who succeeded to the command, has told us how his hundred and fifty Canadians, headed by their two young officers, had fled shamefully at the first discharge of grape, crying "*sauve qui peut*," how the main body of the British infantry were coming up behind the smoke with loud shouts of "God save the King!" and how the six hundred Indians, flinching as ever from artillery, were leaving their cover and showing signs of abandoning the field to himself and his officers and the seventy French regulars who held their ground. With infinite presence of mind and a gallantry that Dumas himself some-




A SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF JULY 9TH ON THE MONONGAHELA, SHEWING THE DISPOSITION OF THE TROOPS ABOUT 2 O'CLOCK

A—The French and Indians behind trees, and outflanking the British. P—The Rear Guard divided and attacked by a few Indians. C. D. E. H. K. M. N. Q.—The British Mass. This confusion lasted about two hours, the British vainly endeavouring to recover the guns (F) and to gain the Hill (S), but without success. Finally they retreated.

what modestly attributes to despair, he and his lieutenants, conspicuously assisted by a famous half-breed leader, Langlade, rallied the Indians, and held them to the field for the few minutes that were required to show them what an easy job was theirs. Under cover of the smoke and brush, and aided by their knowledge of the ground and of the science of backwoods warfare, they threw out a long line of hidden skirmishers upon both flanks of the British. From this time forward the battle was mere sport for the one side and deadly slaughter for the other. Two shallow ravines greatly favoured the tactics of the enemy, while a low, densely wooded hill upon the British right front was crowded through the whole fight with howling sharpshooters.

Braddock, when the firing grew hot enough to show that his vanguard was seriously engaged, pressed rapidly up with the main column, leaving Sir Peter Halkett with 400 men, including most of the provincials, to guard the baggage. As the supports reached Gage's company, the latter seem even in so short a time to have received heavy punishment and fell back in some confusion on the new-comers, shaking their steadiness and mixing the men of the two regiments together. Never perhaps was a battle fought more difficult in one sense and in another more painfully simple to describe.

The doubtful moment with the Indians seems to have passed when the main body and the vanguard of the British melted into one. Henceforth it was an almost purely Indian fight and of a nature more astoundingly one-sided than had ever occurred in the annals of backwoods warfare. From right and left and front, and from an enemy that was practically invisible, a deadly fire that scarcely tested the well-known accuracy of the men behind the rifles was poured for two hours into bewildered, huddling groups of redcoats.

It was a butchery rather than a battle. Anglo-Saxon writers have followed one another in monotonous abuse of these two hapless battalions. The French victor, Dumas, is more generous when he tells us they remained to be shot at for two hours with obstinate firmness. Braddock was a helpless amateur at such work, and his men still more so. Hopelessly disorganized, they crowded together in groups, firing wildly into the trees or into the air, or sometimes even into their own comrades.

Braddock proved himself a very lion in combat, but his reckless courage was of no avail. His officers exposed their lives with splendid valour, but the sacrifice was useless. To fight enemies they could not see, and who mowed them down like corn, was something terribly novel to the routine British soldier of that day, brave and staunch though he was amid more familiar dangers. In vain it was endeavoured, by planting the regimental standards in the ground, to disentangle the medley. It was in vain that officer after officer gathered together small groups of men and led them into the teeth of the storm. They were picked off with deadly accuracy, and their followers, bereft of leadership, thrown back upon the slaughter pen. Among others, Burton, whose name was the last spoken by Wolfe's dying lips four years later on the Plains of Abraham, led a hundred men against the fatal hill, but fell wounded in the attempt. One may ask, perhaps, whether bayonet charges, however well delivered, would have availed much against so widely scattered and so nimble a foe in the blind depths of the forest. Backwoods warfare against the most formidable savage warrior that the world has ever seen was an art in itself that only much backwoods training could acquire. The Red Indian knew no fear. He seldom threw his life away, like equally brave white men, to no purpose, as war with him was a game to be properly played, and this perhaps made him more dangerous. He was liable, too, to moods and tempers; but when he made war in earnest he was terrible, and was always at least equal to the same number of picked backwoodsmen in a stand-up fight. Braddock's men were not picked backwoodsmen, and war on the Ohio was very different from war in Flanders. On this dire occasion the only savages that could be seen were those whose lust of trophies outdid their caution and urged them to rush out and risk the random fire while tearing the scalp from the bleeding heads of dead or wounded soldiers.

British officers as well as colonials who were there have declared that no pen could describe the scene. One actor in it wrote that the dreadful clangour of the Indian war-whoop would ring in his ears till his dying day. One can imagine the packhorses, stung to madness by bullet-wounds and fright, stumbling about among the dead and wounded, adding their dying shrieks to the general uproar, and the cattle, smitten by the fire of both sides, rushing terror-stricken through the woods. At the tail of the column towards the ford and in rear of the baggage, Halkett's 400 men, pressed by the advanced points of the Indian flank fire, were faring somewhat better, though Sir Peter himself was killed, and his son, while trying to raise him, fell dead by his side. Most of the hundred or so Virginia riflemen, about whose action in this fight a good deal of fable has gathered, were here. They did their duty, and fought gallantly behind trees according to backwoods custom. But the contemporary plan of the battle shows the attack on the rear guard to have been far weaker than where the mass of the demoralized redcoats drew the bulk of the fire.

The pandemonium had lasted over two hours. Only the waggoners and axemen so far had fled. Washington, in the thick of the fight, had nobly seconded his chief's endeavours. He was still unhurt, though several bullets had passed through his clothes and

two horses had been killed under him. Braddock, hoarse, hot, smoke-grimed, and stung with the bitterness of defeat, at last gave the signal for retreat. He was riding his fifth horse, and at this moment fell from it with a ball in his lungs. Orme, though himself severely wounded, and Captain Stewart, a Virginian, ran to his assistance. He begged to be left to die where he was, but first in a tumbril, and then on a led horse, he was forced along amid the general flight that had now commenced.

Everything was abandoned to the enemy—waggons, guns, cattle, horses, baggage, and £25,000 in specie, while scores of helpless wounded were left victims to the tomahawk and scalping knife. The long strain once loosened, it became a race for life by every man who could drag his legs behind him. Regulars and provincials splashed in panic and in dire confusion through the ford they had crossed in such pomp but three hours before. Arms and accoutrements were flung away in the terror with which men fled from those ghastly shambles. A few Indians followed the fugitives into the water, but none crossed it. There was no pursuit; with such a wealth of spoil and scalps on the battlefield, it would not have been Indian tactics.

Braddock, though suffering from a mortal wound, made an effort with his surviving officers to gather some men together and make a stand beyond the first ford. It was useless, however, and they soon found themselves alone. Beyond the second ford another attempt was made with no more success. From here Washington, Braddock's only uninjured aide-de-camp, was sent forward to Dunbar's camp, over sixty miles away, to hurry on help and provisions for the wounded. So fast did the foremost fugitives travel that they arrived there the following night, spreading dismay and consternation among the 600 men in camp, great numbers of whom, being provincials, deserted and went home. The survivors of the tragedy came dropping in throughout the next two days, many of them hatless, coatless, and without arms. Waggons, medicines, and supplies were sent out along the trail, while Braddock, borne in a litter by two men, whom, Orme tells us, he had to bribe with a guinea and a bottle of wine, lay silent and suffering.

Even the dying hours of the gallant bulldog have been made the theme of much fanciful dialogue and garnished with fictitious utterances of grief at the disaster, and remorse for his supposed obstinacy and rashness. That he twice tried to arrest the stampede, and then took measures for the comfort of the wounded, is all that we know for certain of his last hours. He was unconscious at Rockfort, where it was decided to retire to Fort Cumberland, and as the waggons were required for the wounded, and the enemy were expected, the guns and stores that could not be moved were destroyed. At the Great Meadows, a stage beyond, Braddock died. He was buried there beneath the forest leaves, Washington reading the funeral service over his grave, while waggons were rolled over the fresh mould lest his remains should be found and desecrated. Twenty years later, when the wilderness had given way to civilization, his bones, recognized by the articles buried with him, were accidentally unearthed by a farmer's spade, and found a strange and discreditable resting-place in a glass case at a local museum.

Braddock, to be sure, was no great general. He was sent to carry out an undertaking, arduous and unprecedented in British experience, and did his best in the face of immense difficulties, human and physical. Both he and his people had perhaps grown a little too confident after crossing the second ford. Till then, however, he was entirely successful, and even so it was no ambush in the ordinary sense of the term. With his scouts farther forward he would have had, it is true, a little more notice; but under no cir-

cumstances were his regulars qualified to face even a lesser number of Indians in their native woods, while there were not 200 provincial combatants on the field of battle, and many of these had no backwoods experience whatever.

Out of 89 officers, 63 were killed or wounded. Of about 1,300 rank and file actual combatants not 500 came out unscathed, the greater number of the remainder being killed. Many were carried off to torture and death by the Indians, who are variously estimated at from 600 to 800. The French, who stayed with or near them, numbered about 70, while the 150 Canadians, as we saw, fled early in the fight. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was under fifty. The effect of this battle, which neither before nor since has had any exact parallel in British history, was prodigious. Shame and humiliation was felt in England, unbounded exultation in France, while the American colonists' faith in the invincibility of British soldiers was permanently shaken.

The victorious French at Fort Duquesne were scarcely less astonished than elated. We have plenty of written evidence how precarious they considered their position, and with what doubtful hopes of success they left the fort on the morning of July 9th. The blow in itself was bad enough; but Dunbar, a most indifferent soldier, and excusably regarded at the time as something worse, now succeeded to the command of the shattered force, and behaved as if the terror of the tragedy had entered into the very souls of himself and his troops. The effect of it upon the Indians was this time not merely a moral but a physical one, for it left the entire frontier of four colonies at their mercy. Dunbar, however, was not happy till he reached Philadelphia, whence he soon afterwards embarked with his men and sailed away for the north.

There was now a tremendous outcry and a general panic. The Indians, hounded on by the French, and swarming in from the north and west, frequently led, too, by Canadian partisans, threw themselves upon the almost defenceless frontier of Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, and rolled it back amid an orgie of blood and fire and tears; while Washington, in command of 1,000 ill-disciplined and badly-officered militiamen, was set the hopeless task of defending a line nearly 400 miles in length.

He was only three-and-twenty, but was regarded as the natural protector of the colonies now threatened, and his letters from the western settlements of Virginia, throughout this autumn, winter and spring give a harrowing picture of the Indian terror that he was endeavouring to combat. From the thrifty settlements of the Scotch Irishmen, and the more adventurous among the Germans which were thickly sprinkled along the eastern troughs of the Alleghanies, came flying in crowds, horse, foot, and waggons, through the mountain passes. "They come through by fifties at a time," writes Washington, "and talk of surrendering to the French if no help comes from below." Braddock's road from the Ohio he speaks of as being beaten hard with moccasined feet, as if an army had been over it, while all the Western forests were alive with Indians. In Maryland, a little later, he counted 300 waggons in three days hurrying from the wasted settlements. From North Carolina to Western New York men were scalped and murdered by hundreds, and women and children in still greater numbers either treated in like fashion or driven into captivity behind the Alleghanies. The tears and supplications of the refugees were a daily torment to this at once tender and brave-hearted young leader of men, who chafed at the impotence to which he was consigned by bad and inefficient soldiers, worse officers, and a lack of everything but scurrilous abuse.

Braddock himself never probably used in conversation much stronger language than Washington has left in writing of the criminal indifference at this moment of his fellow-colonists who pulled the wires or held the purse-strings. A feeble line of block-houses was built along the frontier from the Hudson to the James, but the young Virginia commander notes with fine scorn that their militia garrisons take good care to stay inside them, though a bold forward policy was the only hope of successfully combating invasion. Landon Carter, head of the most famous and wealthy family in the colony, is equally trenchant, and swears that if there was an active king upon the throne of France he could conquer the whole country up to the Atlantic with ease. The Indian terror lasted for nearly two years, during which the destruction of life and property was awful, and the accompanying details ghastly. It was complicated, moreover, in the south by a continual dread of a servile rebellion. In Virginia alone were 120,000 negroes whose minds were insidiously poisoned with the notion that a French triumph would insure their freedom. When the French influence was dead, and the Western Indians in after years were left face to face with the sons and grandsons, and even husbands and brothers of the victims of 1755-56, a deadly reckoning was taken.* As the Scotch-Irish vanguard of American civilization slowly pushed their way across the Alleghanies towards the fertile plains of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, it would be ill guessing how much of fierce revenge for some unforgotten tragedy nerved the arms of the sinewy half-Puritan, half-lawless borderers who "won the West."

*Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's book, "The Winning of the West," treats of this later period in an exhaustive and fascinating manner.

TO BE CONTINUED

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# THE SON OF HIS MOTHER

*By L. M. MONTGOMERY*

THYRA CAREWE was waiting for Chester to come home. She sat by the west window of the kitchen, looking out into the gathering of the shadows with the expectant immovability that characterized her. She never twitched or fidgetted. Into whatever she did she put the whole force of her nature. If it was sitting still, she sat still.

"A stone image would be twitchety beside Thyra," said Mrs. Cynthia Andrews, her neighbour across the lane. "It gets on my nerves, the way she sits at that window sometimes, with no more motion than a statue and her great eyes burning down the lane. When I read the commandment, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' I declare I always think of Thyra. She worships that son of hers far and ahead of her Creator. She'll be punished for it yet!"

Mrs. Andrews was watching Thyra now, knitting furiously as she watched, so as to lose no time. Thyra's hands were folded idly in her lap. She had not moved a muscle since she sat down. Mrs. Andrews complained that it gave her the creeps.

"It doesn't seem natural to see a woman sit so still," she said. "Sometimes I think, 'What if she's had a stroke like her old Uncle Horatio, and is sitting there stone dead!'"

The evening was cold and autumn-like. There was a fiery red spot out at sea where the sun had set, and above it, over a chill clear saffron sky, were heaps of purply-black clouds. The pond below the Carewe home-

stead was livid. Beyond it the sea was dark and brooding. It was an evening to make most people shiver and prophesy an early winter, but Thyra loved it as she loved all stern, harshly beautiful things. She would not light a lamp because it would blot out the savage splendour of sea and sky. It was better to wait in the darkness until Chester came home. He was late to-night. She thought he had been detained overtime at the harbour, but she was not anxious. He would come straight home to her as soon as his business was completed; of that she felt sure.

Her thoughts spread out along the bleak harbour road to meet him. She could see him plainly, coming with his free stride over the sandy hollows and windy hills, in the harsh, cold light of that forbidding sunset, strong and handsome in his comely youth, with her own deeply-cleft chin and his father's dark-gray, straightforward eyes. No other woman in Midverne had a son like him, her only one. In his brief absences she yearned after him with a maternal passion that had in it something of physical pain, so intense was it. She thought of Cynthia Andrews, knitting across the road, with a contemptuous pity. That woman had no son—nothing but pale-faced girls! Thyra had never wanted a daughter, but she pitied and despised all sonless women.

Chester's dog whined suddenly and piercingly on the doorstep outside. He was tired of the cold stones and wanted his warm corner behind the stove. Thyra smiled grimly when she heard him. She had no intention of letting him in. She said she had always disliked dogs, but the truth, although she would not glance at it, was that she hated the animal because Chester loved him. She could not share his love with even a dumb brute. She loved no living creature in the world but her son, and fiercely demanded a like concentrated affection from him. Hence it pleased her to hear his dog whine.

It was now quite dark; the stars had begun to shine out over the shorn harvest fields, and Chester had not come. Across the lane Cynthia Andrews had pulled down her blind, in despair of outwatching Thyra, and had lighted a lamp. Lively shadows of lithe girl shapes passed and repassed on the pale oblong of light. They made Thyra conscious of her exceeding loneliness. She had just decided that she would walk down the lane and wait for Chester on the bridge, when a thunderous knock came at the east kitchen door.

She recognized August Vorst's knock and lighted a lamp in no great haste, for she did not like him. He was a gossip, and Thyra hated gossip in man or woman. But then August was privileged.

She carried the little lamp in her hand when she went to the door, and its upward-striking light gave her face a ghastly appearance. She did not mean to ask August in, but he pushed past her cheerfully, not waiting to be invited. He was a midget of a man, lame of foot and hunched of back, with a white, boyish face, despite his middle age, and malicious, deep-set black eyes.

He pulled a crumpled newspaper from his pocket and handed it to Thyra. He was the unofficial mail-carrier of Midverne. Most of the people gave him a trifle for bringing their letters and papers from the office. He earned small sums in various other ways, and so contrived to keep the life in his stunted body.

There was always venom in August's gossip. It was said that he made more mischief in a day in Midverne than was made otherwise in a year, but people tolerated him by reason of his infirmity. To be sure, it was the tolerance they gave to inferior creatures, and August felt this. Perhaps it accounted for a good deal of his malignity. He hated most those who were kindest to him and, of these, Thyra Carewe above all. He hated Chester, too, as he hated all strong, shapely creatures. His time had come at last to wound them both, and his ex-

ultation shone through his crooked body and pinched features like an illuminating lamp. Thyra perceived it and vaguely felt something antagonistic in it. She pointed to the rocking chair as she might have pointed out a mat to a dog.

August crawled into it and smiled. He was going to make her writhe presently, this woman who looked down upon him as some venomous, creeping thing she disdained to crush with her feet.

"Did you see anything of Chester on the road?" asked Thyra. "He went to the harbour after tea to see Joe Raymond about the loan of his boat, but it's past the time he should be back. I can't think what keeps the boy."

"What keeps most men—leaving out creatures like me—at some time or other in their lives: A girl—a pretty girl, Thyra. It pleases me to look at her. Even a hunchback can use his eyes, eh? Oh, she's a rare one!"

"What is the man talking about?" said Thyra wonderingly.

"Damaris Garland, to be sure. Chester's down at Garland's now, talking to her—and looking more than his tongue says, you may be sure. Well, well, we were all young once, Thyra—all young once, even crooked little August Vorst. Eh, now?"

"What do you mean?" said Thyra. She had sat down in a chair before him with her hands folded in her lap. Her face, always pale, had not changed, but her lips were curiously white. August Vorst saw this and it pleased him. Also, her eyes were worth looking at if you liked to hurt people—and that was the only pleasure August took in life. He would drink this delightful cup of revenge for her long years of disdainful kindness—ah, and he would drink it slowly to prolong its sweetness. Sip by sip—he rubbed his long, thin, white hands together—sip by sip, tasting each mouthful.

"Eh, now? You know well enough, Thyra."

"I know nothing of what you would be at, August. You speak of my son and Damaris—was that the name?—Damaris Garland, as if they were something to each other. I ask you what you mean by it."

"Tut, tut, Thyra, nothing very terrible. Young men will be young men to the end of time, and there's no harm in Chester's liking to look at a lass, eh, now? Or in talking to her either? The little baggage, with the red lips of her! She and Chester will make a pretty pair. He's not ill-looking for a man, Thyra."

"I am not a very patient woman, August," said Thyra coldly. "I have asked you what you mean, and I want a straight answer. Is Chester down at Garland's while I have been sitting here alone waiting for him?"

August nodded. He saw that it would not be wise to trifle longer with Thyra.

"That he is. I was there before I came here. He and Damaris were sitting in a corner by themselves, and very well satisfied they seemed to be with each other. Tut, tut, Thyra, don't take the news so. I thought you knew. It's no secret that Chester has been going after Damaris ever since she came here. But what then? You can't tie him to your apron-strings forever, woman. He'll be after finding a mate for himself, as he should. Seeing that he's straight and well-shaped, no doubt Damaris will look with favour on him. Her old aunt Martha declares the girl loves him better than her eyes."

Thyra had made a sound like a strangled moan, in the middle of August's speech. She heard the rest of it immovably. When it came to an end she stood up and looked down upon him in a way that silenced him.

"You've told the news you came to tell, and gloated over it, and now get you gone," she said slowly.

"Now, Thyra," he began, but she interrupted him threateningly.

"Get you gone, I say! And you need not bring my mail here any longer. I want no more of your misshapen body and lying tongue."

August went, but at the door he turned for a parting stab.

"My tongue is not a lying one, Mrs. Carewe. I've told the truth as all Midverne knows it. Chester is mad about Damaris Garland. It's no wonder. I thought you knew what all the settlement can see. But you're such a jealous, odd body, I suppose the boy kept it from you for fear you'd go into a tantrum. As for me, I'll not forget that you've turned me from your door because I chanced to bring you news you'd no fancy for!"

Thyra did not answer him. When the door closed behind him she locked it and blew out the light. Then she threw herself face downward on the sofa and burst into hot, passionate tears. Her very soul ached. She wept as tempestuously and unreasonably as youth weeps, although she was not young. It seemed as if she was afraid to stop weeping lest she should go mad thinking. But after a time tears failed her, and she began bitterly to go over word by word what August Vorst had said.

That her son should ever cast eyes of love on any girl was something that Thyra had never thought about. She would not believe it possible that he could love anyone but herself, who loved him so much.

He had been born to her at an age when other women are letting their children slip from them into the world, with a few natural tears and heartaches, it may be, but content to let them go after enjoying their sweetest years. Thyra's late-come motherhood was all the more intense and passionate for its delay. She had been very ill when her son was born, and lay helpless for long weeks while other women tended her baby for her. She had never been able to forgive them for this.

Her husband had died before Chester was a year old. She had laid their son in his dying arms and received him back again with a last benediction. To Thyra that moment had something of a sacrament in it. It was as if the child had been doubly given to her, with a right that nothing could take away or transcend.

Marrying! She had never thought of it in connection with him. He did not come of a marrying race. His father had been an old man when he had married her, Thyra Lincoln, likewise well on in life. Few of the Lincolns or Carewes had married young; many not at all. And, to her, Chester was her baby still. He belonged solely to her.

And now another woman had dared to look upon him! Damaris Garland? Thyra now remembered seeing her. The Garlands were newcomers in Midverne, having moved into the old Pearson homestead in the summer. She had met Damaris on the bridge one day a month ago. A man might think she was pretty—a low-browed girl with a mane of reddish-gold hair and crimson lips blossoming out against the strange milk-whiteness of her skin! Her eyes, too! Thyra recalled them—hazel in tint, deep and laughter-brimmed. The girl had gone by her with a smile that brought out many dimples. There was a certain insolent quality in her beauty, as if it flaunted itself somewhat too defiantly in the beholder's eye. Thyra had turned and looked after the lithe, young shape, wondering who it might be. None of the Midverne girls, that was certain. Commonplace, pretty creatures that they were, this girl resembled them in no respect.

And to-night while she, his mother, waited longingly for Chester in the darkness he was down at Garland's, talking to this girl! He loved her; and it was past doubt that she loved him. The thought was more bitter than death to Thyra. That she should dare! Her anger was all against the girl. She had laid a snare for Chester and he like a fool was entangled in it, thinking, man fashion, only of her great eyes and red lips. Thyra thought savagely of Damaris' beauty.

"She shall not have him," she said with slow emphasis. "I will never give him up to any other woman, and least of all to her. She would leave

me no place in his heart at all—me, his mother, who almost died to give him life. He belongs to me! Let her look for the son of some other woman —some woman who has many sons. She shall not have my only one!"

She got up, wrapped a shawl about her head and went out into the darkly-golden evening. The clouds had cleared away and the moon was shining. The air was chill, with a bell-like clearness. The alders by the pond rustled eerily as she walked by them and out upon the bridge. Here she paced up and down, peering with troubled eyes along the road beyond, or hanging over the rail, looking at the little waves below that were silvered by the moon. Late travellers passed her and wondered at her presence and mien. Carl Andrews saw her and told his wife about her when he got home.

"Striding to and fro over the bridge like mad! At first I thought it was old crazy Mag Bowes. What do you suppose she was doing down there at this hour of the night?"

"Watching for Ches, no doubt," said Cynthia. "He ain't home yet. Likely he's snug at Garland's. I do wonder if Thyra suspicions that he goes after Damaris. I've never dared to hint it to her. She'd be as liable to fly at me, tooth and claw, as not."

"Well, she picks out a precious queer night for moon-gazing," said Carl, who was a jolly soul and took life as he found it. "It's bitter cold —there'll be a hard frost. It's a pity she can't get it grained into her that the boy's grown up and must have his fling like other lads. She'll go out of her mind yet, like her old grandmother Lincoln, if she doesn't ease up. I've a notion to go down to the bridge and reason a bit with her."

"Indeed and you'll do no such thing!" cried Cynthia. "Thyra Carewe is best left alone if she is in a tantrum. She's like no other woman in Midverne—or out of it. I'd as soon meddle with a tiger as her if she's rampaging about Chester. I don't envy Damaris Garland her life if she goes in there. Thyra'd sooner strangle her than not, I guess."

"You women are all terribly hard on Thyra," said Carl good-naturedly. He had been in love with Thyra himself long ago, and he still liked her in a friendly fashion. He always stood up for her when the Midverne women ran her down. He felt troubled about her all night, recalling her as she paced the bridge. He wished he had gone back in spite of Cynthia.

When Chester came home he met his mother on the bridge. In the faint yet penetrating moonlight they looked curiously alike, but Chester had the milder face. He was very handsome. Even in the seething of her pain and jealousy Thyra yearned over his beauty. She would have liked to put up her hands and caress his face, but her voice was very hard when she asked him where he had been so late.

"I called in at Garland's on my way home from the harbour," he answered, trying to walk on. But she held him back by the arm.

"Did you go there to see Damaris?" she demanded fiercely.

Chester was uncomfortable. Much as he loved his mother, he felt and always had felt an awe of her and an impatient dislike to her dramatic ways of speaking and acting. He reflected resentfully that no other young man in Midverne, who had been paying a friendly call, would be met by his mother at midnight and held up in such tragic fashion to account for himself. He tried vainly to loosen her hold upon his arm, but he understood quite well that he must give her an answer. Being strictly straightforward by nature and upbringing, he told the truth, albeit with more anger in his tone than he had ever shown to his mother before.

"Yes," he said shortly.

Thyra released his arm and struck her hands together with a sharp cry. There was a savage note in it. She could have slain Damaris Garland at that moment.

"Don't go on so, mother," said Chester impatiently. "Come in out

of the cold. It isn't fit for you to be here. Who's been tampering with you? What if I did go to see Damaris?"

"Oh—oh—oh," cried Thyra. "I was waiting for you—alone—and you were thinking only of her! Chester, answer me. Do you love her?"

The blood rolled rapidly over the boy's face. He muttered something and tried to pass on, but she caught him again. He forced himself to speak gently.

"What if I do, mother? It wouldn't be such a dreadful thing, would it?"

"And me—and me?" cried Thyra. "What am I to you then?"

"You are my mother. I would not love you any the less because I cared for another, too."

"I won't have you love another," she cried. "I want all your love—all. What's that baby face to you compared to your mother? I have the best right to you. I won't give you up."

Chester realized that there was no arguing with such a mood. He walked on, resolved to set the matter aside until she might be more reasonable. But Thyra would not have it so. She followed on after him, under the alders that crowded over the lane.

"Promise me that you'll not go there again," she entreated. "That you'll give her up!"

"I can't promise that," he cried angrily. His anger hurt her worse than a blow, but she did not answer.

"You're not promised to her?" she cried out.

"No mother; be quiet. All the village will hear you. It's not likely matters have gone as far as that between Damaris and me. I've only known her a month. Why do you object to her? You don't know how sweet she is—when you do know her—"

"I will never know her. And she shall not have you. She shall not, Chester!"

He made no answer. She suddenly broke into loud sobs and tears. Touched with remorse he stopped and put his arms about her.

"Mother, mother, don't. I can't bear to see you go on so. But, indeed, you are unreasonable. Didn't you ever think the time would come when I'd want to marry like any other man?"

"No, no. And I will not have it—I cannot bear it, Chester. You must promise to leave her be. I won't go into the house this night until you do. I'll stay out here in the bitter cold until you promise to put her out of your thoughts."

"That's beyond my power, mother. Oh, mother, you're making it hard for me! Come, come in; you're shivering with cold now. You'll be sick."

"Not a step will I stir until you promise. Say you'll not go after that girl any more, and there's nothing I'll not do for you. But if you put her before me I'll not go in—I never will go in."

In most women this would have been an empty threat, but not so with Thyra, and Chester knew it. He knew she would keep her word. But he feared more than that. In this frenzy of hers what might she not do? She came of a strange brood, as had been said disapprovingly when Thomas Carewe married her. There was a strain of insanity in the Lincolns. A Lincoln woman had drowned herself once. Chester thought of the pond and grew sick with fright. For a moment even his passion for Damaris weakened before the older tie.

"Mother, calm yourself. Oh, surely there's no need of all this! Let us wait until to-morrow and talk it over then. I'll hear all you have to say. Come in, dear."

Thyra loosened her arms from about him and stepped back into a moonlight space. Looking at him tragically she extended her arms and spoke slowly and solemnly.

"Chester, choose between us. If you choose her I will go from you to-night and you will never see me again."

"Mother!"

"Choose!" she said fiercely.

He felt her long ascendancy. Its influence was not to be shaken off in a

moment. In all his life he had never disobeyed her. Besides, with it all he loved her more deeply and understandingly than most sons love their mothers. He realized that, since she so elected, his choice was already made—or rather, that he had no choice.

"Have your way," he said sullenly.

She ran to him and caught him to her heart. In the reaction of her joy she was half-laughing, half-crying. All was well again—all would be well; she never doubted this for she knew he would keep his ungracious promise sacredly.

"Oh, my son, my son," she murmured. "You'd have sent me to my death if you had chosen otherwise. But now you are mine again."

She did not heed that he was sullen—that he resented her injustice with all her own intensity. She did not heed his silence as they went into the house together. Strangely enough, she slept well and soundly that night. Not until many days had passed did she understand that though Chester might keep his hard-won promise in the letter, it was beyond his power to keep it in the spirit. She had taken him from Damaris Garland, but she had not won him back to herself. He could never be wholly her own son again. There was a barrier between them that not all her passionate love could break down. Chester was gravely kind to her, for it was not in his nature to remain sullen long or visit his own unhappiness upon another's head; besides, he understood her exacting affection, even in its injustice, and it has been well said that to understand is to forgive. But he avoided her and she knew it. The flame of her anger burned bitterly towards Damaris.

"He thinks of her all the time," she moaned to herself. "He'll come to hate me yet, I fear, because 'tis I that's made him give her up. But I'd rather even that than share him with another woman. Oh, my son, my son!"

She knew Damaris was suffering, too. The girl's wan eyes told that when she met her. But this pleased Thyra. It eased the ache in her bitter heart to know that pain was gnawing at Damaris' also.

Chester was absent from home very often now. He spent much of his spare time at the harbour, consorting with Joe Raymond and others of that ilk, who were but sorry associates for him, Midverne people thought. In late November he and Joe started for a trip down the coast in the latter's boat.

Thyra protested against it, but Chester laughed at her fears.

Thyra saw him go with a heart sick from fear. She hated the sea and was afraid of it at any time, but most of all in this treacherous month, with its sudden wild gales. Chester had been fond of the sea from a boy. She had always tried to stifle this fondness and break off his associations with the harbour fishermen, who liked to lure the high-spirited boy out with them on fishing expeditions. But her power over him was gone now.

After Chester's departure she was restless and miserable, wandering from window to window to scan the dour, unsmiling sky. Carl Andrews, dropping in to pay a call, was alarmed when he heard that Chester had gone with Joe, and had not enough tact to conceal his alarm from Thyra.

"'Tisn't safe this time of year," he said. "Folks expect no better from that reckless, harum-scarum Joe Raymond. He'll drown himself some day, there's nothing surer. This mad freak of starting off down the coast in November is just of a piece with his usual performances. But you shouldn't have let Chester go, Thyra."

"I couldn't prevent him. Say what I could he would go. He laughed when I spoke of danger. Oh, he's changed from what he was. I know who's wrought the change, and I hate her for it."

Carl shrugged his fat shoulders. He knew quite well that Thyra was at the bottom of the sudden coldness between Chester Carewe and Damaris Garland, about which Midverne gossip was busying itself. He pitied

Thyra, too. She had aged rapidly in the past month.

"You're too hard on Chester, Thyra. He's out of leading strings now, or should be. You must just let me take an old friend's privilege and tell you that you're taking the wrong way with him. You're too jealous and exacting, Thyra."

"You don't know anything about it. You have never had a son," said Thyra, cruelly enough, for she knew that Carl's sonlessness was a rankling thorn in his mind. "You don't know what it is to pour out your love on one human soul and have it flung back in your face."

Carl could not cope with Thyra's moods. He had never understood her in spite of his friendliness. Now he went home, still shrugging his shoulders, and thinking that maybe it was as well after all that Thyra had not looked on him with favour in the old days. Cynthia was much easier to get along with.

More than Thyra looked anxiously to sea and sky that night in Midverne. Damaris Garland listened to the smothered roar of the Atlantic in the murky northeast with a prescience of coming disaster. Friendly longshoremen shook their heads and said that Ches and Joe would better have kept to good dry land.

"It's sorry work joking with a November gale," said Silas Cooke. He was a very old man, and had seen some sad things in his life along shore.

Thyra could not sleep that night. When the gale came shrieking up the pond and struck the house she got out of bed and dressed herself. All night she wandered to and fro in the house, going from room to room, now wringing her hands, with loud outcries; now praying below her breath with white lips, and now listening in dumb misery to the fury of the storm.

The wind raged all the next day, but spent itself in the following night, and the second morning was calm and fair. Thyra, looking from her kitchen window, saw a group of men on the bridge. They were talking to Carl Andrews, with looks and gestures directed towards the Carewe house. She went out and down to them. None of those who saw her white, rigid face that day ever forgot the sight.

"You have news for me," she said.

They looked at each other, each man mutely imploring his neighbour to speak.

"You need not fear to tell me," said Thyra calmly. "I know what you have come to say. My son is drowned."

"We don't know that, Mrs. Carewe," said one of the harbour men quickly; "we haven't got the worst to tell you —there's hope yet. But Joe Raymond's boat was found last night, stranded bottom up on the Gull Point sandshore. forty miles up the coast."

"Don't look like that, Thyra," said Carl Andrews pityingly. "They may have escaped—they may have been picked up."

Thyra looked at him with dull eyes.

"You know they have not. None of you have any hope. I have no son. The sea has taken him from me—my bonny baby."

She turned and went back to her house. None dared follow her. Carl went home and sent his wife to her.

Cynthia found Thyra sitting in her accustomed chair. Her hands lay palm upward on her lap. Her eyes were dry and burning. She met Cynthia's compassionate look with a fearful smile.

"Long ago, Cynthia Andrews," she said slowly, "you were vexed with me one day, and you told me that God would punish me yet because I made an idol of my son and set it up in His place. Do you remember? Your word was a true one. God saw I loved Chester too much and He meant to take him from me. I thwarted one way when I made him give up Damaris —but one can't fight against the Almighty. It was decreed that I must lose him—if not in one way then in another. He has been taken from me utterly. I shall not even have his grave to guard over."

"As near to a mad-woman as any-

thing you ever saw, with her awful eyes," Cynthia told Carl afterwards. But she did not say so then. Although she was a shallow, commonplace soul enough, she had her share of womanly sympathy, and her own life had not been free from suffering. It taught her the right thing to do now. She sat down by the stricken creature and put her arm about her, while she gathered the cold hands in her own warm clasp. The tears filled her big blue eyes and her voice trembled as she said:

"Thyra, I'm sorry for you. I—I—lost a child once. And Chester was a dear, good lad."

For a moment Thyra strained her small, tense body from Cynthia's embrace. Then she shuddered and cried out. The tears came, and she wept her agony out on the other woman's breast.

As the ill news spread, other Midverne women kept dropping in all through the day to condole with Thyra. Many of them came in real sympathy, but some out of mere curiosity to see how she took it. Thyra knew this, but she did not resent it, as she once would have done. She listened very quietly to all the halting efforts at consolation or the little platitudes with which they strove to cover the nakedness of bereavement.

When darkness came Cynthia Andrews said she must go home, but would send one of her girls over for the night.

"You won't feel like staying alone," she said.

Thyra looked up steadily.

"No. But I want you to send for Damaris Garland."

"Damaris Garland?" Cynthia repeated the name in bewilderment. There was never any knowing what whim Thyra might take, but Cynthia had not expected this.

"Yes. Tell her I want her—tell her she must come. She must hate me bitterly, but I am punished enough to wreak even her hate. Tell her to come to me for Chester's sake."

Cynthia did as she was bid. She sent her daughter, Jeanette, for Damaris. Then she waited. No matter what duties were calling for her at home she must see the interview between Thyra and Damaris. Her curiosity would be the last thing to fail Cynthia Andrews. She had done very well all day; but it would be asking too much of her to expect that she would consider the meeting of these two women sacred from her eyes.

She half believed that Damaris would refuse to come. But Damaris came. Jeanette brought her in amid the fiery lights of a November sunset. Thyra stood up and for a moment they looked at each other so.

The insolence of Damaris' beauty was gone. Her eyes were dull and heavy with weeping, her lips were pale and her face had lost its laughter and dimples. Only her hair, escaping from the shawl she had cast around it, gushed forth in its warm splendour in the sunset light and framed her wan face like the aureole of a Madonna. Thyra looked upon her with a shock of remorse. This was not the radiant creature she had met on the bridge that summer afternoon—this—this was her work. She held out her arms.

"Oh, Damaris, forgive me. We both loved him—that must be a bond between us for life."

Damaris came forward and threw her arms about the older woman with uplifted face. As their lips met even Cynthia Andrews realized that she had no business there. She vented the irritation of her embarrassment on the innocent Jeanette.

"Come away," she whispered authoritatively. "Can't you see we're not wanted here?"

She drew Jeanette out, leaving Thyra rocking Damaris in her arms and crooning over her like a mother over her child.

When December had grown old Damaris was still with Thyra. It was understood that she was to remain there for the winter at least. Thyra could not bear her to be out of sight. They talked constantly about Chester and Thyra confessed all her anger and

hatred. Damaris had forgiven her, but Thyra could never forgive herself. She was greatly changed and had grown very gentle and tender. She even sent for August Vorst and begged him to pardon her.

Winter came late that year and the season was an open one. There was no snow on the ground, and a month after Joe Raymond's boat had been cast up on Gull Point sandshore, Thyra, wandering about in her garden, found some pansies blooming under the tangled leaves. She was picking them for Damaris when she heard a waggon thunder over the bridge and drive up the Andrews' lane, hidden from her sight by the alders and firs. A few minutes later Carl and Cynthia came hastily across their yard under the huge balm-of-Gileads. Carl's face was flushed and his big body quivered with excitement. Cynthia ran behind him with tears rolling down her face. Thyra felt herself growing sick with fear. Had anything happened to Damaris? A glimpse of the girl, sewing by an upper window of the house, reassured her.

"Oh, Thyra, Thyra," gasped Cynthia.

"Can you stand some good news, Thyra?" asked Carl in a trembling voice. "Very, very good news!"

Thyra looked from one to the other wildly.

"There's but one thing you would dare to call good news to me," she cried. "Is it about —, about —?"

"Chester! Yes, it's about Chester. Thyra, he is alive—he's safe—him and Joe, both of them, thank God! Cynthia, catch her!"

"No, I am not going to faint," said Thyra, steadying herself by Cynthia's shoulder. "My son alive! How did you hear? How did it happen? Where had he been?"

"I heard it down at the harbour, Thyra. Mike McCready's vessel, the *Nora Lee*, was just in from the Magdalens. Ches and Joe got capsized that night of the storm, but they hung on to their boat somehow, and at daybreak they were picked up by the *Nora Lee*, bound for Quebec. But she was damaged by the storms and blown clean out of her course. Had to put in to the Magdalens for repairs, and has been there ever since. There isn't no telegraph there, and no vessels calling this time of year. You never saw such rejoicing as there was this morning at the harbour when the *Nora Lee* came in, flying flags at the mast head."

"And Chester—where is he?" demanded Thyra.

Carl and Cynthia looked at each other.

"Well, Thyra," said the latter, "the fact is he's over there in our yard this blessed minute. Carl brought him home from the harbour, but I wouldn't let him come over until we had prepared you for it. He's waiting for you there."

Thyra made a quick step in the direction of the gate. Then she turned, with a little of the glow dying out of her face.

"No . . . there's one has a better right to go to him first. I can atone to him . . . thank God. I can atone to him."

She went into the house and called Damaris. As the girl came running down the stairs Thyra held out her hands with a wonderful light of joy and renunciation on her face.

"Damaris," she said, "Chester has come back to us . . . the sea has given him back to us. He is over at Carl Andrews' house. Go to him, Damaris, and bring him to me."

# CANADA AND THE TREATY-MAKING POWER

*By THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Judge of the Admiralty Court*

THE claim advanced on behalf of Canada for enlarged treaty-making power has been criticized and excepted to by several English periodicals. One says that "the granting of authority—even by Act of Parliament, which is, of course, liable to repeal—to a colony of unrestrained power of making treaties with foreign countries, is incompatible with the principles on which the union of England with her dependencies, as an Empire, is based." Another says that for the Crown to confer the treaty-making power upon Canada "would mean the dissolution of the integrity of the Empire." The claim, as formulated by the Premier of Canada, is that the enlarged treaty-making power shall be subject to the same regal assent, or veto, as is Canada's law-making power; for, as Mr. Lucy reports, the Premier "was careful to point out that it was not an absolute power of treaty-making that the Dominion demands. Treaties will be subject to the veto of the Sovereign; and if such veto is decreed, that will be an end of the matter."

Neither this colonial treaty-making power, nor the colonial veto on Imperial treaties affecting the colonies, is such a novelty in the government of British dependencies as has been assumed by the periodicals referred to.

The East India Company, by virtue of their Royal Charter, often exercised an independent treaty-making power. In 1791-3, a treaty between the Nabob of the Carnatic and the East India Company came before the English Courts; and it was held that, although the Company were mere subjects with relation to Great Britain, their political treaties, under their delegated sovereignty, with a foreign sovereign state, were the same as treaties between two independent sovereignties, and were not subject to the jurisdiction of the Courts of the Empire. Lord Chancellor Thurlow, during the opening argument, intimated that the Company, being merchants and sovereigns at the same time, had to show that "their territorial possessions qualified them as a realm in a separate capacity;" and he added—what is germane to the present discussion:—"If the point were recent, a nation would be bound effectually by the signing of a plenipotentiary; but that is certainly not now understood to be so till the ratification of the treaty, for that is one of the terms contracted for in those treaties" (1 Vesey, Jr., 371; 2 Vesey, Jr., 56). India has its Foreign Office, which conducts British foreign relations with Afghanistan, Nepaul, and other conterminous countries; and its agents in the Persian Gulf, Muscat, and Turkish Arabia, deal directly with their local sovereignties respecting matters affecting the foreign and commercial interests of India in these countries.

The Diplomatic Records of the United States furnish abundant precedents of non-ratified treaties after their signature by the accredited plenipotentiaries of their own and other nations, whereby after their "customary disfigurement by the Senate," as ex-President Cleveland has termed it, they became ineffectual and inoperative. But a Presidential veto may be found in the case of the Anglo-American treaty signed in London in 1806, by Mr. Munroe (afterwards President) and Lord Auckland, and others. President Jefferson refused to approve of it, or to submit it to the Senate for ratification, because it did not contain an Article abandoning Great Britain's claim to the impressment of British seamen found on foreign ships on the high seas.

Mr. Justice Story in his work on Constitutional Law thus defined the status of the former American colonies: "The Colonial Legislatures, with the restrictions necessarily arising from their dependency on Great Britain, were *sovereign* within the limits of their respective territories." And the Judicial Committee has lately held that the present Canadian legislative bodies have, within the limits prescribed by their Constitutional Act, legislative authority as ample as the Imperial Parliament, in the plenitude of its power, possessed and could bestow.

And that Act has also conferred this treaty power on Canada: "The Parliament and Government of Canada shall have all powers necessary or proper, for performing the obligations of Canada, or of any Province thereof, as part of the British Empire, towards foreign countries, arising under treaties between the Empire and such foreign countries."

The Canadian right to veto, or assent to, Imperial treaties with the United States was recognized in the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854—negotiated by Lord Elgin, Governor-General, on the advice of Sir F. Hincks, then Premier. That treaty was to "take effect as soon as the laws required to carry it into operation shall have been passed by the Imperial Parliament and the Provincial Parliaments of the British North American Provinces."

The Washington Treaty of 1871 recognized Canadian local and fiscal autonomy by providing that: (1) "The Government of Her Britannic Majesty *will urge* upon the Government of the Dominion of Canada," (*a*) to secure to the citizens of the United States the use of the Canadian canals "on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion;" (*b*) not to impose any export duties on goods conveyed in transit through Canada to places in the United States; (*c*) not to levy an export duty on lumber or timber cut in the State of Maine, and floated down the St. John river to the sea. And the right of veto was conceded by declaring that the Canal, Transit, and Fishery Articles "shall take effect as soon as the laws required to carry them into operation shall have been passed by the Imperial Parliament and the Parliament of Canada."

The Fisheries Treaty of 1888, negotiated by Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., the British Minister, and Sir C. Tupper, provided that it should be ratified by the Crown, after having received the assent of the Parliament of Canada, and of the Legislature of Newfoundland. But the United States Senate declined to ratify it.

So the French Commercial Treaty of 1893, negotiated by Lord Dufferin and Sir C. Tupper, provided that it should receive the sanction of the Parliament of Canada before its ratification by the Governments of Great Britain and France.

What is now claimed is either the initial right of treaty-making respecting, or the right to assent to, treaties with the United States which may dismember, or affect, Canadian territory for the benefit of the United States; a right, on lines as to international boundaries, similar to that recognized in the Imperial Act of 1871: "The Parliament of Canada may with the consent of the Legislature of any Province increase, diminish, or alter, the limits of such Province, upon such terms as may be agreed to by the said Legislature."

The claim is pressed because of the many instances of how, "in by-gone days" (as an Ex-Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs has written) "British diplomacy has cost Canada dear."

British treaty gifts of Canadian territory commenced with the Treaty of Independence, 1782-3, when the Ohio and Mississippi valley of the Canada ceded by France in 1763,—now comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois (with its Chicago), Wisconsin and Minnesota,—which had formed no part of the revolted thirteen colonies, was gratuitously ceded to the United States: "An instance," says an American author, "of the sacrifice of territory, of authority, of sovereignty, and of political prestige,

unparalleled in the history of diplomacy."

In 1814 the British and Canadian conquests of Maine and Massachusetts to Penobscot, on the Atlantic coast, and of Michigan and the western territory to Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, during the war of 1812, were restored to the United States,—without insisting upon the territorial boundaries obtained by the war, and rightly claimable under the international doctrine of *uti possidetis*.

In 1818, another large territory of the French Canada of 1763, extending from Lake Superior west, and including the district about the upper waters of the Mississippi, which the American plenipotentiaries of 1782 reported to Congress "was then possessed by Great Britain," and also including the Red River valley, which the Hudson's Bay Company had granted to Lord Selkirk in 1814, and further west to the head waters of the Missouri river (now Dakota and adjoining territory), "went," as a Canadian writer once said, "to satisfy the thrifty appetite of the Republic."

In 1842, Lord Ashburton, in ignorance of the boundary lines on the Franklin "Red Line Map of 1782," ceded over 4,600,000 acres of Canadian lands; and, by extending Maine 86 miles north into Canada, placed a barrier between Montreal and the Atlantic. The map had been discovered by Dr. Sparks of Harvard University in 1842, and forwarded by him to Mr. Webster. In his report to the Senate he stated that the red boundary line throughout the United States, "is exactly the line now contended for by Great Britain." And Greville's Memoirs record: "Our successive governments are much to blame in not having ransacked the archives at Paris, for they could certainly have done for a public object what Jared Sparks did for a private one, and a little trouble would have put them in possession of whatever that repository contained."

In 1846, Oregon, with its splendid harbours on the Pacific coast,—owing to the British yielding to the threat: "54° 40′ or fight," and apparently agreeing with Lord Ashburton that Britain's right to the territory was "a mere question of honour,"—was also ceded.

In 1871, Britain agreed that the Fenian Raid claims of Canada, amounting to over $1,600,000, should be made against the United States, but owing to the ambiguous wording of the despatch proposing a treaty to settle the Alabama and other claims, the United States rejected them, alleging that "they did not commend themselves to their favour," a denial of justice which the then Colonial Secretary acquiesced in, by saying that "Canada could not reasonably expect this country should, for an indefinite period, incur the constant risk of serious misunderstanding with the United States." In Hall's International Law, the responsibility of the United States was thus stated: "It would be difficult to find more typical instances of national responsibility assumed by a State for such open and notorious acts as the Fenian Raids into Canada, and by way of complicity after such acts."

The miscarriage of justice in the Alaska case, and the "scant consideration" which Canada's protest against the appointment by the United States of declared partisans, and, therefore, disqualified representatives, as "impartial jurists of repute," to the Tribunal, "received from the Colonial Office" (as had the Fenian Raid claims), justify Canada's demand for larger treaty-making powers. That miscarriage is, by two of the British-Canadian jurists, attributed to Lord Alverstone in joining with the disqualified American members, and altering the delivered and agreed joint answer to the question: "What channel is Portland Channel?" by striking out words which changed the course of the boundary line from the north passage, and deflected it into the south passage, which the President at first negatived, and next doubted, that Vancouver had named it as one of the passages into Portland Channel, thereby disregarding his findings and the

treaty direction: "the line shall ascend to the *north* along Portland Channel." Testing his altered answer by the treaty and by his published findings—one of which found that, in 1869, the north passage was "the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia"—the actual question in controversy—it is regrettable that he altered his original answer. By so doing he ceded to the United States two islands which were legally within the sovereignty of Great Britain, as part of the Dominion of Canada.

Then as to Lynn Canal. By the law of nations it is an inland territorial water, and subject to inland sovereignty, as if it were land; the same as Bristol Channel, The Wash, Solway Frith, Southampton Water, and other British territorial waters; as also Chesapeake Bay, Delaware Bay and Boston Harbour. That law declares, and the municipal laws of Great Britain and the United States enact, that a line from headland to headland across the six-mile mouth of each of such inland territorial waters is the political and national territorial continuation of the elevated coast;—or as American law enacts, "a straight line from headland to headland is equivalent to the shore line,"—and is also the dividing line between the sovereignty of the submerged land and the ocean,—which is the common highway of all nations, and subject to no sovereign. In his published reasons Lord Alverstone says: "No one coming from the interior and reaching Lynn Canal would describe himself as being on the Ocean." Yet he joins with the disqualified members in holding that the inland waters of Lynn Canal are "Ocean;"—thereby negativing the long recognized meaning given to that term by International Law;—and so bars Canada's territorial rights over its upper shores, and her access to the Pacific Ocean.

Apparently a diplomatic and disastrous compromise, rather than a judicial decision by "impartial jurists of repute," overshadows this Alaska boundary award; and, when added to Canada's previous diplomatic and disastrous dismemberments of her original territorial heritage, emphasises the claim now formulated for enlarged treaty-making powers "subject to the veto of the Sovereign."

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## A SONG OF THE WEST

BY M. E. MOODIE

OH! wind that comes out of the West,
The land of the sunset skies,
Where far o'er yon mountain's crest
Those glorious colours rise,

You bring me the fragrance of pine,
The coolness of mountain snow,
The music of falling streams
By the hills where the lilies grow.

Oh! wind that comes out of the West,
You sigh on your way to the plain,
"The mountain land is best,
Will you not come back again?"

Glow skies with your golden light,
Blow softly dear wind from the hill,
For my heart has a longing to-night
Which only the West can fill.

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

THE article on "The Woman in Business," which appeared in the September number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has called forth a protest from a masculine reader who sets forth his opinion on the subject in no uncertain tones.

He explains that he is moved to write only because the article referred to was "so sweeping in its assertions and in some respects misleading," inferring "that it was absolutely necessary to engage women for office work," and leaving the impression that "the women were simply angelic personally, and that their work excelled in quality the work of the most expert male office help."

I think if the gentleman had read more carefully the article in question he would have seen that it dealt not with *any* woman in business, but with the serious woman who enters an office thoroughly realizing the responsibilities she is assuming and prepared to carry out her ideal of what the earnest woman in her position should be.

But let us glance for a moment at a few of the objections to her urged by our protesting masculine.

In the first place he takes umbrage at the idea that women should be commended for their punctuality, tidiness in dress, conscientiousness or discretion, all of which qualities one would naturally expect to find in an honourable employee, but in all of which, he affirms, lady stenographers are lacking. "They stroll into the office," runs his arraignment, "fifteen or twenty minutes after time; they are more than dressed tidily, they are dressed gaudily. . . . As for her discretion, by superhuman efforts she may, in a few cases, manage to control the unruly member, in which case she is scarcely entitled to praise, since she is not paid to publish abroad the news of the office. And for her conscientiousness, in many cases she has not enough energy to clean off a little dust from her desk. She does exactly what she is compelled to do, and nothing more. During the absence of the manager 'fancy work' occupies her attention."

"I state without hesitancy," he concludes, "that many a business manager knows from experience that the woman in business does not, in the majority of cases, take her work seriously enough. She is lacking in ambition and has many other defects, and it is only a matter of a short time until he realizes that it is a most serious mistake to engage women for office work."

In proof of his assertion he encloses a newspaper clipping announcing that the services of women are to be dispensed with in the Chicago office of the Western Division of the G.T.R. because "they gossip about their matrimonial chances during office hours, and their MSS. are often besmeared with a too liberal quantity of candy and cream-puff filling. A wholesale discharge is about the only way to preserve decorum in the offices and do away with chats about masculine admirers of the night before."

Moreover, our objector asserts that, far from possessing maidenly timidity or sensitiveness, "the average young lady or old lady stenographer can hold her own, and more than her own with anyone in the office, from the manager down to the office boy, and furthermore, she is, in many cases that I know of at the present time, capable of becoming exceedingly flippant, even with the elevator man or boy."

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Now, all these charges are really too serious to be ignored. If there be no foundation of truth for them, whence came they, and how shall we refute them? If, unhappily, there should be ground, however slight, for such accusations, what shall we do about it?

Not having a very wide knowledge or experience of the Woman in Business personally, we can only say with Tennyson: "We have faith, we cannot know;" but our faith in her, like Browning's hopes, is surely "too fair to turn out false."

There is a certain tone about the epistle of our irate friend that rather detracts from its value as unprejudiced evidence, the reiterated striking of a certain harsh note of personal acrimony that moves one to question whether his screed is, as it purports to be, merely the result of an innocent and laudable desire to fairly present the negative side of an interesting discussion, or is the hastily-grasped opportunity to get back through accusing generalities at some wayward individualities.

One would not for a moment condone unbecoming levity on the part of any serious-minded woman, in business or out of it, but it might be well to remember that when two people are engaged in congenial converse it is sometimes difficult for an ignored, outside third to clearly distinguish between bright repartee and foolish flippancy. And to watch dainty "fancy-work" being fashioned for some despicable Unknown by ten slim white fingers in which one is particularly interested is not exactly calculated to induce clearness of vision or sweetness of temper.

Far be it from me to even hint that hands engaged to tap the typewriter should occupy their employer's time in wielding a needle for personal ends; the impropriety of such a proceeding is too flagrant to require pointing out.

As for the flippancy, carelessness, lack of punctuality, laziness, and general unworthiness of the feminine stenographer as described by our correspondent, all the writing on the subject would be but as a voice crying in the wilderness, for no one so innately unprincipled will be moved to reform by any words written here, while she who is a worthy woman out of an office will surely not be rendered ethically null by being brought into close relations with the lords of creation.

Are there not, O masculine objector, men without pride or principle to be found in all the highways and byways of life, some of them discharging their clerical duties just as inefficiently and laxly as the most frivolous "lady stenographer?"

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The secretary's report of the work done by the Local Council of Women of Victoria during the past year (the ninth of its existence) is most interesting reading. Much of what has been accomplished has, of course, been of a local character, of more importance to the people of Victoria than to the world at large; but all Canadians interested in Domestic Science will be glad to learn that through the efforts of the Local Council 200 of Victoria's girls are now receiving instruction every week in the art and science of home-making.

For some time the Local Council has been urging upon the authorities the advisability of adding Domestic Science to the curriculum of the public schools, but nothing was done in the matter until the Council, realizing that decisive and definite practical measures were necessary, went before the School Board last year with an offer to furnish the equipment for a

Domestic Science Department if the Board would make provision for a suitable teacher. The proposition met with the hearty approval of the Board and the Department is now an established institution which has already proved its right to existence.

In most European countries household science has long been a regular part of every school curriculum, and in the United States the subject is taught in some of the public schools of nearly every State. Were the equipment less expensive without doubt there would be scarcely a school in the Union lacking this department.

In Canada, the conservative, we have taken some time to realize the importance of this branch of a girls' education, but the work, though comparatively new to us, is now being rapidly taken up in all parts of the Dominion.

The more conservative Provinces, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia (Manitoba excepted), have already added household science to their educational system, and it is the hope and ambition of Winnipeg—the last of our cities to set up a school of Domestic Science—to add a normal course as soon as it is needed.

At a meeting of the Board of Education in Ontario last summer it was decided that household science should form a part of the regular training of all public school teachers.

Accordingly the Government has provided teachers at good salaries for the normal schools at London, Ottawa, Toronto and Guelph. Here, also, a two years' training is provided for those wishing to teach the subject; or should more advanced work be desired, a four years' course may be taken at the University of Toronto.

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A revival of negotiations for the admission of Newfoundland into the Dominion has once more brought before the public eye that remote, barren colony of which most of us know so little.

One interesting fact connected with Newfoundland is that it is the only British possession where a divorce is absolutely unprocurable.

It is not easy to obtain a divorce in any part of the British Empire, and in Australia and Canada marriage vows are annulled only when very conclusive evidence as to the wrongs of the applicant is presented. Up to 1901 only 22 Federal divorces had been granted in Canada since Confederation. In South Africa the laws are less rigid, and marriages are unmade with more frequency.

In Newfoundland, however, no reason is considered sufficient for putting asunder those whom God hath joined together. In that bleak colony, with its population of little more than 200,000, people are too close to the stern realities of life to be very keenly critical of each other's shortcomings.

The majority of the towns are merely fishing villages, and men and women who are face to face with death almost every day of their lives have little time or inclination for lamenting the incompatibility of temper of their helpmates, or the hidden woes of their own sensitive, misunderstood inner selves. They take life and each other as their Creator has given them, make the best of them, and are happy.

While, of course, it would be absurd to contend that every marriage in Newfoundland is an ideally happy one, it is an undoubted fact that the percentage of conjugal infelicity is smaller in that rugged island than in any other country in the world, barring Ireland.

The nearest approach to divorce which is recognized in Newfoundland is a judicial separation of man and wife, for drunkenness, desertion, ill-treatment, or the like. In such cases the husband is almost invariably in fault, and is compelled to pay the wife a weekly share of his earnings, on penalty of imprisonment, the judge fixing the alimony.

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A recent number of *The Public* of Chicago contains the following rather interesting paragraph:—

"A jury composed wholly of women sat in a Chicago court of record last

week. It was impannelled by Judge Honore. The question turned upon the separation of a little child from its mother, a friendless widow. So extreme was the mother's poverty, she could not bring up the child properly. But with all her poverty the mother-love was intense. She testified she could not live without her child. A jury of men was in the box. At this point Judge Honore invited a jury of women to sit and advise the jury of men. The jury of women promptly decided that the mother must not be separated from her child. Nor were they at a loss for method. If the child is dependent, they said, so is the mother. Both are dependent, then let them go together to an institution where they need not be separated. It was a Solomonic verdict, one the jury of men would probably never have reached. But the man jury had to adopt it formally before it could have legal effect. Women are competent to advise male juries, it seems, but God forbid that any woman be allowed to serve on a real jury, while the duty of home-making calls for her at afternoon teas or the domestic washtub."

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The advantage of, nay absolute necessity for, having regular fire-drill in every institution or school where a number of children are daily assembled was conclusively proved at a fire which occurred recently in St. Mary's Catholic School at Evanston, Ill.

The children, terrified by the flames and half-suffocated by smoke, became completely panic-stricken and started a mad stampede for the doors which, if unchecked, would undoubtedly have resulted in many serious accidents. When the excitement was at its height one of the little girls, Ethel Jennings, whose name should be remembered, hurried to an organ and began playing a lively march. Above the din rose the music and the children, remembering the fire-drill which they had so often practised for just such an emergency, fell mechanically into line and marched safely out of the building.

Another instance of remarkable presence of mind was shown by one of the boys, little Raymond Schaeffer, the nine-year-old son of Sergeant Schaeffer of the Evanston police. The child ran hatless and coatless to the fire-box a block away, and standing on his tiptoes managed to turn in the alarm.

Thanks to the courage and quickness of these two children, the fire was soon extinguished with no loss of life or limb, and small loss of property.

Two instances have occurred in Toronto this winter where fires broke out in schools, while the children were at their lessons. In both cases, absolute discipline was preserved, and the children marched out without panic, not one of the 1,600 children being injured in the slightest. In one case, they put on their clothing, and in the other walked out without it. The fire-drill worked splendidly, because of eight years of continuous practice and because the teachers were level-headed. These cases are in strong contrast to the one above. M. MacL. H.

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## TO THE COMING WOMAN

You poor young thing! I'm sorry for you.
Do your ears burn, dear, as they ought to do?
Have you any idea of the shameless way
In which you're discussed by the world to-day?
Do you shudder sometimes at impending fate,
As you sit in the future, and wait and wait?

You certainly would should you chance to hear
The horrible prospects they give you, dear!
These feminine faddists! These old young men
Who airily wield a decadent pen!
They've settled it all, and you have no choice;
You can't even raise a protesting voice!

Some say that, released from the Ages' ban,
You'll sternly reform ungenerate man;
And some, that your freedom such harm will do,
That Man will be forced to regenerate you;
While some (quite the worst) with insistent bawl,
Declare that you are not a woman at all.

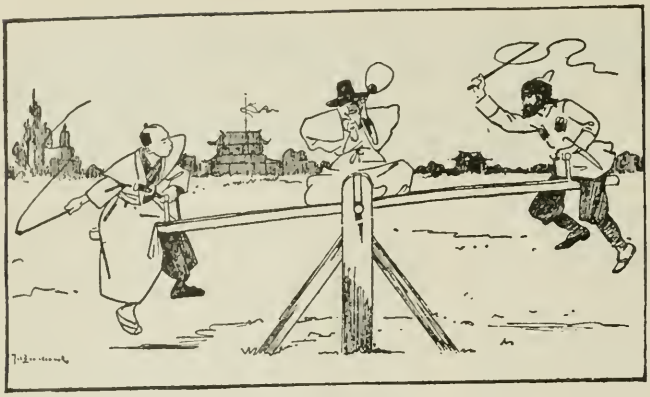
But I, for my part, am inclined to doubt
That these sapient scribblers have found you out;
That you are a sinner, unsexed, a shrew!
I've faith in the future; I've faith in you;
But if there be truth in this hateful hum,
Take sisterly warning, and don't you come!

—HILDA JOHNSON

# Current Events Abroad.

THE opinion was expressed in these notes last month that he would be a hopeful man who could see a peaceful way out of the differences between Russia and Japan. At the moment when that was written it is true that the despatches were of a more pacific tone than they had been for days. It was so plainly apparent, however, that it had become part of Russian policy to absorb Manchuria and that Japan was determined, if possible, to prevent her doing so, that a quiet way out of the difficulty was not discernible. It is easy to believe that both were anxious for a peaceable solution; Russia, perhaps, more anxious than Japan. The fact is, however, that the national paths of the two powers cross each other at right angles and one or other must have the right of way. The great northern Empire has put a tremendous stake on her Asian programme. The building of the Transasian railway, the construction of a great fortified harbour at Port Arthur and the actual creation of large towns such as Harbin, with their marts and manufactories, have taxed the resources of the Colossus almost to the breaking point. It has been all expenditure and the period for reaping the returns has not yet arrived. In order to get a feasible route it was necessary to lay the great national road through hundreds of miles of foreign territory. With diplomatic irony, the railroad which leaves the main line at Chita and proceeds through Manchuria to Port Arthur, is called the Chinese Eastern Railway. But we may be sure that from the moment it was determined to

POSITIONS OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN IN THE FAR EAST



A BUFFER STATE

KOREA—"Whoever is up, whoever is down, I get all the blows"

—*De Amsterdammer Weekblad voor Nederland*

change all the Russian plans and to make Port Arthur, instead of Vladivostock, the great Russian entrepot in the Far East, it was likewise determined that the lands through which the railroad ran should be eventually filched from China.

The history of this movement is so characteristic of the whole of Russia's Asian policy, with its mockingly cynical indifference to what other people think about it that it is worth recalling the reader's attention to events that are not often placed in their proper relation to each other. It will be remembered that the treaty of peace concluded between China and Japan after the war of 1895 provided, among other things, that the Liao-Tung peninsula, that sharp nose of land which juts into the Gulf of Pechili, and on which Port Arthur stands, should be ceded to Japan. This would have established Japan in a position of great influence in the most important body of water in the East. Russia has doubtless had her eye on the spot for many years before. She induced Germany, and France who was then an admiring ally, to join her in objecting to the occupation of Port Arthur by Japan. Great Britain took no part in the affair, but was not disposed to strengthen the hands of Japan, with the consequence that the little power had to yield. Three years subsequently Russia acquired the peninsula on the specious pretext of a lease and almost straightway proceeded to spend large sums of money in fortifying the harbour. The excuse offered was that she needed an ocean terminus for the railway through Manchuria. That sort of argument is convenient when you want to take anything—and have force enough to take it whether the owner is really willing or not. That the whole Province of Manchuria would eventually be taken on some equally flimsy pretext no one doubts.

When Japan was deprived of the chief fruits of her victory over the Chinese, there was almost uncontrollable rage among the Japanese people. The Government had to suppress the rioting which showed their passionate resentment. What the feeling was when, three years later, the Power which had put forward the hypocritical plea that the Chinese Empire must not be dismembered, herself virtually stole the advantageous position which Japan had fairly won with her sword, is not hard to conjecture. This feeling was intensified when it was perceived that Russian plans included the assimilation of the whole of Manchuria in the same way, with Corea as the inevitable next step. Manchuria was occupied by the Russian troops on the outbreaking of Boxer fanaticism. When that uprising had been suppressed Russia declared that she could not withdraw her troops until order was restored in the disturbed Province. At last the engagement was dragged from her that she would retire in April of last

year. April came, but still she found it impossible to leave because of the unsettled state of the Province. The Powers were assured, however, that October would witness the evacuation. The Russian troops are still there, and we may be sure will remain there unless some one drives them out.

THE CZAR AND CZARINA

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE MILITARY REVIEW OF LAST SEASON

I am of those who believe that they will be driven out, and that Japan will do the work. The only possible chance that Russia had of preventing that result was by retaining command of the Chinese seas. That she has lost already, and Japan is left with the easiest sort of accessibility to the scene of conflict. There can be very little doubt that she will be able any time within the next three months to place more men on a battlefield than her opponents. The courage of the little brown men is unquestioned; their patriotism is the only thing they have that resembles the fervour of a religion, and an enthusiasm similar in degree to that which in the ages of faith sent men and delicately nurtured women to the beasts in the arena or to the stake, prompts the Japanese soldier to parallel sacrifices and devotions. It is safe to say that if Russia wins victories they will be costly ones, and one repulse, however severe, will not discourage these active, daring and hardy warriors of what the Chinese call the Dwarf Nation.

In this estimate there is no disposition to undervalue the resolution and the military power of Russia. It is undoubtedly enormous, but it is just as undoubtedly unwieldy. The international expedition for the relief of the besieged legations in 1900 afforded an unusual opportunity of contrasting the soldiery of the various nations, and the general opinion of the competent judges who observed the demeanour and conduct of the troops engaged was that the Japanese probably deserved to be put in first place and the Russians last. It is safe to say at all events that man for man the Japanese is the equal of the Russian. It makes very little difference how many hundred thousand fighting men there are in the Russian Empire. The question is, how many are there east of Harbin, for it is in these regions that the fighting will take place. Every circumstance seems to point to the fact that Japan will have more men at the points at which she chooses to strike than Russia will. Corea is already safe from Russian occupation. No Russian army dare venture down the peninsula while Japan's vessels are ranging up and down both sides of it. Having accomplished this without loss of any kind, she will be

JOHN BULL—"If you please, gentlemen, may I sit down somewhere?"
CHORUS OF FOREIGNERS—"Yes. Try the corner"

*A sample of the Political Picture-Post-Cards now being circulated in England*

able to turn her whole energies to pressing the Russian intruders out of Manchuria. It must be remembered that in this work they will have the sympathy of the native population. They will be able to advance leaving behind them the minimum of men to protect their communications, whereas Russia will be beset by enemies on every side.

Some critics are saying that Russia will eventually succeed even if it takes years. It costs something to carry on war for years, and in the meantime what will be happening. Already the American Secretary of State has addressed a note to the Powers asking their concurrence in an agreement guaranteeing the integrity of Chinese territory. Baron Hayashi has intimated that Japan will yield a cheerful assent to the principle. Will Russia do likewise? If she does in conjunction with three or four of the other great Powers, they will surely have the firmness to hold her to her agreements, whatever may be the outcome of her struggle with Japan. The probability is that Japan will drive her out of Manchuria and that she will never be allowed to return, the restraining influences being the Chinese themselves, backed by the Anglo-Saxon nations at least, and the terrors of militant Japan.

While this is going on Col. Younghusband's expedition is pushing its way into Tibet, and it looks as if the Czar would be too busy elsewhere to keep his eye on it. Lord Curzon appears to have chosen a most fortunate time for his advance movement; so appropriate that suspicious people will incline to the opinion that it is more than a mere coincidence. Russian anger is quite as generally shown towards Great Britain as towards Japan. This is seen in the charge that Weihai-wei was used as a Japanese base in the recent attack on Port Arthur, a charge which Lord Lansdowne has taken pains to deny with some heat.

*John A. Ewan*

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

## A MUNICIPAL SCANDAL

THE city of Toronto is, municipally speaking, passing through the fiery furnace. Sins of ignorance have been committed by the councils of previous years and the inevitable harvest is now being reaped. Corporation influence and all the evils which follow in its train have been so rampant that it became necessary to do some judicial house-cleaning.

The trouble owes its origin mainly to four mistakes in municipal government. The first of these was the granting of a perpetual franchise to a gas company. In order to preserve its valuable charter and prevent the municipality from buying the plant and running it as a municipal undertaking, this company has been compelled to suffer the importunities of some ward politicians who might affect its interests. The second was the granting of perpetual franchises to two electric light companies and a telephone company, all of which find it necessary to have an influence in municipal elections. The third was the granting of a thirty-year franchise to a street railway company which is always anxious to interpret the contract in its own way, and to so entrench itself with new agreements concerning points not covered by the contract and with franchises for suburban lines, as to make its franchise at the end of the thirty-year period (1921) difficult of purchase by the city or any competing company. The fourth mistake is the granting of the municipal franchise to aliens to whom that franchise is only a means of securing a few dollars every time a vote is to be cast. This is the evil which is most prominent in cities like New York and Buffalo, where the "foreign" element is vast enough to make manipulation on a large scale a possibility. In Toronto the "foreign" population is small, but nevertheless the game is played with all its debasing features.

In previous municipal elections, the aldermen were elected by wards, and the controllers were elected from among the aldermen. The work of electing controllers who would side with the corporations and head off any movement looking to municipal ownership was comparatively simple. To overcome this evil influence in municipal affairs it was decided to elect the four controllers from the city at large and directly. They were to be elected by a separate ballot, and every citizen should vote for them. Moreover, the cumulative principle was adopted, and four votes could be given to one man, two votes to two men, or one vote to four men. In this way the city hoped to get rid of such sectional influence as private interests had hitherto been able to wield, and to secure the election of men who could be trusted to place the public welfare before private interests.

The four controllers polled votes as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. 1, Ward | 1 | 996 |
| " | 2 | 2,619 |
| " | 3 | 1,981 |
| " | 4 | 2,603 |
| " | 5 | 2,346 |
| " | 6 | 1,953 |
| Total | | 12,498 |
| No. 2, Ward | 1 | 1,204 |
| " | 2 | 2,036 |
| " | 3 | 2,816 |
| " | 4 | 1,983 |
| " | 5 | 1,785 |
| " | 6 | 1,338 |
| Total | | 11,162 |

HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX, M.P.
SOLICITOR-GENERAL — APPOINTED JANUARY, 1904

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. 3, Ward | 1 | 3,488 |
| " | 2 | 1,494 |
| " | 3 | 766 |
| " | 4 | 1,130 |
| " | 5 | 1,250 |
| " | 6 | 859 |
| Total | | 8,987 |
| No. 4, Ward | 1 | 719 |
| " | 2 | 1,042 |
| " | 3 | 1,109 |
| " | 4 | 3,010 |
| " | 5 | 1,909 |
| " | 6 | 1,191 |
| Total | | 8,908 |

It will be noted that the first two controllers polled fairly average votes in all wards, while the second two were practically elected by large votes in one particular ward—the ward in which they were best known. Thus sectional influence was not eliminated under the new system. Nor, looking at the result as a whole, was the election satisfactory, since two of the men elected were not desirable candidates. In other words, two of these men were supposed to represent private interests.

Cumulative voting gave an impetus to personation and the polling of "dead" voters. "Pluggers" were at work. Under the old system a "plugger" could give his employer only one vote; under the new system a "plugger" gave a controller four votes every time his effort to impersonate or to act for a "dead" voter was successful. One hundred successful impersonations meant four hundred votes; one hundred "stuffed" ballots meant four hundred more; one hundred "dead" votes polled added four hundred more —twelve hundred in all.

Then another ingenious game was played. Some voters, either through timidity or ignorance, cast only two votes for controller, and left two unused. It was a comparatively easy matter for a deputy returning officer in the employ of the candidates to add two marks to such ballots and to give these two votes to such men as he desired to have them. As the deputy returning officers are appointed on the recommendation of the aldermen for their particular wards, the game was ridiculously simple. Hundreds of votes were gained in this way, not only for controllers, but for certain candidates for the Board of Education, for which each voter had twelve votes. The deputy returning officer chose his own poll clerk, so that there was no check from that source. The poll clerk was a relative or a pal of the returning officer, and collusion has been charged in several cases.

At the time of writing the investigation is incomplete. Some of the guilty parties will probably be discovered and punished. This is where Canada differs from the United States. There is crookedness in both countries, but in Canada, when discovered, it is punished, because our judges and magistrates are not elected, while in the United States the guilty manipulators escape through the leniency of

elected magistrates who have perhaps profited by the manipulation.

But punishing a few offenders will avail little. Even the introduction of a new system of appointing deputy returning officers and poll clerks will effect little improvement. Two reforms are needed. The first was pointed out last month, and has long been urged by experienced municipal students, viz., the separation of the legislative and administrative functions. Let the aldermen and controllers say for what purposes money shall be spent, but have permanent officials do the spending in order that it shall be done without fear, favour or partiality. The administrators must not be elected; they must be as secure in their positions as are judges and magistrates. The second reform is that municipal franchises must be municipally administered. The greed for dividends and for profits from watered stock is the source of most municipal evils. This greed must be eliminated, and here is the lesson for every municipality in Canada. The waterworks, gas-works, electric-light works, telephone system, and street railway should be owned and operated by the people. The cost of operation may be a little greater, but a loss of profits is better than debauchery.

## STREET RAILWAY INCOME

IN 1903 the Toronto Street Railway earned $2,172,087.85. This will give the other cities of Canada an idea of what their street railway franchises will some day be worth. The operating expenses left the net earnings at a million dollars. What a handsome profit from one franchise in a city of a little over two hundred thousand inhabitants! It is difficult to realize what a million dollars of profit means, unless one is accustomed to deal with large amounts. It means a five per cent. profit on twenty millions of capital. The common stock of the company amounts to $6,600,000 and the bonds to $3,473,373.33, or a total

HON. HENRY R. EMMERSON, M.P.
MINISTER OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS — APPOINTED JANUARY, 1904

capitalization of about ten millions. The street railway is thus earning about ten per cent. on its stock and bonds. As the interest on the bonds is fixed, the common stock is earning more.

This million dollars of profit was distributed somewhat as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| The City of Toronto | $298,839 |
| Dividends on common stock | 326,546 |
| Interest, etc | *143,987 |
| Contingent account | 50,000 |
| Profit carried forward | 180,628 |
| | $1,000,000 |

The city of Toronto gets certain payments on account of "paving charges" and a certain percentage of the gross receipts. This percentage grows with the receipts; on the first million it is eight per cent., on the

*This interest item is not quite accurate, but is slightly enlarged to bring the exact amount up to a million dollars; the profits were really about $28,000 short.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE
PRESIDENT OF THE TORONTO RAILWAY CO.

second half million ten per cent., and so on until three millions are reached, and then it becomes twenty per cent. of all gross receipts over that amount. It is expected that in 1904 the amount paid to the city will equal the dividends paid to stock holders.

The present expectation of the company is that in 1921 the city will take over the plant and pay enough to retire all the bonds, which now amount to $3,500,000. The suburban lines will then realize enough to pay off the common stock or pay dividends on it, this now amounting to $6,600,000. Perhaps the president and directors are too sanguine in this matter, but Toronto is certainly making rapid progress.

The city's net profit for the year will be about $200,000, and this should increase steadily. In addition, the fares are low as compared with most United States cities. In Toronto, adult fares vary from 3 1-8 cents to 4 1-6 cents, according to the class of tickets purchased, whereas in most United States cities the fare is five cents cash. Besides, the transfer system means a great saving to the people.

Montreal has an agreement similar to that in Toronto, but less favourable. The railway pays 4 per cent. of first million, 6 per cent. on the next half million, and so on until three millions is reached, when the payment is fifteen per cent. In 1903 it paid the city of Montreal $100,000, as compared with the Toronto company's payment of $300,000, with smaller gross receipts.

Hamilton's agreement is better than Montreal's. The company pays 7½ per cent. on gross receipts over $175,000, up to $200,000, and after that 8 per cent., in addition to a mileage. In 1903 Hamilton received $22,491 from this source. Halifax gets 4 per cent. on gross receipts and $1,000 license fee; the total revenue last year from these two items was $6,749.

In Ottawa, the city gets no percentage of gross receipts, but receives a mileage of $450, which increases to $1,000 in the case of permanently paved streets. In 1903 the revenue from this source was $8,881.

In St. John, the situation is much the same as in Ottawa, the railway paying the city $7,000 per annum in consideration of payments, repairs and other incidentals. In Victoria and other cities much the same system obtains.

The charters for the various street railways expire as follows:

| | Granted for | Expires |
|---|---|---|
| London, | 50 years | 1925 |
| Halifax, | 21 " | 1916 |
| Montreal, | 30 " | 1922 |
| Ottawa, | 30 " | 1930 |
| St. John, | 40 " | 1934 |
| Toronto, | 30 " | 1921 |
| Winnipeg, | | 1927 |
| Hamilton, | | 1928 |
| Victoria, | 50 " | 1938 |

Considering the recent and rapid development of electric street railway service, the Canadian cities have shown a remarkable degree of wisdom in dealing with this class of municipal monopoly.

*John A. Cooper*

# About New Books.

## IDLE TALES

THERE are people who will not waste time over idle tales, but the great majority of the public love to be harried and worried by the exploits and troubles of some real or imaginary individual. Hence arises the popularity of police court news, accounts of murders or murder trials, and the works of such popular authors as Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, and the thousand mediocre writers which follow in the wake of these two great dramatists.

Huxley in "Sesame and Lilies" has indicated the difference between an ignoble and a noble anxiety in the following words:

> "Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak and felt for paltry cause. . . . So the anxiety is ignoble with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less or greater with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation?"

"The Red Triangle," by Arthur Morrison,* is certainly an idle tale, containing several robberies, two or three suicides and one or two brutal murders. True the tales are well told and well strung together so as to make the book one harmonious whole. It is a splendid book to pervert the imagination of Canadian youths, and no doubt it will find its way into many a public library to accomplish its deadly purpose in company with the many others already there in travesty of the word "literature." If any person wearies of the newspapers with their political sensations, accounts of attempted bribery and ballot stuffing, turgid speeches by Canada's ward politicians who ape the majesty of statesmen, lurid accounts of robberies, accidents and murders—and being thus wearied, desires something more exhilarating, let him turn to "The Red Triangle." It will present to him several new ideas concerning the best way to steal diamonds, bonds, admiralty secrets and other valuables. It will explain how hypnotism may become a handmaiden to crime and will elucidate other problems known to policemen and detectives. It is a glorious privilege of the Anglo-Saxon race that it thinks without fear, prints without restriction and reads according to individual pleasure.

Neil Munro

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

It prefers the story of the smoking room, the half-penny yarn of the platform spell-binder, and the ribald jokes of a degenerate theatre to the genuine and deeper pleasures of true art, humorous or informing literature and elevating music. It prefers the man without moral responsibility in the pursuance of his selfish ends, to the man who seeks to leave the world better than he found it. The coral island of human perfection is honeycombed with unstable atoms.

## PHYSICAL TRAINING

THE longer one pursues the study of educational methods and the more one reads of the educational systems of Japan and Germany, the more one becomes convinced that Canada's educational system is very weak, and at no point is our system weaker than in its lack of attention to physical training. The immediate reform required is to make it obligatory in public schools, collegiate institutes and universities. The writer remembers well two college acquaintances who despised athletics and sport and spent their time with their books. Of course, no professor ever concerned himself to find out the kind of life they were living. In fact, the professors—and I hope it will not be brought up against them in the day of judgment—encouraged this abstinence from sport and physical training by praising them for their diligence in pursuing scholarships. These men won all the academic honours almost that it was possible for two men to win—and within three years both were laid in their graves. One could almost say that they were murdered by the university authorities—and these events occurred not more than ten years ago.

The Japanese, being small men with an average height of 5 ft. 1 inch and an average weight of about 120 pounds, lay great stress on physical training. The *jiu-jitsu*, once taught only to the aristocracy, is now taught to all—with the object of making the Japanese capable of more hardship and hard work than any other of the world's races. The full course requires four years of hard, persistent work. The history and analysis of it, given in a recent book* by H. Irving Hancock, of New York, who studied the system in Japan, is most interesting. The *jiu-jitsu* means muscle-breaking, but it is more than that in its modern forms. The idea is to discover the weak points in the adversary's arms, legs and neck, and by grips and pinches cause him much pain. The weaker man with this knowledge may overcome the strong man without the knowledge. An arm pinch is most painful when the muscles are taut, and hence the strong man is most vulnerable when exerting his great strength. But the foundation of the whole system is a healthy stomach; hence the Japs eat little meat and much rice, which is found to be better than either meat or flour.

## STORY OF A CHILD

KATE Douglas Wiggin writes stories of children. "The Bird's Christmas Carol" has been quite popular for many years, and her "Penelope" series is also well known. Her latest book, "Rebecca of Sunnyside Farm,"† is quite suited for Sunday school libraries and general circulation. It is bright, cheery and wholesome. The moral of the tale is that children who are vivacious and imaginative should not be dealt with too severely, that lightheartedness is a quality to be encouraged. This is not a new doctrine, but it must be preached always, since there are always new teachers, new parents and new adults who are in need of education along this line. It is not a great book, but it makes for a better understanding of the limited opportunities of those whose lot is cast in

*Japanese Physical Training, by H. Irving Hancock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, illustrated, 156 pp.

†Toronto: William Briggs.

rural obscurity and poverty. Rebecca is a lovable and winning character.

## MODERN JAPAN

THE present war is turning the attention of the world to Japan, where live "The Englishmen of Asia," The Little Brown Fellows," "The Diamond Edition of Humanity," as they have been variously termed. In his work "A Handbook of Modern Japan,"* Mr. Clement says that the new Japan dates from July 14th, 1853, when Commodore Perry and his suite first landed on the shore of Yedo Bay, and when Japanese authorities first received official communication from the President of the United States. Perhaps it would be better to date it from the Revolution which, in 1868, placed Mutsuhito, the young Emperor, in direct control of the government in place of being a puppet in the hands of the Shoguns. Since then there has been international communication on the lines of western civilization, and a rapid progress and development which is almost startling. No doubt the Japanese spirit had long been rebelling against the exclusiveness that prevailed, and the mental change must have been gradual. But the fact that the material change came with the advent of the present Emperor, who has ruled wisely and well for thirty-six years, is worth remembering.

Japan at once began to prepare for constitutional government, and this was definitely established in 1881. Political parties were organized, and a cabinet was formed. In 1889 came the establishment of local self-government and the promulgation of the Constitution. Then followed new treaties with the Western Powers, and Japan became an equal among the great nations of the world. The gold standard was adopted in 1897, and in 1900 Japan was admitted to an equal share with the other powers in the quelling of the Boxer rebellion in China. The freedom of the press and of public meeting and religious liberty are among recent social reforms. Prince Haru, the heir apparent, will be the first Japanese Emperor who received any education in public. The Prince has two sons, Prince Michi and Prince Atsu, so that the Imperial line shows no danger of being "broken." The Imperial Diet consists of two Houses, the House of Peers and the House of Commons. The sudden change from feudalism to representative institutions was not without its disappointment and its revelation of weaknesses, and no doubt the Japanese have much to learn before they will equal the constitutionalists of Great Britain or the United States. Foreigners have been called in to remodel the educational system, and there are now splendid public schools and two universities. Law schools, medical schools, theological seminaries and other professional schools are numerous, many of them under private control. Japan

DR. BEATTIE CROZIER
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1891

*A Handbook of Modern Japan, by Ernest W. Clement. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, illustrated, 400 pp.

has 3,600 miles of railway, 9,500 miles of telegraph and, in Tokyo alone, over 6,000 telephones. Mr. Clement predicts that in another hundred years, "Shinto will have entirely disappeared as a religion, Buddhism will have lost its hold upon the people, and Japan will have become practically a Christian nation."

## NOTES

The Canadian edition of "Doom Castle" has the author's name spelled "Munroe." This is a mistake as may be seen by the autograph reproduced in this department this month. Mr. Munro, who visited Canada last year, is on the editorial staff of the Glasgow *Evening News*. His stories have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and have been issued in book form as follows: John Splendid, 1898; Gilian the Dreamer, 1899; Doom Castle, 1901; Shoes of Fortune, 1902. Mr. Munro is a Scotchman, fair, of medium stature, quiet and unassuming, with ideals which he persistently pursues. In his descriptions of Canada he carefully avoided the statistics which usually spoil correspondent's letters and contented himself with painting Canadian life as he saw it.

Dr. Beattie Crozier, whose photograph is reproduced herewith, and whose philosophical work is reviewed in this issue by Mr. Haultain, is a native of Galt, a graduate of the University of Toronto and a practising physician in London, England. It is generally recognized that it was his series of articles on Protection and Free Trade in the *Fortnightly Review* which was mainly instrumental in preparing the more thoughtful classes of Great Britain for Mr. Chamberlain's policy by placing the whole question on a new philosophical basis. He has an article in the January *Fortnightly Review* on "Herbert Spencer and the Dangers of Specialism."

## BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

"Poems of The New Century," by Robert S. Jenkins. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 173 pp.

Not remarkable.

"Sea Murmurs and Woodland Songs," by S. E. S. Faulkner. Toronto: William Briggs. Boards, 111 pages.

Fair, shading to poor.

"The Radiant Road," by Ethelwyn Wetherald. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Boards, 45 pp.

Good; worth while.

"Poems, Songs, Ballads," by Carroll Ryan. Montreal: John Lovell & Sons. Cloth, 223 pp.

A fair collection of average verse.

"Imperial Preferential Trade," from a Canadian Point of View, by Adam Shortt, M.A., Professor of Political Science, Queen's University. Toronto: Morang & Co. Paper, 62 pp.

A splendid presentation of the arguments against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, by Canada's leading economist.

"New Ontario," comments by members of the Canadian Press Excursion of 1903, with map. Welland: Sears & Sawle. Boards, 40 pp.

"A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America," by Daniel William Harmon, with an account of the Indians living west of the Rocky Mountains. 1800-1819. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Reprint. Cloth, 382 pp., $1.00.

"The Year Book of British Columbia" for 1903, compiled by R. E. Gosnell. Victoria, B.C. Cloth, 394 pp.

A valuable compendium.

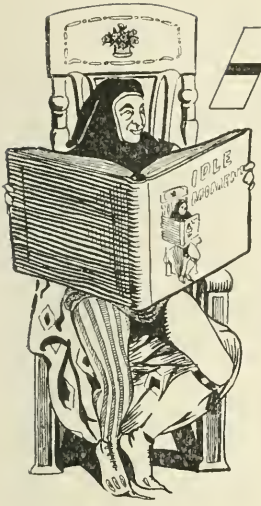
"The Studio." Vol. 30, No. 130. Jan. 15th. London, England.

A well-illustrated and well-written art publication.

"The Royal Postage Stamp Album" for Stamps of the British Empire. Chicago: The Colonial Stamp Co. Size 10 x 11, about 250 pp. Descriptions, but no illustrations.

Nothing better on the market.

"The McGill University Magazine." Vol. 3, No. 1. January, 1904. Montreal: A. T. Chapman. Price, 50 cents.




# IDLE MOMENTS

## DIPLOMACY

TALLEYRAND, like most diplomatists, was famous for his attention to the details of etiquette. He prided himself on an ability to adjust his mode of address to the rank and position of the person to whom he was speaking. On one occasion, when a number of distinguished men were dining with him, he varied his formula, when inviting them to partake of beef, in such a manner as to suit the rank of the respective persons. "May I have the honour of sending your royal highness a little beef?" he asked a prince of the blood. To a duke he said: "Monseigneur, permit me to send you a little beef?" "Marquis," he continued, "may I send you some beef?" "Viscount, pray have a little beef." "Baron, do you take beef?" ran the next interrogation. "Monsieur, he said to an untitled gentleman, "some beef?" To his secretary he remarked casually, "Beef?" But there was one gentleman left who deserved even less consideration than the secretary, and Talleyrand, poising his knife in air, favoured him with a mere look of interrogation. If the guest was possessed of an independent spirit, one can imagine that he did not take beef that day.

## THE PROUD FATHER

Clara—Isn't that novelist a tiresome fellow?

Dora—I should say so! He is all the time repeating the bright things that the children of his brain say.

*K. R.*

## THE DISADVANTAGES OF THE SEASON

First Insect—Ugh! Buzz-buzz-zip-zip-br-r-r-zip!

Second Insect—What in the world is the matter with you?

First Insect—Ugh! Just bit into a man that is full of quinine! *K.R.*

## HAD HIS DAY

Publisher—We must drop Slinger's works.

Assistant—Why?

Publisher—He is losing his popularity. Nothing in imitation of his style has appeared in six months. *K.R.*

## A SHATTERED DREAM

She packed a hard snowball.
Thought I: "She will miss me,
And before I forgive her
I'll force her to kiss me."

"She loves me," I mused,
"And takes this way to show it"—
But a butcher's boy came,
And she bribed him to throw it!

*M. T.*

## A POLAR TRAGEDY

Though but a simple Esquimaux,
He loved a chubby maiden saux
He trudged through miles of ice and snaux
To get her answer—yes or naux.

His nose was pug, his brow was laux,
His mouth was large, his speech was slaux,

And yet he had a heart I traux,
And love could make his being glaux.

She told him that he had no shaux
And ordered him to Jericaux;
He said, "Perhaps your love would graux
Were you my wife." She bade him gaux.

He went, but it came on to blaux;
He wandered blindly to and fraux;
He got aboard a drifting flaux;
The wild winds took the thing in taux.

What happened him no man may knaux;
The maiden hugs a secret waux;
She never got another beaux;
She is an old-maid Esquimaux.—*Selected.*

■

## FAMILY RESEMBLANCE

It is related of a Parisian portrait painter that having painted the portrait of a lady, a critic, who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed, "It is very nicely painted; but why did you take such an ugly model?"

"It is my mother," calmly replied the artist.

"Oh, pardon, a thousand times!" cried the critic, in the greatest confusion; "you are right—I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely!"—*Selected.*

■

## THE VIEW POINT

"Had a nice trip?"

"Ya'as, rather."

"Been doing the Continent?"

"Well, yes, if you like to put it that way, but when I look at my expense account it rather seems as if the Continent had been doing me."

—*Selected.*

■

## PAT FROM TORONTO

General Hamilton reviewed the Canadian infantry one day in a small village for the purpose of telling them that they must stop their plundering, for which they were so notorious that they had earned the nickname of "The Thousand Thieves."

The column had just drawn up and was waiting for Hamilton to begin the review when a ragged rooster ran out from a hut and across the front of the line. A kind of shiver ran through the volunteers. Suddenly a private left the ranks and took after the rooster.

"Halt!" shouted Hamilton.

The soldier ran on. He shortly overtook the rooster and turned back, wringing the neck of the fowl. As he passed the general he noted the fierce scowl on his face. The soldier was an Irish boy from Toronto, and not easily daunted, but this time he temporized. Throwing the defunct rooster at the general's feet, he said:

"There, now; I'll tache ye t' halt whin the gineral says so!"—New York *Times.*

■

## AUTOMOBILING

"You say you take automobile rides for the sake of exercise?"

"Certainly?"

"But where does the exercise come in?"

"Getting out to see what is the matter."—*Selected.*

■

## WAR

Private Smith of the Royals; the veldt and a slate-black sky,
Hillocks of mud, brick-red with blood, and a a prayer—half curse—to die.
A lung and a Mauser bullet; pink froth and a half-choked cry.

Private Smith of the Royals; a torrent of freezing rain;
A hail of frost on a life half lost; despair and a grinding pain.
And the drip-drip-drip of the Heavens to wash out the brand of Cain.

Private Smith of the Royals; self-sounding his funeral knell;
A burning throat that each gasping note scrapes raw like a broken shell.
A thirst like a red-hot iron and a tongue like a patch of Hell.

Private Smith of the Royals; the blush of a dawning day;
The fading mist that the sun has kissed—and over the hills away
The blest Red Cross like an angel in the trail of the men who slay.

But Private Smith of the Royals gazed up at the soft blue sky—
The rose tinged morn like a babe new born and the sweet-songed birds on high—
With a fleck of red on his pallid lip and a film of white on his eye.

—*Herbert Cadett, in London Daily Chronicle.*

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

## BATTLESHIPS AND TORPEDOS

MODERN war vessels are usually divided into five classes:

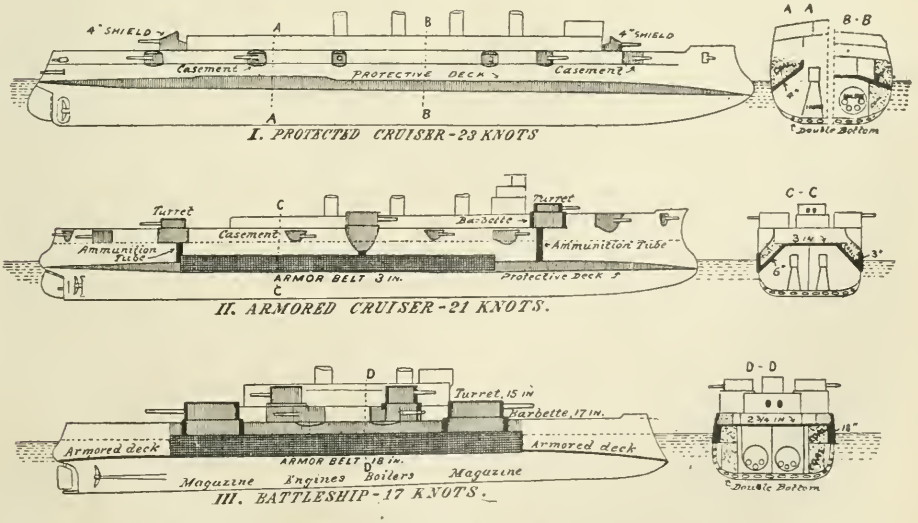
1. Battleships.
2. Cruisers.
3. Torpedo Gun Boats (Destroyers).
4. Torpedo Boats.
5. Auxiliaries.

The modern battleship is stoutly armoured, the plates running some distance below the waterline. The batteries are also heavily armoured, and the smaller batteries have lighter protecting plates (Fig. 1, III). These battleships are about 375 feet long and cost from three to five million dollars each. They are heavily armed.

The cruisers are auxiliary vessels. Some have steel decks and armoured sides, some have steel decks only. Only the former are of much service in a fierce engagement. (Fig. 1, I & II).

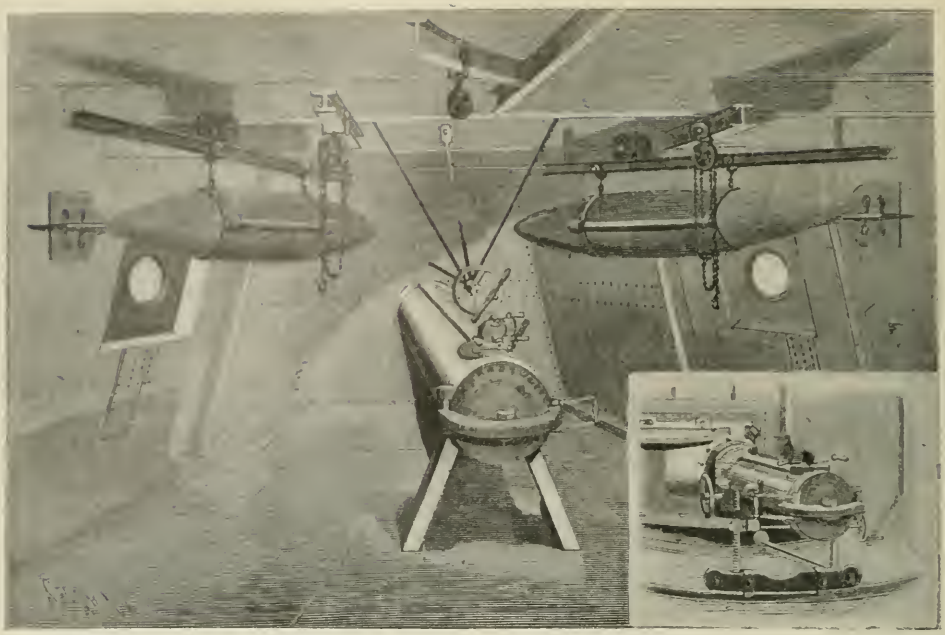
Torpedo gun boats or destroyers are light vessels, 180 to 220 feet long, and capable of travelling at the rate of 27 to 33 knots (30 to 38 miles). They possess great engine-power, and are armed usually with five or six quick-firing guns. They are intended for the offensive defence of a fleet, in that they are able to chase torpedo boats and keep them away from the slow-moving battleships and cruisers.

The smallest and most modern boat is the torpedo boat, which carries guns




COMPARATIVE ARMOUR PROTECTION IN MODERN WAR VESSELS

The Protected Cruiser (Fig. I) is a light vessel with a steel deck which protects the engines and boilers below. The Armoured Cruiser (Fig. II) has an additional side belt of armour at the waterline. The Battleship (Fig. III) has a side belt of armour about 18 inches thick instead of 3 or 4 inches as on the Protected Cruiser. In the diagrams, the armour is indicated by full black lines or shading, graded according to thickness.



A TORPEDO ROOM IN THE BOW OF A VESSEL

81. Two Torpedos are shown suspended from the ceiling. The breech-loading, launching tube, from which the torpedos are discharged, is seen in the centre. Another tube on a Swivel Platform, for discharging torpedos on a broadside or at an angle, is shown in the smaller diagram. See description.

especially constructed for the discharge of torpedos. The torpedo is a long, cigar-shaped, brass cylinder about 18 inches in diameter. To the butt end is attached a double rudder which guides the torpedo through the water, preventing it from rising, going down, or swerving from its course. Each torpedo contains from 100 to 200 pounds of gun cotton, which is exploded when the pointed end of the torpedo is driven back by contact with a solid body. The torpedos are discharged by compressed air and travel a few feet below the surface of the water at a rate of about 30 knots an hour. Most of them will run about 800 yards, driven by compressed air engines which work the screw propellers.

It is these torpedo boats which seem to have been so useful to the Japanese in their attack on the Russian war-vessels in Port Arthur harbour. Up to the present time there has been little evidence of their value. In 1891, during the Chilian civil war, the warship *Blanco* was sunk by a torpedo, six having been discharged at her. When examined afterwards, a hole fifteen feet long and seven feet broad was found in her hull. It was generally expected that the Japanese-Chinese war of 1895 would settle the question of the possibility of destroying moving ships by torpedos. No destruction by these occurred, so far as is known. The contest proved that armoured vessels are vastly superior to unarmoured vessels in the line of battle, but it left the question of the utility of torpedos to be decided by other contestants. The Spanish-American war had a similar result, but added testimony to the value of long-range guns, good ammunition and trained gunners.

The present struggle between Japan and Russia will contribute something to the world's knowledge concerning the value of each class of war ships. The first victory has fallen to the torpedo boat, though this was probably as much due to carelessness on the part of the Russians as to daring on the part of the Japanese. The accompanying illustrations will be found instructive.

## BONUS NEWS

IT has recently been announced from Ottawa that the Hon. Mr. Fielding has arranged to introduce several new Bonus Bills this session. The First will be known as

### THE TROUSERS BILL

It having been pointed out by the makers of Canadian trousers that, in order to preserve this infant industry, a bonus is necessary, Mr. Fielding proposes to grant a bonus of 10 cents per pair, provided the trousers are for home consumption and are not made from old cloth. This latter provision has been strenuously opposed by the Toronto Trades and Labour Council, who point out that all mothers in the Unions find it necessary to make trousers for their small boys out of old skirts and other large tweed garments. But Mr. Fielding refuses to budge from the position he has first assumed.

The Second will be known as

### THE BARGAIN BOOT BILL

On the application of Eatons, Simpsons, Carsleys, Morgans and other noted dealers in bargain boots, Mr. Fielding will grant a bonus on the production of these of nineteen cents per pair, provided that these boots shall not be composed of more than 50% cardboard, or more than 40% strawboard. This latter condition is inserted in the Bill because Mr. Fielding is providing for the cardboard and strawboard industries in one of the twenty-five special Bonus Bills to be introduced in 1909.

It was announced from Ottawa on January 22nd that under the provisions of an act introduced by Mr. Fielding last session, there would henceforth be paid on rolled round wire rods a bonus of

### SIX DOLLARS PER TON

On rolled angle ties, joists, girders and other rolled shapes of iron, the bounty shall be

### THREE DOLLARS PER TON

What joy will reign in the camp of those who hold the bonds and preferred stock of the Sydney Iron and Steel Company—that beautiful infant industry which is such a credit to Canada! Every breath the company draws is now bonused.

But Mr. Fielding will go farther. In order to help a certain Senator and other persons, he has ordered that selected life insurance companies and banks shall get what is to be known as a

### BONUS ON CLERKS

It is pointed out that clerks and office-boys are an infant industry which requires consideration at the hands of a parental government.

Other bonus bills will be introduced later:

Pig and Pork Bonus Bill.
Sausage Bonus Bill (special).
Doukhobor Infant Bonus Bill.
Three-legged Calf Bonus Bill.
Shoe-polishers' Bonus Bill.

Manicurists' Bonus Bill.
Moose-hunters' Bonus Bill.
Bass Fishers' Bonus Bill.
Drain Diggers' Bonus Bill.
Foundling Homes' Bonus Bill.
Parish Church Bonus Bill.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

The public will be kept posted concerning Mr. Fielding's new method of making us rich by showing us how to lift ourselves by pulling at our own shoe-lugs. *Buncombe.*

## CONTINUED PROSPERITY

For the six months ending December 31st, 1903, Canada showed continued prosperity so far as trade and revenue are indications. There was a slight falling off in domestic exports amounting to about two million dollars, believed to be due to the fact that farmers are holding their wheat and cattle for higher prices. There was also a falling off in forest and fisheries products. On the other hand imports increased about eighteen million dollars. The comparison, in detail, is as follows:

IMPORTS, SIX MONTHS

| | 1902 | 1903 |
|---|---|---|
| Dutiable goods. . | $64,582,101 | $74,389,955 |
| Free goods ..... | 38,619,513 | 47,142,053 |
| Totals..... | $103,201,614 | $121,532,008 |
| Duty collected.... | $17,814,116 | $20,472,143 |

DOMESTIC EXPORTS, SIX MONTHS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Products, mine.... | $18,418,617 | $20,525,150 |
| Products, fisheries. | 6,889,775 | 6,007,290 |
| Products, forest .. | 23,607,946 | 22,008,379 |
| Animals and produce..... | 45,178,795 | 42,496,368 |
| Agriculture ..... | 21,516,806 | 21,842,592 |
| Manufactures ..... | 9,634,070 | 10,088,305 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 55,457 | 15,870 |
| Totals ..... | $125,301,466 | $122,983,954 |

In consequence of this great increase in imports, the Dominion revenue increased about two millions, while in other departments there were similar increases. The total ordinary revenue was thirty-five millions. As the ordinary expenditure was twenty-one million and the capital expenditure four million, there was a net profit for the six months of ten millions. This is a huge amount to be available for a reduction of the public debt which was decreased by more than that amount in the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1903. It is well that the debt should be growing less at a time when Canada is entering on a huge expenditure for a new transcontinental railway.

## NO MONOPOLY

A gentleman told us the other day that some time ago, in passing through one of the railway stations in North Dakota, U.S., he observed a notice, having on it in large letters, "Don't go to Canada. Stop in God's own country." That is very funny, as well as very significant. It is significant because it shows that the immigration to Canada from the Western States is so large as not only to attract much attention, but to cause much anxiety and occasion considerable effort, of which the notice in question is only a single instance, to head it off. But we judge that, despite the notice, a good many will continue to believe and to show their faith by their works that "God's own country" is not situate on the south side of the international boundary line. So far as we know, Canada has as good, if not a better right, to the title.—*Christian Guardian.*

## INCREASE IN POSTAGE

It is understood that the Postal Convention of 1875 between Canada and the United States will soon be abrogated and the rates of the Universal Postal Union will then prevail. It will then cost five cents to send a letter from any point in Canada to any point in the United States—the same rate as is now paid on letters to France, Germany and other foreign countries. Postcards will cost two cents and periodicals eight cents a pound. The movement is intended to shut out the cheap literature of the United States.

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

From a Painting by Peter Paul Rubens, now in the Cathedral at Antwerp. The anguished Virgin to the left, the kneeling Marys, the sympathetic Disciples, Nicodemus, and Joseph of Arimathea, form varying contrasts with the inert body of the Saviour. "Resplendent in colouring and masterly in grouping." Painted about 1614.

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII TORONTO, APRIL, 1904 No. 6

## CHURCH ART IN ROME

*By ALBERT R. CARMAN, Author of "The Pensionnaires," etc.*

TO me, religious art in a gallery is always suggestive of the wax effigy department in a museum. The form is there; the features are there; the colouring is usually there—a little retouched; but the stiff figures suffer the trifling disadvantage of being dead. The religious atmosphere which was their breath of life—the religious surroundings to harmonize with which they were created by the great masters—are absent; and they are securely fixed in gaudy frames with brass plates at the bottom bearing their names, their makers and their ages, and hung in desolate rows for hurrying tourists to stare at and wonder how people "can really pretend to think such misshapen and unnatural things beautiful."

But religious art in a church, hung just where it was meant to hang—perhaps a fresco still on the wall where the brush of a Raphael left it—is something alive and breathing; and the man who can approach the mental attitude to which it was intended to appeal, will be rewarded by feeling in his soul an appreciation—however slight and however unworthy—of the thought of the master. This is the great charm of Italy; and, to an especial degree, of Rome. Here you see religious art ALIVE. You no longer wonder at the subjects which the masters have chosen, feeling it necessary to remind yourself again and again that their paymaster was the Church; for you are more likely to regard the selection of their subjects as one of the surest marks of their genius, and to enjoy the marvellous skill with which they have blended the three purposes of their work—(1) the presentation of the subject, (2) the filling of the exact space assigned and (3) the production of a decorative whole.

Of course, even in Rome, much of the religious art is now out of its intended place. Michelangelo's "Moses," for example, as it stands the most prominent figure on the dwarfed tomb of Julius II in San Pietro in Vincoli, was intended originally to mark one of the angles of a vast structure under the soaring dome of St. Peter's. But even this Moses has a religious setting, altogether unlike that of the two "Slaves" which are now in the Louvre, but which were intended to ornament the walls of this same colossal tomb. Although the little church in which it stands is out of the way and difficult for the tourist to find, it is in the midstream of devotion; for pilgrims constantly climb to it on its perch on the Esquiline Hill to make obeisance to the chains of St. Peter which are kept in a glass case, hidden by bronze doors, under the altar. The day we were there some Eastern pilgrims came, dressed like Russian peasants, and they prostrated themselves repeatedly, their foreheads striking the floor, before the rust-flecked iron chains as they hung in naked realism behind their glass shield. Then, without be-

MICHELANGELO'S "MOSES" IN SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI

stowing a glance upon the world-famed statue of the Hebrew law-giver which stood near at hand to the right, they hurried into a neighbouring room where they bought copies of the chains in steel and other mementoes to carry to their devout friends at home.

But it is to the shrine of Michelangelo that the tourist usually makes his or her pilgrimage up through the archway by the steep stone steps from Via Cavour. And if one be—like the writer—a mere learner and lover of art, it is well to sit down a while here and let the crowds pass out, and then look and look at the virile, massive, imposing figure of this indignant "Moses" until strength seems to shine from the very hair of his twisted beard, and one feels an instinctive desire to draw back to be out of the way when the giant shall accomplish his evident purpose and spring up. Critics will tell you that the knee which is in full view is too large, and that the head is too small. That may all be, I have no means of forming an opinion myself. But certainly this is true—that no figure which I saw in Europe so embodied in my eye the conception of long patience, broken at last—of conscious strength, stirred by final indignation—as this mighty Moses showing his wrath at the waywardness of the Jews.

Another bit of art—well hidden away but well worth the finding out—is the Raphael fresco of the four "Sibyls" in Santa Maria della Pace. A close look at the accompanying engraving will show you that it is a fresco painted on the oddly shaped bit of wall that contains the arch of a chapel. Some of the figures in the chapel are visible in the picture. This is a fair illustration of the difficulty of the tasks frequently set these old painters. The builder of a church or a palace found that he had a section of wall uncovered with decoration, and he commissioned an immortal genius, who happened to be on earth at his time, looking for opportunities—and sometimes for money—to decorate it as it might seem best to him. In this case, Raphael fitted his

RAPHAEL'S FOUR SIBYLS IN SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE

composition to the space assigned with a skill which has been the admiration of artists ever since. The Sibyls are in the act of writing down revelations regarding Christ which they are receiving from the angels who are hovering about; precisely such a topic as should be chosen for a church dedicated to St. Mary. The work itself is not so purely Raphaelesque as that in the Vatican, for instance, he having here come under the compelling influence of the great Buonarroti; but there is a grace about the Sibyls and a colour effect which is entirely Raphael.

Much of the most enjoyable church art in Rome is thus to be looked for in small churches. The church we have just been speaking of, for example, is so unimportant that it is not open all the time as are all the great churches, and we had to search out a caretaker with the aid of several small boys before we could get into it at all. That meant "feeing" the boys and then "feeing" the caretaker, the last "fee" being augmented by the fact that the old man had to carefully uncover the precious fresco before we could see it. Not very far from this church is another of the smaller churches which contains a priceless art treasure. This is the curiously named Santa Maria sopra Minerva, so called because it stands on the ruins of a temple to Minerva—so old is the soil of this eternal Rome. Hard by is the Pantheon, now a Christian Church but once a temple to the seven planetary gods, erected before the birth of Christ. In the church imposed on the temple of Minerva there stands near the altar an almost nude figure of Christ by Michelangelo. The great sculptor left it wholly nude; but an age of fig-leaf morality has given it a stiff apron of bronze.

Another isolated bit of art is Guido Reni's "St. Michael," which hangs in a little church near the Ludovisi Quarter called Santa Maria della Concezione, but which is more commonly known as the Capuchin Church, having vaults beneath it decorated with the bones of members of the order. This "St. Michael" is a very typical example of Guido's work, which all approaches so nearly to modern standards that the novice comes early to enjoy him.

But, as in most matters ecclesiastical, the steps of the lover of church art in Rome must turn early and often to St. Peter's. The impression which this vast pile makes upon people is so diverse and is so constantly discussed at the "pension" tables of Rome, that the putting down of a solitary opinion in the absence of champions of the other views, seems to have a tinge of unfairness. Yet I cannot help saying that it never ceased to be a sensation for me to push through the heavy hangings that cumbered the entrances from the lofty porch, and stand at the end of the mighty nave and let my eye play along the polished marbles and the sweeping arches to the High Altar. It is not only that St. Peter's is the largest church in the world. Milan impressed my eye as quite as large; and the Gothic seems loftier than the Renaissance. It is rather the richness of St. Peter's—the careless, yet lavish wealth with which it is encrusted—that appealed to me. Even masterpieces are treated as if they were but subordinate decorations of a great church; and not as if they were the jewels for which the church was a costly setting, as often appears. Thus you turn aside at the entrance and step to the closed iron gates shutting off a small chapel; and there you will see—without any flourish or advertisement—the "Pieta" of Michelangelo. There are plenty of more gorgeous chapels under the roof of St. Peter's, and many a more conspicuous position; yet here in the twilight of a side-chapel stands this wonderful composition. I have never seen a photo which conveys to the eye an adequate impression of the beauty of this group. This, I fancy, must be due to the fact that photos are flat, and that they thus give an undue prominence to the desolate figure of the dead Christ on the knees of the immortally young Madonna. But when looking at the marble, the magical sweetness of the Madonna—that

GUIDO RENI'S "ST. MICHAEL" IN THE SANTA MARIA DELLA CONCEZIONE (CAPUCCINI)

MICHELANGELO'S PIETA IN ST. PETER'S

type of maiden purity—gradually enfolds the whole composition in your mind until you forget the tragedy of the lifeless limbs in the foreground, and can see nothing but the mother-grief, blended with maiden shyness, that streams from the flower-face which, in its youth, has learned resignation before it has learned of the existence of despair.

Just across the church from the "Pieta," is a tomb before which English travellers pause with especial interest—the tomb of "the last of the Stuarts." The busts over the tomb door are those of "James III" and his two sons, the latter having borne the title of Cardinal York. Here in the greatest temple of the Church for which this royal family died—officially as well as physically—it is fitting that there should be a noble monument to the wreckage of the race. This tomb is by Canova, that sculptor who, perhaps, better than any other satisfies a sort of superficial love of beauty in us. A little study of the two figures on each side of the tomb door will show what I mean. Another tomb by the same chisel—that of Clement XIII—will give an idea of the sort of Papal monuments with which St. Peter's is filled. Some of them are more magnificent, but none are more delicately beautiful than this; and you will see travellers seated on their camp-stools before them—like pilgrims before a shrine—quietly drinking in their marvellous beauty while the distant tinkle of a bell at some hidden altar or a rising and falling chant in a far-away chapel hardly seems to be in the same building with them.

The crowning act of an art pilgrimage among the Roman churches is, of course, to toil up the Scala Regia to the Sistine Chapel. This is probably the most precious room, in an art sense, in the world. The walls are decorated with frescoes by Botticelli and Signorelli, Pinturicchio and Perugino, and many another great name; while the ceiling and the altar-wall are covered with paintings from the brush of Michelangelo. It seems impossible to add anything to this simple statement. The novice will feel his awe somewhat

mitigated by a sure conviction that a ceiling is a bad place upon which to paint a masterpiece; and, after he has nearly dislocated his neck in an attempt to study the succession of pictures, he will discover that the attendants rent mirrors in which the lofty paintings may be enjoyed more at ease. Still, getting a reflection of a picture in a mirror is a poor substitute for sitting down before it—hung rationally on a wall—and having it out with it, face to face. Some people do not bother with mirrors, but throw themselves on their backs in order to stare upward, which custom may happily introduce a relieving element of comedy into the affair if they chance to lay their heads in the laps of total strangers.

IACOBO · III
IACOBI · II · MAGNAE · BRIT · REGIS · FILIO
KAROLO · EDVARDO
ET · HENRICO · DECANO · PATRVM · CARDINALIVM
IACOBI III · FILIIS
REGIAE · STIRPIS · STVARDIAE · POSTREMIS
ANNO M · DCCC · XIX

MONUMENT TO THE LAST OF THE STUARTS, BY CANOVA, IN ST. PETER'S

If you would study Michelangelo as a painter, there is practically no other place to study him than in the Sistine Chapel. I only recall to have seen one canvas certainly from him, and that was a Holy Family in the Tribuna at Florence. He has left us plenty of statuary and plenty of noble architecture. They even show you some fortifications erected by him in Florence; for he was an enthusiastic patriot. But his reputation as a painter in modern eyes rests almost wholly on the ceiling and altar-wall of the Sistine Chapel.

The temptation while talking of church art in Rome, is constantly to turn to the kindred topic of church architecture. Interior church decoration is, perhaps, a closer subject. I have not thought it worth while to get a single art feature from the interior of Santa Maria Maggiore; and yet wherever the eye might go it rested upon a feast of colour and form. So, also, the interiors of St. John Lateran and St. Paul's. But the subject of church art alone is large enough, and we have done little more than pick up a photo here and there in a large collection and look at them for a moment. If we have done this without a stir of envy for the many who now at Easter time are crowding Rome to its walls, and walking in the spring sunshine from one splendid church to another, we may congratulate ourselves.

# THE WAYS OF THE CHILD

*By JEAN BLEWETT*

"Call not that man wretched, who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love."—*Southey.*

THERE is a household maxim, or rather there was a household maxim to the effect that children should be seen and not heard. It is obsolete now. We grown-up people have helped to make it so by our encouragement, open and secret, of the conversational abilities of little folks.

But think of the vast amount of fun they make for us, to say nothing of the wisdom which lurks in the prattle of these late comers into this old workshop, yclept the world. Birds are free to warble, bees to buzz their busy song, crickets to chirp; why should not children be free to say their say?

But, argues some one, the children of this day and generation have too much to say, know too much about liberty and too little about rule. As a result they are pert, precocious and selfish. There is no denying the pertness. We will even own up to the precociousness. We listen to their smart sayings and pass them on. It is lovely to get hold of real originality. We encourage them to talk for the pure pleasure of hearing them talk. The way they bring up a subject, discuss it with freedom, drop it without caring in the least whether we are convinced or not, is too good to lose. They are quick of vision, these bright-eyed little ones; they note these things, and noting them, put a value on themselves.

But the worst is on the surface. The children who are allowed to explain, allowed to plead their cause when brought up before the powers-that-be, allowed to speak out the thoughts which vex and perplex them, are bound to grow up with better—perhaps I should say happier, natures than the children who dare not question or protest. They can never know the bitterness, the stinging sense of injustice, which has broken many a little heart.

As for the selfishness, can we lay that at the door of our present system of training? Only a part of it, at most. True, the children of to-day demand more in the way of amuse-

ment, and care and dress than children used to demand, but the secret of it was well explained by a white-haired man of late. His friend was protesting against the extravagant tastes of children. "There's my little lad," he said; "at Christmas the uncles and aunts loaded him with presents, and his mother and I did our part. Was he satisfied? Not he. A Jew's harp, my big brother's discarded skates, a pair of red-topped boots, any one of these treasures was enough to tickle me out of my senses at his age. I tell you, our system of training is all wrong. It was little get and big joy in my day; it's the other way on now."

"Whose fault is that?" this from the white-haired man. "If your lad had brothers older than himself to give him cast-off boots and skates, likewise a good shaking-up once in a while, brothers younger than himself to hang on to him, wake the caretaking spirit in him, see to it that he did not have too good a time, and sisters of all ages to tell him what a guy and a gawk he was, to lecture him, laugh at him, love him with a big wholesome love, he would not be the selfish little rascal he is. It is your family of one or two that is bound to get spoiled. There is safety in numbers, my friend."

STUDY OF A CHILD
PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. W. W. PEARCE

There is certainly safety in numbers. As a rule, the big family is the happy family. The members of it are a jolly lot. They have to give up many things, do with little and bear with a lot very often, but what of it? It is more than made up to them by the wealth of real happiness, the pleasures always shared, the unswerving affection which is a part and parcel of their environment. In all walks of life it is the same.

A little ragamuffin was discussing domestic affairs with a sympathetic lady not long ago. "Yes," he said, "there's five of us, an' all of us is dietin', doin' with Johnny-cake an' skim-milk on account of Bennie. He's a pindlin' little chap, but gamey as anything. He's off in the country now—golly! It seems funny to think of him bein' toted here an' there, an' all over, on account of his back havin' a crook in it. We're all soft on Bennie. I give him my blue flannen shirt when he was goin'—hain't had one to my back since; but Lor! what's a shirt, anyway? I'd be willin' to throw in the trousers if he'd only come home fat."

Of a truth there is safety in numbers. A scene I witnessed in Chicago comes to mind. The bully of a particular corner, a shock-headed newsboy,

STUDY OF A CHILD
PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. W. W. PEARCE

had pounced upon a very small rival and was threatening him with fearful things, when up dashed a slim, big-eyed youth to the rescue. "Tech him, an' you won't hev a hull bone in yer body when the seven of us is through with yer. Blood's thicker 'n water, an' we hangs together, you better believe," he yelled in shrill defiance, and the bully found he had other business to attend to.

But the large family is the exception rather than the rule these days. "And do you mean to tell me that all these girls and boys are yours? Well, well, you have an extra big circle," exclaimed a certain gentleman on his first visit to the home of a well-known Toronto barrister who is the proud possessor of as bonny a brood as one need ask to see.

"Well, that depends," returned his host genially. "For instance, when our Chicago cousins come to see us we find ourselves wishing we had let the twins go on a visit to the aunts and sent one or two of the babies over to grandma for the time being. We have an embarrassment of riches as it were. But when some friend from Lower Canada drops in, and after looking our flock over, inquires: 'Are these all the children you have?' we always say apologetically, 'These are all—as yet.' Left to ourselves we think we have just the right number."

The pathos of childhood, the humour of childhood, the sentiment of childhood, are things which appeal to us. There is no sorrow quite so real as the sorrow of a child. It does not matter that the sorrow has no adequate cause—it may be over the veriest trifle, yet so real is it, so unfeigned, it grips you in spite of yourself. It is a hard-hearted individual who can see a child in grief and not essay to comfort it. We hardly realize the moving power of tears until we find ourselves wiping them from the dimpled cheek of a little one.

A certain lady made it her boast

TAKING TEA

BY HOWARD DAY AIKEN, A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD PHOTOGRAPHER WHOSE PORTRAIT APPEARS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE

HOWARD DAY AIKEN

that she never cried without adequate reason. She had gone through a long series of misunderstandings and worries, entailing a certain amount of real heartache without shedding a tear, and we were beginning to think her brave, almost to hardness, when, one day, we came on four-year-old Bessie beside the lilac hedge, crying as if her heart would break. "It's dead," she said, opening her hand to show us a limp yellow bird; "it pecked at its cage, and I opened the door and let it out to sing in the sun. It was so glad it singed and singed to me, and the cat heard it, and—and." Down went the tear-stained cheek to the ruffled feathers of the dead canary. "Ittie bits o' birdie," breaking into baby lingo; "won't you open your pitty eyes, and peck at me any more at all, at all?" The sobbing grew tempestuous, and the lady lifted the child into her arms. "It is only a bird," she said soothingly; "the garden is full of just as sweet singers as he was." "But none of them is my Dicky, dear Dicky, that singed the song I teached him, 'cause he loved me. I don't want robins, and frushes and things. I want my own bad little Dicky, I do." "Don't cry, sweetheart," whispered the lady, and down on Bessie's curls dropped tears from the eyes which neither trouble nor disappointment had been able to dim.

A child's satire is a withering thing. My neighbour has a golden-haired, azure-eyed mite of a daughter who often comes up on the verandah to play with me. She looks like an angel, but I am afraid appearances are deceitful, for anything more worldly-wise than she it would be hard to find. One day last summer she drew my attention to some passers-by. A very large woman was wheeling one of the immense, old-time baby-buggies. In it was seated the very tiniest of babies, and beside her walked a man whose head did not reach her shoulder. "What's her doing with such a wide-long carriage?" inquired Miss Golden Locks. I shook my head. Over the seraphic face swept an expression of raillery. "Maybe she puts her poor little man in, too, when he gets tired keeping up, eh?" she said with a giggle of pure ridicule.

This was conscious satire; the unconscious is harder to bear up under. Eve went to see a new baby. It was anything but a pretty baby, being red-faced, bleary-eyed and bald-headed, but the baby's mother was blind to its defects, naturally. She was so proud of it that she must needs ask Eve for an opinion. "Did you buy him for your own?" asked Eve guardedly. "Yes, for my very own," answered the proud mother. "And won't they take him back if you ask them?" "Certainly not." Eve took another long look, then said, hopefully, "Well, don't feel too bad 'bout it; maybe you can trade him for anozzer baby—or sumfin." Fortunately the mother had a saving sense of humour.

THE LITTLE AEOLUS
PHOTOGRAPH BY CORA STANWOOD COBB

Bobby has made a woman his enemy for life by just such a criticism. Bobby is a dear. He has big, honest, brown eyes, and an independent air, and strides around on his two short legs as though monarch of all he surveys. He was taken to call on the baby across the way. "Well, my lad," said the family doctor, who happened to drop in, "what do you say to my bringing the mate of this to your place? You're getting too big to be the baby." Bobby has spent two summers of his short life on the farm. Evidently some lore gathered there came to his mind, for, with an emphatic shake of the brown head, he said with much firmness, "No, sank you, doctor; we don't want no culls."

Oh, yes, they are bound to find out things—things they ought to know, and things thay ought not; they absorb knowledge like the thirsty little sponges they are. Their descriptions are right to the point. Could any one be obtuse enough not to know that Dorothy had come upon an angleworm while paddling in the rivulet a spring shower had left on the lawn, when she ran in exclaiming, "I seed a funny little white snake that longed itself out and shorted itself up like father's field glass." "What's it doing that for?" asked somebody. "I don't know," answered Dorothy, puckering her brows, "but I sink it's looking for its head 'cause it hasn't a bit of a one."

They have everything to learn, these angels of our households, these tender intruders into our hearts and lives, and sometimes I have thought that they have everything to teach. There are so many wonderful things we never know until they impart them to us. Pure and sweet, and worth all things else put together. "And Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them."

"I love these little people," says the kindly Charles Dickens, "and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us."

EASTER LILIES

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

# THE GORE VALLEY VIADUCT

## THE STORY OF A BUSINESS DEAL

*By HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON*

"FONGER, you see," said Haliburton, explaining the matter to the stock clerk, "it's this way: if Murphy had got the job on the first go off he'd a' taken it at a decent price. But O'Brien & Parker was the low bid an' they took the whole nine miles between Lenox and Middleburg. Then, it struck them they had too much, and that's the way they come to sublet this three-mile hunk to the old man."

"Well, what's that got to do with him sending *you* down here?"

"I'm getting to that," responded the new superintendent. "When he signed the papers he didn't start work right away and then the price of cement took a jump. When he was ready to go ahead, considerin' that O'Brien & Parker's profits had to be reckoned on as well as his own, there wasn't room for him to make anything out of it at all. So the old man told Whitner to come down and do the job and scamp it for all it was worth; but being the crack superintendent and having a bit of reputation of his own, Whitner says to him, 'You go soak your head.' Then Murphy sent me down because there weren't any one better."

"Told you, I reckon, that it wouldn't hurt the quality of the piers none if you was to drop an empty barrel here and there in the middle o' a pile o' concrete," drawled the stock-clerk.

"Not exactly," answered Haliburton, smiling; "just kinder suggested, though, that it wouldn't hurt my standing with him to keep down expenses all I could. Said he wasn't interfering at all, but that he'd like to have the balance on the right side when I was done."

The superintendent's left eyelid took a significant droop.

"Then," said Fonger, "I suppose here's where I take to the pines and the tall grass and figger up how much cement we're *not* goin' to need."

Haliburton did not answer for a moment.

"I haven't any reputation to lose worth speakin' of," said he at length, "but I was just thinkin' that p'raps I might do somethin' along the line of makin' one. This is the first job worth a red that I ever had the bossin' of, and it seems to me that it would be a shame not to make it somethin' worth while. Between you and me, Fonger, I guess maybe you won't need to fix that cement book. I've got a scheme and I reckon we'll give Gore Valley a trestlework that'll carry cars for a day or two more than Murphy counts on."

Haliburton very quickly set about working out his ideas. He disappointed the railway company's inspector, who had hoped to be called upon to pass a crooked job and line his pocket at the contractor's expense. The subject was not openly broached. Both were too wary and had been on too many jobs for that; but when Haliburton discharged two foremen who had been accustomed to different conditions, the inspector had suspicions that the land did not lie to suit him.

Then the superintendent wrote a letter to John Sears.

Sears was the owner of extensive peat marl beds about fifteen miles down the line and the proprietor of a rather one-horse cement mill. For years he had vainly endeavoured to get Three Star Portland well placed on some important work, but had never been able to obtain a foothold. Consequently, in reply to Haliburton's note, he came up on the jump.

The superintendent received him affably.

"Mr. Sears," said he, "what are you selling Three Star Portland for?

It's fairly good stuff—answers our purpose all right, you know—an' I was thinkin' that if we could get the price right, maybe we might use it on the Gore Valley Viaduct."

Sears was in ecstasy. Even in his wildest dreams he had never dared to hope for such luck. This would mean his making.

"I guess we can fix that," replied he, smoothly concealing his feelings. "The distance for transporting it is short and, at the market price, Three Star would effect you a very considerable saving on freight alone."

"Tush, tush, man," said Haliburton, waving him aside; "let's get down out of the air. This is a big thing for you and there's a pile of money in it. We ain't goin' to pay you the market price or anythin' like it."

Sears' face fell, but he made a brave bluff. Shrugging his shoulders, he reached for his hat. Haliburton pushed him back into his chair.

"Now," said he, "listen here. You saw the prices of this work advertised and you know as well as I do what it's worth. And as you know the price of cement has gone up since the contract was signed. It used to be two dollars a barrel; it's sellin' now for three seventy-five. If I was to try to shove the thing through at prices so much higher than Murphy estimated, he wouldn't make a cent. We've got to buy cheaper. By the way, what are your references?"

"The usual tests."

"Yes, I know. But the stuff's never been used on anything big, has it?"

The manufacturer confessed it had not.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll take cement from you for the whole of our work at two dollars a barrel, f.o.b. the Viaduct. How's that?"

Sears affected to believe he had been listening to a huge joke and went off into a paroxysm of mirth. The more Haliburton insisted he meant what he said, the more wildly hilarious became the manufacturer.

"Think it over," said the superintendent shortly, "and just suit yourself about it. I'll be around the work for ten minutes or so, and if you want to supply the stuff you'd better get ready to say so now. We must have the first consignment here in ten days, and if you don't want to be the man to send it in I'll have to wire New York for it."

At the end of eight minutes Sears followed him and surrendered.

In three months Haliburton put through no inconsiderable amount of work. Day in and day out his men toiled and, for all the thermometer stood most of the time below the freezing-point, sweat profusely. Swedes, Italians and negroes worked side by side in the excavations and on the masonry, and every Sabbath new progress-marks on the blue-print chart in the superintendent's office showed what they had accomplished during the week. From mere foundation excavations the piers rose to almost their full height before O'Brien & Parker even made a pretense of starting on their section.

Sears supposed this was on account of the prices of material and that they were waiting for cement to take a drop. But on endeavouring to sell them, he discovered that he was wrong; that they had taken the precaution of buying before the rise in prices. He was unable to do anything with them.

When at last they did start work, the superintendent in charge made preparations to do up such a job as would have delighted Murphy's heart.

"You don't mean to tell me," said he in astonishment to Haliburton, "that you're makin' them piers solid right through!"

"Sure!" replied the superintendent. "Isn't that what the contract calls for?"

The other looked at him in doubt as to what new kind of fool this might be.

"Expect to make money?" he questioned.

"Murphy does," answered Haliburton tersely; "I don't ring in on the profits."

"Profits!" sniffed the O'Brien & Parker man contemptuously. "Pro-

fits! He'd better take a run down here right away if he expects to know the meaning of that word when *you're* through. Why, man, at the rate you're goin' it's goin' to cost more to do the job than Murphy'll ever see out of it, and considerin' the retained percentages and the interest he'll lose on his money, he'll be away in the hole."

higher and higher, until its edges, under ordinary circumstances twenty feet from the nearest pier, hungrily licked the bases of fully half of them. Indications were for a late spring with a still further rise, and the superintendents of both gangs made preparations accordingly.

There was little that could be done,

"Let's get down out of the air"

DRAWN BY C. H. WARREN

Haliburton offered no comment and the other went away with a very low opinion of Murphy's choice of a boss.

As February merged into March and March into April, a danger threatened the work with which the builders had not reckoned. The melting of the snow on the hillsides up country had its effect on the little stream that trickled down the middle of the valley. Inch by inch, foot by foot, it came

however. Haliburton laid off the greater part of his force and waited for the water to go down. Unlike O'Brien & Parker's man, he seemed to have no doubt as to the stability of his work. The other was in a constant agony of apprehension lest some undue freshet should sweep away his winter's labour.

"About three days more ought to bring it as high as it'll go," said Sears to Haliburton one afternoon as they

sat on the bank watching the torrent swirl in a great eddy around the corner of the nearest pier.

"Sears," answered the superintendent with apparent irrelevance, "I'm about sick of this contracting business. This is the way it always happens; as soon as everything is running along nice and smooth something goes wrong, and then you have it all to do over again. I think I'll get out of it and into something else. For instance, now, what'd you take for a half interest in the cement business?"

The manufacturer grinned.

"Just suppose now," pursued Haliburton, still gazing abstractedly across the water, "that I was to come to you inside of about a month and say 'Here's a contract at three dollars a barrel for all the cement on that six-mile section of O'Brien & Parker's'—what would you say?"

"I reckon it would be worth your ten per cent."

"No you don't, Sears," replied Haliburton sharply; "no you don't; not for a minute. That's a dollar a barrel more'n you're gettin' from Murphy and twice as big a quantity needed. Why, you'd be gettin' more business at one stroke than you've had in the last ten years. What you reckon is that it 'ud be worth changing the name of the firm to 'Sears & Haliburton.'"

"It ain't likely you'd get it," sneered the manufacturer sulkily. "I went after it myself and couldn't land it, an' with you workin' for another man I don't see how you're goin' to do any better."

"There's a lot of things you don't see, Sears. It took you ten years to get your stuff onto this job, and you wouldn't have got it there even then if I hadn't gone after you. Will you give me the month to try it?"

"Sure! Two, if you like, seein' it's a miracle you'll have to work."

Haliburton caught him by the shoulder.

"Just come inside and we'll write it down," he said.

That was on Friday. Twenty-four hours later the water had risen so that Haliburton felt that he had better wire Murphy on the state of affairs. The contractor and Whitner, his head superintendent, arrived at half-past seven Sunday evening. The flood was still rising and Haliburton was out on the work. Murphy stayed in the office while Whitner went out to find him.

After fifteen minutes' search he located the superintendent standing at the edge of the swollen river and peering out into the dusk. Haliburton saw Whitner coming and beckoned him to hurry.

"There goes the second," he cried excitedly as the other came up. "The dam up at Blackwell's has given 'way. I had a message from there this afternoon to say it couldn't hold out much longer. I've been expecting it for a week."

"What's that?" queried Whitner, pointing out in the twilight to where the foam sprayed high over some obstruction.

"Out there?" Haliburton pointed. "That *was* O'Brien & Parker's third pier; there's not much left of it now."

Whitner was taking in the situation. "How about yours?" he questioned; "they seem to be getting the force of the current more than the others."

"Yes, and they could stand it stronger yet," laughed the superintendent. "That's the sort of thing they're built for."

They had quite forgotten Murphy. Fascinated by the roar and swirr of the mad torrent, they had ear for nothing else and quite failed to hear the contractor come up behind them.

"Every one of them piers is solid right through," said Haliburton, proud with the consciousness of having done a good piece of work and seeing it put to the test. "There's not a thing but the best concrete in them anywhere."

"Humph!"

Both turned at the sound. Murphy was standing there, jaws set very tight and lips pursed up ominously.

"A very good job, indeed!" said he grimly. "Really a most excellent piece of work! One, I have no doubt, that will net me a very handsome profit!"

H. WARREN

When he had placed Haliburton in charge he had given him no instructions other than to do the work and make a profit on it. He made it a practice to employ men whom he believed were competent and who understood what he wanted without having to be told. Busy with politics himself, he pulled the wires that secured the contracts; the carrying out of the details he left to subordinates. If a man betrayed that implied confidence, Murphy had no further use for him. He never asked explanations; he was looking for results.

"Mr. Whitner," he said with a crispness that admitted of no dispute, "you will take charge. Mr. Haliburton, your check will be ready for you in the morning. You may consider yourself relieved."

Haliburton said nothing. In his heart he was angry that Murphy should have discharged him without an investigation; yet he felt that any explanation on his part would be undignified. It would be better to allow the contractor to discover for himself that he had made a mistake. Going to the top of the bank, he seated himself on a boulder where he could view the scene.

"That's pretty hard on the boy," said Whitner at length. He and Murphy were about the same age, and he spoke rather with the freedom of an associate than an employee.

"We must have a pretty cement bill," answered Murphy, defending his action.

"Yes," agreed the other; "but the work hasn't washed away, like O'Brien & Parker's."

"That's only his luck," grunted the contractor; "a mere chance. If it hadn't o' been for this flood they'd o' made a blame sight more'n me, an' I've got to teach him a lesson. As long as I'm footing the bill, my orders are to be carried out."

"I don't know as you ever gave him any," said Whitner.

"No," said Murphy dryly. "I didn't take him for a blame fool."

Next morning the worst of the danger was pretty well over. With entire confidence in Whitner, Murphy returned to the city.

The superintendent determined to make an investigation of the supply question. He calculated the number of barrels of cement and started to figure out the cost. Then, for the first time, he noticed the brand and the price that was paid for it. He went down and inspected the work and the looks of the material. Its appearance satisfied him and, put to the test, the quality more than pleased him.

"I'll gamble," said he to Fonger that evening, "that when the old man looks into this, he offers Haliburton his job again."

Later he sent Murphy a detailed report that made that individual open his eyes.

The same mail brought the contractor another letter. It bore the imprint of the C. H. & K. R., the railroad from which O'Brien & Parker held their contract. He deftly ran the paper knife along the edge and opened it. It read:

Dear Sir: Acting on advice from our inspectors, we have cancelled contract No. 7,864, being that held by Messrs. O'Brien & Parker on which you are a sub-contractor. Our inspectors have carefully examined your contract, however, and have made us so satisfactory a report upon the ability of the man you have placed in charge and the manner in which your specifications are being lived up to, that we are highly pleased. We are willing, if you will take the entire section at O'Brien & Parker's prices, to turn the whole work over to you for completion.

Of course there will be a number of details to arrange, but first we should like to know what you have to say on this proposition.

Trusting we may be able to arrange satisfactorily, we are,

Yours truly,
JOSIAH BRIGGS,
President and General Manager.

Murphy drew a long breath. Almost convulsively, he touched the bell on his desk.

"Wire Whitner and have Haliburton come up here as soon as possible," he said to the clerk. "Have him arrange with this man Sears for cement enough to do O'Brien & Parker's work; tell him I'm going to finish it."

Haliburton heard all about it before he went to the city. He called Sears on the telephone.

"Whitner'll be after you to buy cement for all O'Brien & Parker's section," he told him; "Murphy has it to finish."

A chuckle came from the other end of the wire.

"Just remember that agreement of ours before you go accepting his offer. It's good for ten days yet." Then he rang off.

When Haliburton entered Murphy's office, the contractor met him with a broad smile of welcome.

"Sit down," said he, shoving a cigar-box across the table. "Smoke?"

Haliburton refused the proffered cigar. Seating himself expectantly on the edge of the chair, he waited for Murphy to open the conversation. This the contractor lost no time in doing.

"Seems as if we can't do without you," said he with a forced jocularity. "Got to get you back. You didn't do so bad, after all, in that cement business."

That was as near an apology as Murphy ever came for having discharged his superintendent unjustly, but Haliburton knew his man and appreciated the sentence for what it was worth. Of this, however, he said nothing, but scratched his head in apparent stupidity.

"I don't just know as I can come back," he replied at last. "You see, I've sort o' made a dicker with old man Sears and was calculatin' to take an interest in his business. I reckon those marl beds might be worth somethin' if they was worked right."

"Have you made any definite arrangements with him?"

"Well, I don't know as I have, an' then again I don't know as I haven't. We signed a thing you might say was binding."

Just what the document was that they had signed he was careful not to say.

"I see." Murphy was annoyed to think that he had gone out of his way to offer a man the job and then to have it refused. "I suppose, then, we'll have to look to you to sell us our cement," he said, skilfully covering his feelings.

"I'd like to," replied Haliburton.

"Well, how much can you supply it for?" questioned the contractor. "We've had that piece of O'Brien & Parker's turned over to us to finish and we've got to buy our stuff at a pretty good price to make on it. But you know all about that. What's your best figger?"

"Three an' a quarter."

"Three and a quarter! That's a pretty steep thing to steer me up against. *You* got it from Sears yourself for a dollar an' a quarter less'n that. You know as well as I do we can't give you anything like such a price."

"Well, you see," replied Haliburton, "that was when Sears had never been able to get his goods onto anything big. Now that he's got a footing for it, it sells well enough without having to drop prices at all. Besides, three an' a quarter a barrel is half a dollar less'n the market price, and with the freight you'd save you ought to make a pretty good thing out o' it."

"Quite out of the question," said Murphy. "Quite out of the question."

"Good-day." Haliburton had his hand on the door-knob. Murphy took the bluff.

"Hold on a minute," he cried; "can't you do any better than that? Say three dollars a barrel f. o. b. the Viaduct, and I'll sign a contract on the spot."

Haliburton shoved the door shut again. The extra twenty-five cents a barrel had only been put on so that it might be taken off when necessary. Going over to Murphy's desk he threw down his hat and, deliberately seating himself, lighted a cigar and put his feet in the centre of another chair.

"Murphy," he said, as he blew a ring of smoke high into the air and watched it circle upward, "we might as well get right down to business at once and cut all this nonsense. About a week ago you fired me—principally because I had done a good job for you and you didn't know it. Yesterday you got O'Brien & Parker's section to finish. You think that's a piece of luck. You're wrong! I foresaw it from the very moment I saw how they intended doing the job. I've planned this whole thing and it's come out just exactly as I planned. I anticipated spring freshets when we started work and I had their coming timed almost to a day. I counted on them to put O'Brien & Parker out of business and show up the kind of work I was doing. They did it. Now, I've got a proposition to make to you by which you can repay me for what my plans have done for you. I'll tell you what I'll do. You would like to be able to get that cement at the original price and I'm the man that's able to dictate what you'll have to put up. I want an interest in your business. In plain English, I want you to make the name of the firm 'Murphy & Haliburton.'"

The contractor gasped. Such audacity in any one but himself was beyond his comprehension. He could not understand it.

"Murphy, we might as well get right down to business"

DRAWN BY C. H. WARREN

"You're certainly moderate in your demands, young man," he said with fine sarcasm.

It was diamond cut diamond.

"I offer to sell you cement at two dollars a barrel f. o. b. the Viaduct—the original price—in exchange. It's the only way you can make anything on the job."

"What's your object?"

"I want a footing."

The very boldness of the idea appealed to Murphy. A self-made man, the very sense of push in himself made him recognize the same qualities in his superintendent.

"Of course," said he, "it would do away with the necessity of paying a superintendent on the work."

"It would if we do without one," said Haliburton dryly. "If I should happen to do the work, I'll need two hundred and fifty a month for my services."

The use of the word "we" was not lost on Murphy. There was no sign of a backdown anywhere. Had there been the least quiver of an eyelash, the superintendent would have lost then and there. But there was none; Haliburton was bluffing superbly. His answer on the question of salary was the limit—the one straw necessary to clinch the deal, and, though he never knew it, it decided Murphy. The man to whom no bread was preferable to the half loaf, who risked his all on one throw, and could then stand without the tremor of a muscle awaiting the decision—that was the man for whom the contractor was looking.

"That's an even hundred a month more than you've been getting," he said as a last crack.

As quick as a shot and as steady came back the answer.

"Exactly. And three times the work!"

Murphy smiled under his mustache.

"All right," he assented; "we'll have a new sign painted. Come and have lunch."

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# THE TEA DANCE AT FORT DONALD

*By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Blood Lilies," Etc.*

CAPTAIN BALL, stout, red-faced, Irish, plugging down the broad Saskatchewan with his alligator-bellied craft, pulled a yellow paper from his pocket, and read, for the twentieth time:

"CAPT. BALL, WINNIPEG.
S.S. *Saskatoon*,
EDMONTON.

Hurry down. His Excellency the Governor-General will meet your steamer at Grand Rapids, and proceed to Edmonton on tour.
H. B. C."

Then he chuckled joyously; for at Fort Donald Factor Gourelot had derided his tale of His Excellency's visit. There was no telegraph wire running to that post, and Ball had said nothing of the absolute evidence he carried in his pocket.

In that land of emphatic life, belief and disbelief were settled by a bet, or a blow, or an appeal to the little priest. So Factor Gourelot and Captain Ball wagered the cost of a mighty tea dance on the vital question of Governor or no Governor at Fort Donald.

Ball skimmed blithely down the rushing Saskatchewan to Grand Rapids, banking on the telegraph slip that was in his pocket.

Now it happened that Lord Mull changed his mind at the very last moment, and decided to go by trail to Fort Donald to meet the *Saskatoon* there. His luggage was on the steamer that ran to Grand Rapids, and that boat puddled away over the placid bosom of Lake Winnipeg without Lord Mull. But, as it happened, three Englishmen of high caste had been more or less put upon the steamer through the night.

Ball had not been notified of this change in the Governor's plans; so when the baggage, with a lordly coronet on it, came over the portage, followed by three men of blue blood evident, he knew that he had Factor Gourelot beaten to a standstill.

The three passengers came up the

gang plank and were shown to their cabins—the cabins that Captain Ball had furnished and painted for the vice-regal party.

The starting bell clanged; the great double engines heaved a damp sigh of remonstrance, for the half-condensed steam lay heavy on their chests; the big paddle-wheel shoved slowly, lazily at the muddy waters of the river; dry and fretful the pier posts squeaked as the Manilla hawsers ran hot about their polished necks; faster the wooden arms turned the great wheel; harder the paddle boards struck at the swift-running stream; out swung the big turtle-nosed craft; and soon in mid-water the *Saskatoon* was ploughing towards Fort Donald, and the undoing of Louis Gourelot.

"Now, me frog-eatin' spalpeen," chuckled Ball to himself, "we'll see who pays for the jig music. Ye knew all about it; I waz wrong—an' I've got liquor enough aboard to break him," he confided to himself. "Ah, but I'll down yeh fer all time, me doutin' Frenchy."

The Captain waited with nervous expectation for the appearance of His Excellency. He was in luck—he would come by a handsome present from the great man; probably a gold watch—yes, that was the usual emolument. At his elbow, with monotonous regularity, the half-breed pilot was putting the *Saskatoon* now to starboard, now to port; humouring each eddy, judging the swing of each point; taking his bearings from poplar bluff, and cut bank, and scrub oak.

At twelve o'clock the Captain's guests, long of limb and red-cheeked, detached themselves from their cabins.

Captain Ball had never seen the Governor, but with rare intuition he singled him out with one sharp scrutiny.

With a military salute, he said, "Good mornin', yer Excillincy."

A pair of blue eyes opened a little at this—there was even a confused twinkle in them as their possessor answered quietly, "Good morning, Captain."

The other boat officials, engineer and pilot, even the cook, greeted the blue-eyed man with the same respectful salutation.

Half-an-hour later the man was saying to his two comrades, "Dick, what the devil do they mean by calling me 'Your Excellency?'"

"They're good judges," replied Dick; "you have all the ear-marks of a great man—I've always said so."

"You've got some devilish lark on, I know; I'll bet a guinea you and Cecil are putting up a job on me."

"Hardly," retorted his companion; "I've been in my cabin; so has Cecil."

"Tommy rot!" Blue Eyes exclaimed, "it's your idea of humour, I suppose; I'll pump that red-faced Captain—"

"Look here, Ronald," pleaded Dick, "don't be an ass; they've made some funny old blunder, and think you're the Gov., or somebody, and there'll be no end of fun in keeping it up."

"I dare say—for you fellows," commented Ronald dryly.

"Don't spoil sport," beseeched Dick; "it'll be dull on this old tub."

In the end Dick had his way, Ronald promising to sit tight and watch the reincarnating of himself.

Then the man upon whom this honour had been thrust drew the garrulous Captain until the latter told the thing which lay close to his heart—the great humiliation that had become a certainty for Louis Gourelot.

"This mad Captain has bet a close-fisted Frenchman at Fort Donald oceans of whiskey and eating beyond count that he brings the Governor-General to that post this trip—that's the keynote to the whole joyful thing." This is what Ronald told his companions.

"We've got to help him out," declared Dick; "it's a national duty—we're Britons, and he's putting this up against a Frenchman."

"What makes him take me for the Governor?" queried Ronald.

"What's the difference?" objected Cecil; "what is, is; and shall we pull the whiskers of fate? You just sit tight, and we'll draw these aborigines

until life on the Saskatchewan will be something sweet to remember?"

"Well, I'll stand to it," agreed Ronald, "if I can get Irish to tone down the honours."

So the fair-haired man who was His Excellency by right of the Captain's insistence, explained to the latter that his trip was quite unofficial. Had Captain Ball ever heard of Haroun Al Raschid?"

Ball was sure the gentleman, Mr. — Mr. —?

"Raschid," volunteered Ronald.

Yes—Mr. Raschid had never come to the Northwest—the Saskatchewan, else he would have remembered him, for he had a great memory for names and faces.

The Governor explained that he was like Mr. Raschid, one who went about his empire incognito—"just looking at things, you know."

The Captain understood. Once he himself had gone disguised as a poor whiskey trader amongst the Indians at Duck Lake to discover if they were up to sedition.

"So just drop all formality," the Governor commanded, "and at Fort Donald ask your French friend to tone down his jubilee a bit."

With Ronald committed to his office his two companions developed a line of jocund attention; they unearthed an army of people who had designs upon His Excellency.

A half-breed lady with a complexion like rich coffee and cream sought political preferment for her husband; government pay was so sure. She was advised by Dick that His Excellency was essentially a ladies' man, his bashfulness was all put on; if she besieged the Governor good and strong, her husband would be a made man. She accepted the advice and followed it with vehemence.

A family of half-breeds, clinging like chicks to a delapidated father, had been defrauded of scrip land by heartless officials. Cecil gently pushed them forward to the worriment of His Excellency. The family of nine lay in wait for Lord Mull that was, and when he dodged the assiduous married lady he ran into the arms of some of the nine.

An old Scot who had been unjustly discharged by the H. B. Co., was easily induced to devote three hours a day of his time to explaining his troubles so that the Governor might put them right.

A whiskey trader, whose horses had been seized by the Mounted Police, and who had been fined five hundred dollars "all on perjured evidence, by God, sir!" was given a chance to lay his case before the highest official in the land. He had plenty of time, and a strong Western vocabulary, so he stinted neither one nor the other when he got his chance at Ronald.

His Excellency had come upon a season of unrest; his cabin became a durbar court—a council tepee. When he stole to the deck for a walk he fell over people lying in wait for him; when he sought to retire, the clamorous seekers for justice talked with him into the small hours of the morning.

Cecil and Dick congratulated their companion upon his acting. "By Jove, old boy, you're doing deuced well," Dick said; "I never saw such a bally shindy in my life."

"But I can't get a minute's sleep," lamented Ronald; "all hours of the night they're with me, and at cock-crow that devilish old Scot is peering in at my window. I can't make out half he says either—barbarous sort of chap. I'm going to chuck the whole bally business."

Diligently the conspirators encouraged the claimants; and when John Hank, ex-sergeant of Mounted Police, dropped from the clouds, or crawled up from the stoke hole and stood erect, his heels clicked together, before His Excellency, Ronald fell heir to an inspiration—he was being worked by his graceless companions.

"Deuced funny, by Jove! fairly stupid of me; those two bounders are pulling my leg insufferably," the quandom Lord Mull muttered.

Of course, ex-Sergeant Hank had troubles—Ronald would have given a guinea a minute for a chat with some

one who had not a depressing tale of woe. Hank had been deprived of his stripes unjustly. He had voted against the Government, and his inspector, who was a molly-coddling sneak, had marked him. Boiled down, his refrain of an hour clothed this simple tale of outrage.

Sergeant Hank had come with the evening shades, and Lord Mull drew him into his cabin. Shutting the door, he asked sharply, "Who sent you to me, Sergeant?"

"Your secretary, Mr. Cecil, your Excellency."

"At last he has done me a service; I will explain—first I want your word of honour—you are a military man—"

The Sergeant drew himself up proudly, and expanded his chest.

"I want your word of honour that you will preserve absolute secrecy."

Hank complied with elation.

"You will do me a service—a great service?" His Excellency asked.

Sergeant Hanks saluted.

"Well, now you may consider yourself attached to my staff, *pro tem*, of course. I have been much worried over my *new* secretary"—the speaker laid emphasis upon the qualifying adjective—"he is, well—" Lord Mull tapped his forehead with a forefinger suggestively. Sergeant Hank looked wise.

"I see you understand; did you notice anything peculiar yourself, Sergeant?"

"Ahem—ah! he—he was a bit flighty, your Excellency."

"Just so. It may be hereditary; but I'm inclined to think it is brandy. Now, there's a case of this ferocious stuff in Mr. Cecil's cabin—I happen to know this."

The Sergeant's mouth watered. Ronald sat drumming idly on the side of his bunk.

"Your Excellency would like—" The policeman stopped, for he read in the mild blue eyes something that was much better put that way than done into awkward, brutal speech.

He saluted in admiration.

"I will attend to the matter, your Excellency."

"You shall be well rewarded, Sergeant; you are a man of quick understanding—you Mounted Police are wonderful chaps, I must say."

The ex-policeman saluted, and withdrew.

Ronald chuckled softly as he shoved his long limbs into pyjamas, and stretched himself in his bunk.

That night the case of liquor sank gurgling to the mud bottom of the Saskatchewan, and in the morning there was much distraught uneasiness in Mr. Cecil's behaviour. The damn half-breeds, or somebody of immoral nature, had stolen a case of brandy from his cabin, he explained to Captain Ball.

The ship was searched. That nothing was found did not mystify the Captain so much as the apparent fact that none of the breeds were drunk. What, in the name of extinct buffaloes, had become of the brandy?

Sergeant Hank preserved the silence of a good soldier, and His Excellency only smiled to himself when the sufferer reviled the thieves.

Having urgent worriment of his own, Cecil ceased from troubling Ronald, and the latter's life became bearable.

On the morning of the fifteenth, as the *Saskatoon* rounded the last point in the river coming to Fort Donald, Captain Ball saw with delight that its populace had lined the bank in eager waiting. The thud of the heavy paddle-wheel had carried news of his advent long before he turned the big river bend that laved the clay feet of the old fort.

"Give ould Gourelot a blast from the whistle," he commanded the engineer.

From the hollow cap of the huge whistle a derisive challenge hoarse-called the French Factor as he sat in his office at the Company's stores.

"By tamn! that wild Irishman has got the Monseigneur, of a certainment," he cried in dismay.

"It looks vera like it," commented Sandy Cameron.

"Hoo-a-a-a-a-!" demanded the brutal-mouthed whistle from the bulge-

sided steamer, slowly climbing the tide of the fast-running Saskatchewan.

"Hear dat, M'sieu Captain; our Captain ees exuberant—he crows a steam crow, eh, M'sieu?

"Aye, he haes him."

The Frenchman hurried to an inner room, and presentiy reappeared, gorgeous in a brilliant red tunic. It was an old-time affair, more gold lace than cloth to it, and Gourelot's rotund form peeped forth like the rounded side of a chestnut bursting its burr. A cocked hat sat jauntily atop his curls, and a cutlass, swinging erratically from its belt, tilted in and out between his fat legs.

The Scotchman eyed his confrere critically. "Vera gude, mon," he asserted; "deegnities o' that sort are mair nor proper. I've na dou't a full kilt, fer instance, would be mair appropriate—God, mon! if I had the braw kilt the de'ils o' train-dogs ate on me last winter when the starvin' brutes raided ma shack, I'd gie the Laird a proper Scotch greetin'. However, you're ower bandy-legged for kilts, an' ye look brawly, mon."

"Where is M'sieu Brown, who has de windpipe—shall he not play de pibroch?"

"He's comin', Factor—listen! yon's the skirl o' the pipes noo; Broon's screwin' them up."

Brown appeared; and to the blithe melody of "The Campbells are Coming," the welcoming parade started. Behind Piper Brown strode the gorgeous Gourelot and solemn, gaunt, Sandy Cameron, and at their heels trailed the dwellers.

"Great Scott! what's this coming?" ejaculated His Excellency.

From a tall staff fluttered the Union Jack, and a white, red-crossed Company flag, and below these a gigantic pennant on which was the word "Welcome." The Hudson's Bay Fort was decorated with spruce boughs. A thousand train-dogs, galvanized into articulate enthusiasm by the mocking pipes, howled a fierce chorus of greeting. "It's a deuce of a shindy," exclaimed Cecil; "there should be unique sport here."

"I scent many headaches ashore," hazarded Dick.

"Ould Gourelot has done himself proud," cried Captain Ball; "there'll be lashions of fun to-day—an' Frenchy pays for it all."

Then the nomadic horde possessed themselves of the *Saskatoon* and, incidentally and most respectfully, the right hand of the Governor-General.

Gourelot read an address that threw Dick's soul into a revel of laughter.

His Excellency made a fairly sane reply; the forest-dwellers cheered; the pipes skirled; the huskies howled, and a proper holiday had come to Fort Donald.

"There'll be a bally row over this yet," whispered Ronald to Cecil; "you fellows are carrying it too far."

"We can't drop it now," retorted Cecil; "somebody'd get shot."

Ashore the hilarity became a blizzard. Inspired by the reassuring influence of firewater, the Indians and breeds obtruded their barbaric personalities; firearms took a promiscuous interest in the proceedings, and bullets fled through the atmosphere with suggestive sighs; an anvil and an old cannon, full charged, vied with each other in their eruptive violence.

The luncheon was not less intense. They feasted on the fat of the forest—beaver and bear and moose—"worth crossing the Atlantic for," Cecil declared. Captain Ball urged everyone to eat and drink and be merry, for Ould Gourelot had to settle.

Then there was a Tea Dance by Red Calf's Indians.

Everybody had congregated at the Chief's tepee, and presently Factor Gourelot sent Captain Ball up to the Company's store for a present for Red Calf.

As the Captain was selecting a blanket of gorgeous hue a buckboard stopped at the door. In it sat the real Lord Mull, who had come by the straight trail that cut many leagues from the tortuous waterway. Behind him, a march out, was an escorting party. With a secretary and driver he had pushed on.

Ball heard voices, and looked through a window. "Them's tender feet," he commented, shoving under the counter a bottle.

"How d'you do, my good man?" the secretary said, as he entered, looking stiffly at the Captain.

"Not so bad," retorted Ball, ruffled by the odour of superiority; "how's trick's wit' you?"

"Aw! the Governor has arrived," advised the other.

"The divil ye say—and d'ye just foind that out? It's a nice fat worm ye have for an early bird."

The newcomer stared; then he sniffed suspiciously. There was an undeniable perfume of whiskey pervading the log shack; also its occupant's face was of a suggestive redness.

"Are you the Factor, my good man?" the Governor's henchman queried.

"I'm not." Ball's square jaws bit off the words.

"Aw! can you summon the Factor; we wish to go on the steamboat."

"Well, my good man, there's a broad gangplank, an' I don't know as Ould Gourelot is running the *Saskatoon*."

"Aw! we wish to see the Factor—"

"There's no law agin that; ye'll foind him down to the tay dance."

"But His Excellency can hardly—that is—it would be better form for you to bring the Factor here, to pay his respects to His Excellency the Governor-General."

The Captain took a hurried look through the window at the occupant of the mud-covered trap; then he turned with a soft chuckle in his fat throat, and said, "Ye mane him sittin' in the buckboard?"—and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the window.

The other nodded.

"An' I s'ppose ye're Chief Commissioner of the Com'ny?" Ball suggested derisively.

"I'm His Excellency's secretary," the young man said with much dignity.

The red-faced man chuckled again. Was there ever such a pair of bare-faced impostors! No doubt they have heard the Governor was expected, and meant to tax the hospitality of Fort Donald for a few days by impersonating him. Then he asked: "An' what is it ye're wantin' now?" for he had a desire to play this youth who was undeniably in his hands.

"We wish to go on the steamer—"

"Well, *ye can't!* jus' take the Guv'-nor-Gin'ral ye've got there, and trot him off down to Ould Gourelot an' work him. I'm boss of the steamer, an' ye'll come aboard her with a ticket in yer fist, or not at all."

"Sir!" ejaculated the aide-de-camp, "I'll report you to the company—"

"Come, run away, my good man—this is my busy day. Jest hit the trail down to Red Calf's, an' talk to Ould Gourelot; tell him ye've got the Guv'-nor-Gin'ral with ye," and he commenced to chuckle and splutter until the secretary threw from the store in a mighty rage of indignation, telling the Governor that there was a drunken steamboat man inside, and that there appeared nothing for it but to drive down to the Factor.

They could locate the tea dance by the monotonous beat of tom-toms, and, at intervals, the hilarious skirl of the pipes, and presently they came upon a picturesque gathering, an exuberant concourse of people, red, white, and coffee-coloured.

Factor Gourelot effusively welcomed the two that had blown in from the prairie. He was in an effusive mood, and before Lord Mull could explain anything—the Frenchman was so voluble—he was seized by the arm and presented to a tall, blue-eyed young man whom he was gravely informed was the Governor-General of Canada.

The blue-eyed man smiled seductively and held out his hand; there was almost a suggestion in the movement that the strangers might kiss the tips of his fingers.

Louis Gourelot's round face glowed with satisfaction. What a glorious time he was having! Diplomacy is but another name for going slow, and Lord Mull had been tutored in the

highest diplomatic school in the world; so he shot a silencing look at his secretary, who was as devoid of composure as a nesting hen.

At that instant Captain Ball came upon the scene.

He nodded jocularly to the secretary; an expansive grin ruffled his rotund face, and he said, "Ye've got your bearings agin now, my buck, I take it."

The young man frowned, but the Captain proceeded: "There's no hard feelin's, my lad; it was a purty clever game you was playin', but I had an ace up me sleeve all the toime," and he indicated the false governor.

Gourelot was puzzled — there was evidently something he didn't quite understand. "They have play you some game, M'sieu Captain?" he queried.

"Oh nuthin'; it's all right, Gourelot —just put it up to me that they was him," and he jerked his thumb toward the Pretender.

Gourelot laughed. "It was a joke, M'sieu. They have just twist your fat leg—ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" re-echoed Ball.

"Aye, mon, what's the joke?" queried Sandy Cameron, coming closer.

"This M'sieu from the trail have bampoozled our dear Captain; they have say they are the Governor."

"Aye, mon, that's rich. I dare say they gie it him they were also Scotch, eh, Ball?"

The Laird and his secretary stood as men petrified. A strong impulse came over the Governor to declare his identity, but he wisely reflected that the others, all a little unthinking because of the festivity, would probably only treat the matter as a huge joke. Retribution would come soon enough, and the greater the offending, the deeper would be their contrite despair.

Also Lord Mull had, because of his Celtic blood, a sense of humour. Surely no man had ever stumbled upon quite so grotesque a comedy. There he stood, an outcast from his own heritage, looking upon the bland usurper of his viceregal office. What a chance to observe his dark-skinned subjects!

Captain Ball drew the Factor to one side. "See here, Gourelot," he whispered; "them two ducks is purty fresh. God knows who they are—most like they're cattle thieves from Montana."

Gourelot shook his head deprecatingly.

"All right, Factor, they put it up to me they was the Gov'nor, not knowin' he was here, ye see, an' they wanted to go on the *Saskatoon*; but I says '*no*,' an' *no* it is, Factor, d'ye moind."

"Very good, M'sieu," Gourelot complied.

As the Factor walked away, the Secretary, feeling that he might do something to ameliorate Lord Mull's condition, approached Captain Ball, assuming a genial manner.

"Captain," he began, "in confidence, you know—"

Ball winked; a confession was coming.

"In confidence," repeated the other, "I want to assure you that there is a mistake—that—young man is an impostor—"

"Now, now, now; just stow that, pard," interrupted Ball, patting the Secretary's shoulder. "Of all the gall," he continued to himself; "instead of ownin' up to the corn, bust me silly if this cow-puncher isn't workin' me again."

Then aloud, "What's the use av tryin' to bust the jamboree—take a tumble to yerself, an' jest make merry wit' the boys. Yer as welcome as the flowers of May; yes, yer both as welcome as if ye was the Gov'nor himself."

During this time the real Lord Mull and the man upon whom the imperial honour had been thrust, had come together through the hospitable insistence of Gourelot. It would be difficult to say which one of the two was taking most joy from his assumed role.

"The natives seem very loyal," Lord Mull remarked to His Excellency Ronald, "you must find it rather difficult to meet all classes in a proper spirit in this great Dominion."

"Aw, yes; one has to be very careful. It is an arduous—not an enviable, position at all. I suppose I'd really astonish you if I asserted that I work harder than any of these forest children."

"Social duties are so exacting," suggested Lord Mull. "I've often thought that the round in Ottawa or Winnipeg must be enough to break a man down."

"Quite true, my good man," agreed Ronald. "I probably do not average four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four; while you, I suppose, living this free Western life, can go to bed with the hens—or prairie chickens rather, and turn out when you're hungry. Are you, my good sir, engaged in the fur trade, or are you ranching?"

"Neither, Excellency; I'm a rather poorly-paid official."

"Ah, that's too bad—I might be able to improve—I mean, if you care to give particulars to my secretary, I might investigate."

"Oh, I am expecting promotion shortly," said Lord Mull drily; and at that minute the irrepressible Ball took him by the arm and led him to one side.

"Ye've tumbled, an' that's right. Isn't the Gov'nor a-peach; makes himself as common as you an' me. Come an' have a snifter of forty-rod."

"Where did he come from?" asked Lord Mull.

"From Winnipeg, av coorse—I brought him; an' a nicer passenger I niver want aboord my ship."

"Behaved himself, eh?"

"He did, an' opened a bottle of Gov'ment wine—me an' him made short work av it in his cabin."

Lord Mull started. Along with his luggage, which was put on the steamer at Winnipeg, had been a few cases of Pommery for entertaining purposes; probably this young man of unlimited assurance had entertained the garrulous Captain at his expense.

"Who got up the celebration for—for the Governor?" Lord Mull asked.

Captain Ball laughed boisterously. "Frenchy did, av coorse; I floored him on this racket."

Then Ball related the compact,

"I see," Lord Mull remarked; "and if this really weren't the Governor you'd have to pay."

Ball looked at Lord Mull fiercely. "At it agin!" he exclaimed; "ye've been too long out on the prairie by yerself, I do b'lieve. 'Pon my soul, I believe yer locoed on that business."

Lord Mull sighed; then he smiled; then he looked toward the West, down the trail. He was getting just a little tired of his subordinate role; it was quite time that his party, with which was a high Hudson's Bay official, should appear.

Factor Gourelot protruded his rotund figure from the maze of humans.

"Captaine, and also M'sieu, our guest, will you please come—I have arrange something rare for His Excellency."

They moved over to a platform that had been constructed in the open. On it sat Suze Roland, tuning up his shrill-toned fiddle.

"M'sieu," Gourelot said, addressing Lord Mull, "allow mee ze pleasure. M'sieu Cecil, His Excellency's secretaire—M'sieu our guest from de trail."

Lord Mull's secretary, standing behind his master, gasped. The Factor continued: "We will make for His Excellency de ole time dance—un grande cotillion, wit Red River jig."

"Faith, that's a glorious idea, Louis; it's mesilf'll get a partner in a holy minute."

"Will M'sieu join?" the Factor asked, looking at Lord Mull.

"Oh, I say—by Jove!" the latter's secretary began, but his master interrupted him, "Really, I must—ask you—to excuse me."

"Oh, I beg of you," said Cecil; "really—His Excellency, you know, requests it—insists."

"I don't dance," Lord Mull answered decisively—curtly.

"Say, you prairie chaps are bashful; I understand there isn't a cow-puncher or fur trader in the Northwest that doesn't know the Red River jig. His Excellency'll take it as a personal

affront if you don't comply, my good man."

"Av coorse, he will," added Ball; "jus' grab a squaw an' whirl her on the floor there. Sure the Gov'nor'll know enough not to look for fancy dancin' out here in the woods. I'll get ye a squaw."

Factor Gourelot pleaded with great politeness; Cecil insisted; and Captain Ball almost dragged the unwilling Lord Mull to the rude platform. The contention might have led to strife; for the peer had determined not to submit to this crowning indignity. The Governor-General of Canada cutting capers in a Red River jig with a gaily caparisoned squaw would never do.

In the midst of the turmoil Lord Mull saw a cavalcade, dust-shrouded, swinging up the trail that led from the southern prairie. The others saw it too, somewhat in astonishment. On through Fort Donald, and down to the concourse of its dwellers came the strange party.

When the newcomers saluted with great deference the man whom Ball and Gourelot had almost thrust into a Red River jig, a painful apprehension took possession of many people. Humiliation and retribution accrued to the masqueraders and to their innocent abettors.

Lord Mull's diplomatic endurance bore large, sweet fruit; he had meted out condign punishment with scarcely a word of reproach.

Ball could have slain the facetious Cecil, and the complacent Ronald; he would get no gold watch now; more than likely he would attain to a severe wigging from the Commissioner.

Lord Mull had great sense, and only smiled sweetly at the indignation of his own people, and the abject apologies of the men who had dethroned him for a day.

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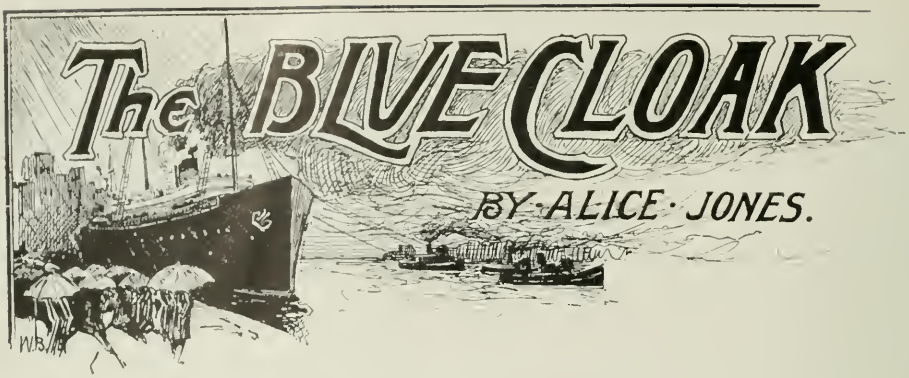
## COMPENSATIONS

BY MARTHA MARTIN

IF it were not for the darkness
That enshrouds the world at night,
We should never know the beauty
Of the stars' soft radiant light;
But these eyes of Heaven open
When the shadows first appear,
And their lustre only deepens
As the blackness grows more drear.

If it were not for the sorrows
That we daily have to bear
In the trials and afflictions
That each human life must share,
We should never know the blessing
Of that holy inward calm,
Born of every earthly suffering,
Bringing with it healing balm.

Darkest clouds have silver linings,
Rainbows span the storm-girt sky,
Giving promise through the rainfall
Of full sunshine bye and bye;
Pain and anguish borne in patience,
Sweetest compensation hide,
And with every crucifixion
Comes a joyful Eastertide.




*AUTHOR OF "BUBBLES WE BUY," Etc.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BEATTY

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST PART

Two young men, Bob Agnew and Edward Coppinger, standing on the deck of a vessel about to sail from Liverpool to Montreal, are attracted by a young woman just arrived, accompanied by a man carrying on his arm a dark blue, fur-lined cloak. During the voyage, it became a hard race on the part of these two young men and a parson by the name of the Rev. John Hamilton for the favour of the young lady, Miss Dumeric. The parson seemed to win. A sallow youth from among the intermediate passengers joins the usual concert as a violinist and seems also to be attracted. But the young lady remains reticent and mysterious.

## CHAPTER VI

A SUNNY June morning, under the dark-wooded slopes of Gaspé, with the air soft and scented with wood smoke, and all those impalpable, intoxicating breaths of the land that greet those emerging from the cold, grey chaos of ocean. The waves, rippling softly under the west wind, seemed very small to those who had just left behind the great Atlantic rollers that sweep along unobstructed through space. The cheery shouts of the fishermen, as they waved some extra-sized codfish just pulled up, were a welcome back to the world of human beings, and everyone on the deck of the *Huron* was full of life and animation. Everyone, that is save Agnew, whose good-natured face wore all through breakfast an unmistakable scowl of sulkiness. His answers to Coppinger and Hamilton were short almost to snappishness; he made none of his usually cheery remarks to Miss Dumeric, and his response to her one rather timid overture was characterized by a much more formal courtesy than had been habitual of late among them. Coppinger was such a popular individual that he found it for a while rather difficult to get away from his numerous friends on deck to interview Agnew.

At last his chance came. "Look here!" he said, taking Agnew by the arm and pulling him towards the railing. "Whatever has happened to have turned you into a walking death's head like this? You were all right when you got up. I'm sure you made enough row when you were dressing, and then at breakfast you nearly snapped everyone's head off. Miss Dumeric looked quite hurt at the stiff way in which you spoke to her. Why, surely!" with a gasp of amazement at the new theory which evolved itself in his brain; "surely you have never been such an idiot as to propose to her?"

Here Agnew let out a very impolite exclamation. "Propose to her!" he went on after he had so far relieved his feelings. "Thank heaven, no, it hadn't got so far, though I did believe in the girl and care for her, too, a bit, and might have cared more if I hadn't seen that she didn't give two thoughts to me." As he said this Agnew was

staring down gloomily at the green and white churn of water against the vessel's sides, but now he looked over his shoulder to see if anyone was near, before he said in a low voice:

"There's something wrong about that girl, Cop!"

The mild countenance of Coppinger took an unwonted sternness. "Don't let jealousy make you say a thing like that, Bob," he said gravely.

"It's not jealousy, man! I'm only too thankful that I don't care for her as that poor wretch of a parson does. I was going to tell you last night what I thought I had noticed, and then it seemed a shame; but after this morning—"

"For goodness' sake, whatever you have to say, say it!"

"I'm going to. Do you remember my telling you that I thought that intermediate musical fellow seemed to be trying to catch Miss Dumeric's eye when she played on Sunday?"

"Yes, but you don't mean to say that—"

"Listen! I could have sworn last night that I saw him touch her hand under a sheet of music, but when at supper time she sat there, never changing from that sweet, still way of hers, while we were talking of the man, I thought my eyes must have played me false. This morning, though, you know I couldn't sleep, and got on deck at all sorts of unearthly hours. Not a soul did I see at first, but over there, behind the smoking room, where you couldn't be seen from the bridge, there was that girl, talking away in a great state of mind, to the fellow Jackson, with her hand on his arm, standing close to him, and just as I came up he put some parcel into her hand, which she shoved under her cloak.

"Did she see you?"

"I'm not sure; I don't think she did then, for I turned and went back through the companionway door on to the other side of the deck. Though I didn't see her again, she may have seen me sitting there and been frightened. I've caught her watching me once or twice this morning in a queer way. What do you think of it all?" and he turned his head seawards in a breathless way which perhaps hid some emotion.

"Well," answered Coppinger, in a thoughtful fashion, "I suppose it means one of those queer stories that one sometimes comes across on sea voyages. Even though it is, it doesn't prove that the girl is a desperate character. The man may be her brother or husband. I was thinking last night that he looked like a gentleman, and he may have had a very good reason for wanting to get quietly away from England; and yet she would be too remarkable a figure in the intermediate."

"But the parcel?"

"Well, let us trust it was some family linen to mend, and not the booty from some feat of unlawful valour — Great Guns, Agnew!" he cried sharply, as some thought struck him into wide-eyed dismay.

Something in Agnew's eyes seemed to answer to the shadow of his thought, but all he said was, "What?"

"When we talked of that robbery last night, didn't she interrupt us?"

"It was only that she dropped her smelling-bottle, a simple enough thing to do."

"Very simple when one wants a diversion. Agnew, I believe that man is the missing footman in the Aster case!"

"And she?"

"She may be an accomplice, or she may be a most unhappy relative. If the former, those jewels are now in her possession."

Agnew turned and stared seawards, gnawing his moustache nervously.

"What is to be done?" he asked huskily.

"I think that I will have a quiet chat with the Captain," Coppinger said, turning as though to look for him, but Agnew spoke fiercely. "Heavens, no, you shall not! This is my affair. It was I who saw and told you all there was to tell. I will not have the girl suspected and dogged on that."

"You would have them both get

away at Quebec, even if they should have the jewels?"

The two men stared each other in the eyes for a moment, then Agnew answered firmly: "I would have the burglar and the jewels vanish forever rather than the girl should come to harm."

Coppinger shrugged his shoulders. "As you say, it is your affair, but that poor wretch over there who is madly in love with her—will you drop him no hint?"

"Not a word," Agnew answered, and Coppinger said no more.

## CHAPTER VII

THROUGH that fine Sunday when the *Huron* skirted the south shores of the Gulf, Agnew kept away from the small groups on the deck, shunning even Coppinger's society.

Mr. Hamilton held the usual morning service, and Miss Dumeric took her place again at the piano. Agnew remained on deck, but Coppinger reported to him afterwards that the intermediate passenger had not put in an appearance.

The ship sped on her way through the calm waters. The evening glow was deepening on sky and sea, when she slowed down to pick up the pilot.

Coppinger and Agnew stood among the group clustered by the rails to watch the pilot run up the rope ladder, with a feeling of strained expectation. They hardly knew what they anticipated, but each drew a breath of relief as they saw the smiling, sunburnt Frenchman cross the deck alone. Visions of detectives must have haunted them to have caused such a sense of relief.

Coppinger looked round. "She has stayed below," he whispered, but the other said nothing. He seemed to have grown strangely reserved. Through most of that day Miss Dumeric and Mr. Hamilton sat together on deck, a little apart from the others, and the parson's absorption and happiness were evident to all as he sat leaning forwards towards the girl's chair, his sallow face drawn into smiles.

"The *Huron* is keeping up her character as a match-making ship," said the Captain to Agnew, with his usual dry little chuckle, as they paced the deck together after, not far from this devoted couple.

What an evening it was, with the soft breath of wood-smoke drifting down from smouldering forests, and with a sullen red sunset burning through purple black clouds low over the north shore!

What an evening for happiness! Agnew thought, as he paced the deck, with a dull ache in his heart, and heard the occasional soft ripples of Miss Dumeric's laughter, or the murmur of her voice in sweet seriousness. What fools he and Coppinger were to go inventing such nonsense about a girl like that! What double-eyed idiots they would feel afterwards that they had made of themselves! He would forget the whole affair and think no more about her, which resolve he carried out that night, with how much success we know not, although his rather haggard appearance the next morning did not say much for it.

The green slopes of the Isle d'Orleans in the close grey morning mist suddenly give place to the shining tin roofs and spires that crown the crags of Quebec. The *Huron* will be at the wharf in half an hour. Everyone is interested—excited. Those who are to land at Quebec are busy over luggage; those who go on to Montreal are planning drives to Montmorenci or the Plains of Abraham.

Up to the last two days this had been a much-talked-of expedition with Agnew, but now Coppinger asked him somewhat doubtfully if he still wished to go.

"Why not?" Agnew answered shortly. "The Captain just told me that we do not leave until one o'clock."

"I thought perhaps—"

"Never think, my good fellow, if you wish for a long life and a merry one!" Agnew interrupted grimly, and Coppinger humoured him by saying no more.

"Through most of that day Miss Dumeric and Mr. Hamilton sat together on deck"

The first breath of land heat had met them at an early hour and Miss Dumeric had appeared at breakfast in a blue linen dress which suited her pale loveliness even better than the dark severity of her sea attire.

Agnew tried to keep his attention fixed on Miss MacNab's conversation, but had twice met glances from the blue eyes opposite—glances wistful, almost imploring, which brought a lump to his throat. He had meant to be so resolute in avoiding Miss Dumeric, but seeing her standing about waiting for the chief steward in rather a forlorn fashion, he could not resist going and asking if he could do anything for her.

"Oh, no, thank you, I am just waiting for Mr. Smith," she answered as he thought a little proudly, but still he lingered.

"We were going over to Montmorenci," he said hesitatingly, "but if there were anything I could do for you in the customs—not knowing the ways of the country. I wouldn't be much use, but still if there was no one to meet you—"

"Thank you," she answered, with the gentle calm that was almost reserve, "I do not expect anyone to meet

me. My brother is away in the States, but Mr. Hamilton has promised to help me, and Mr. Smith said he would speak to the customs people."

"Then I am not needed," Agnew said rather stiffly, and turned away.

The group of people awaiting the steamer on the Point Levis wharf was now plainly visible, and in a few moments more the gangway was down, railway agents and clerks rushed on board, the voyage was over. Almost immediately the emigrant stream set shorewards with great outcries in foreign tongues, and wails of children. Poor little wretches, they might well cry; they were not likely for many a day to know as good a home as the *Huron* had been.

Coppinger and Agnew stood together, the hard hats that had replaced their caps, and the sticks they carried, betraying their shoreward intention.

Mr. Hamilton rushed up to them. "Have you seen Miss Dumeric? I cannot find her anywhere."

The cousins exchanged glances, and it was Coppinger who answered, "No, isn't she below seeing to her cabin luggage? You're not coming out to Montmorenci with us?"

"No, thanks. I want to see Miss Dumèric to the station."

"Come along, Cop," said Agnew impatiently.

"My dear fellow, you'll have to wait a bit until I see that the box with my new saddle isn't put out here. I'm afraid it wasn't marked for Montreal."

"Oh bother! It will be all right," but Coppinger stuck to his purpose, and thus it was that they crossed the gangway, just as Miss Dumeric went ahead of them into the customs shed, closely followed by Mr. Hamilton, carrying over his arm the blue cloak that had become such a familiar thing to them all on those cold Atlantic days, and in his grasp the little silver-mounted handbag.

"Come, we must say good-bye to her," said Coppinger, and in spite of Agnew's hasty "Where's the use?" he followed the two into the shed.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE long bare shed was scattered with forlorn groups of immigrants, clustered by their belongings. Russian and Swedish wooden boxes painted in every colour of the rainbow, great bundles of bedding, tin pans and kettles, violin cases of every erratic form of home manufacture.

Miss Dumeric had already paused by some luggage which she seemed to recognize, and Mr. Hamilton had turned to meet an approaching customs officer, when a man dressed in dark clothes came behind him and said, "I arrest you, John Duncan."

Mr. Hamilton indignantly shook the man's grasp from his arm and sprang back, only to find himself in a firmer grasp on the other side. And then there seemed suddenly to spring up a little crowd around them of excited lookers-on or sympathizers.

Coppinger and Agnew were in the front of it.

"Look here, whoever you are, I suppose you have authority for this?" Coppinger shouted.

"Officer Duggan, Montreal force," put in the man impassively.

"But," Coppinger went on, "you're under some strange mistake. This is the Rev. John Hamilton, S. P. G. Chaplain to the *Huron*. Send for the Captain, somebody, can't you?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but we have some good reason to believe that this is John Duncan, the footman who vanished the day the Aster jewels were stolen. He's known to have sailed on the *Huron*, and is supposed to have disguised himself as a clergyman. 'Thin, dark, grey-eyed, sallow;' that's the description that he answers to. And yesterday we had a cable—'Arrest owner or bearer of blue cloth, fur-lined cloak'; just let us look at it."

And taking it from the arm of Mr. Hamilton, who, after that first movement of natural indignation, had stood helplessly bewildered under the grasp of justice, he proceeded to handle that ample garment all over. There was a breathless pause. Agnew's whole

"Miss Dumeric had appeared at breakfast in a blue linen dress"

attention was fixed on the girl who stood with face white and rigid as though carved in ivory. Her eyes followed every movement of the officer's with a strained stare, save for one quick glance around the shed and out on to the wharf.

"Here you are!" the detective said triumphantly, "chaplain or no chaplain, here's the booty," and with a quick, sharp jerk, he had torn away the fur lining and laid bare to sight the many-hued radiance of a diamond tiara and an emerald necklace, that all could realize to be one of the famous ornaments of the world.

"It was a woman's hand that sewed those in, and I can guess whose hand. Maude Dashwood. I—"

He turned towards Miss Dumeric, but before he had time to lay his hand upon her arm, or Agnew or Hamilton

with a simultaneous impulse were able to spring forward to dash that arm away, the girl had flung up her hands with a low cry and fallen at their feet.

"You have killed her!" Agnew shouted savagely as he flung himself down beside her, but the officer only stood staring composedly. "Shouldn't have thought she'd have taken it so hard! Must have known that she'd be nabbed sooner or later!"

But he did not look quite so composed when the moments passed and there came no sign of returning animation. "Here, send for the ship's doctor," he called out.

Meanwhile Mr. Hamilton was struggling frantically with the policeman who held him. "For pity's sake," he cried, "let me go to her. She is dying, and I am a clergyman. I swear before God not to try to escape, only let me go to her."

"Loose him, Tom," said the detective quietly, and the unhappy man knelt beside the still form that lay upon the hard earth, with head fallen back on Agnew's knee, so that the white face seemed to stare upwards in spite of the closed eyes.

"Cannot you hear me?" Hamilton asked in a low, intense voice, but there was no flutter of lips or eyelids, and laying his hand on the one that lay palm upwards, he shrank appalled at the first chill of death.

An utter stillness fell upon the group as they waited for the doctor—only Agnew could hear the murmured words of the clergyman—"We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear sister, into Thy hands as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour—"

When the ship's doctor pushed his way through the increasing crowd, there was little to be said or done.

"She has been dead for some minutes," he said, looking up. "Heart disease. Sudden shock, I suppose."

Agnew, relieved from his burden, stood up, dazed and dizzy, and Coppinger took his arm to lead him away.

"We had better tell him about the intermediate man," Coppinger said when once out of hearing, but Agnew answered huskily:

"Don't tell him anything. He has got the jewels and her life as well. That is surely enough. And perhaps—perhaps she cared for the man," and something very like a sob ended the sentence.

The *Huron* sailed at one o'clock without Agnew, who was detained for the inquest, and without Mr. Hamilton who was still in the hands of justice.

By the next day, however, he had proved his identity, and the recent nature of his suspicious-looking friendship with the girl, who was known to the police of both London and New York as one of the most skilful tools of a band of men who were given rank at the very head of their profession by their natural foes the detectives.

With headquarters in both cities, they had for some years enjoyed a secure refuge in the old Quebec farmhouse, to which any of their number could flee in stormy times, and to which the girl and her accomplice had now been hastening with their booty. But for the recent stroke of genius of a New York detective, that refuge had remained a secure one, and Miss Dumeric had got safely into hiding.

Even the impassive Duggan's voice had a touch of feeling in it as he related to Mr. Hamilton, for whom he appeared to have conceived a friendship, the tale of how the girl was supposed to have been brought up from earliest childhood by her father, a disgraced officer, to act as decoy and tool in gambling and every other variety of shady transactions—"and with a face that might have belonged to one of the saints, or even the Blessed Virgin herself," that worthy ended with something very like a sniff.

Two days later John Hamilton stood in his white surplice beside an open grave in the woodland cemetery that slopes down towards the St. Lawrence.

The mourners were few—only Agnew and the detective, Duggan. Though ghastly pale and haggard, Hamilton's voice rose clear and strong with those sentences of faith and hope, and only faltered once as he breathed the awful words—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'

THE END

CHAPTER IV—SHIRLEY OCCUPIES OSWEGO—JOHNSON'S FUTILE CAMPAIGN ON LAKE GEORGE—DEPORTATION OF THE ACADIANS—APATHY OF PENNSYLVANIA—THE BRITISH FRONTIERS WASTED—1755-1756

BRADDOCK'S crushing defeat near Fort Duquesne resounded throughout North America to its uttermost limits. Nor was the effect produced on the Northern colonies by any means only a moral one. On the contrary, it contributed very materially to the failure of both these expeditions to the northward which were designed to support Braddock; namely, the one undertaken by Shirley against Niagara, and the other, led by Johnson, against Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. In the first place, the news of the catastrophe on the *Monongahela* arrived in the north before either corps was ready to deliver its attack, and greatly disheartened the militia who composed them; and secondly, the capture of Braddock's papers revealed to the French the secret plans of their enemies, and enabled them to take measures for their frustration.

Shirley, the spirited Governor of Massachusetts, though but an amateur soldier, had been commissioned a general, greatly to his delight, and was now by Braddock's death Commander-in-Chief in North America. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, the new Governor of Canada, had in the meantime arrived from France, with 3,000 regulars, including the regiments of Bearne, La Reine, Guienne, and Languedoc, who were to earn much well-deserved renown in the coming war. Of Vaudreuil we shall hear a good deal, seeing that he remained in office till the closing scene, and signed the capitulation of the colony to Great Britain. It will be enough for the present to say that he was fifty-seven years of age, the son of a former governor, and in consequence a Canadian by birth—a fact which gave him a strong colonial bias in all matters of jealous contention, and they were many, between the sons of old and new France. For the rest he was a man of second-rate ability and of no military capacity, though he aspired to much. He was of a jealous, vain, and somewhat petty nature, but patriotic and hardworking to a fault, and had previously been

Governor of Louisiana. The commander of the forces was Dieskau, a German baron, who had long served in the French service, a good, sound, capable soldier, but of no striking talent; and his career in America was destined to be brief.

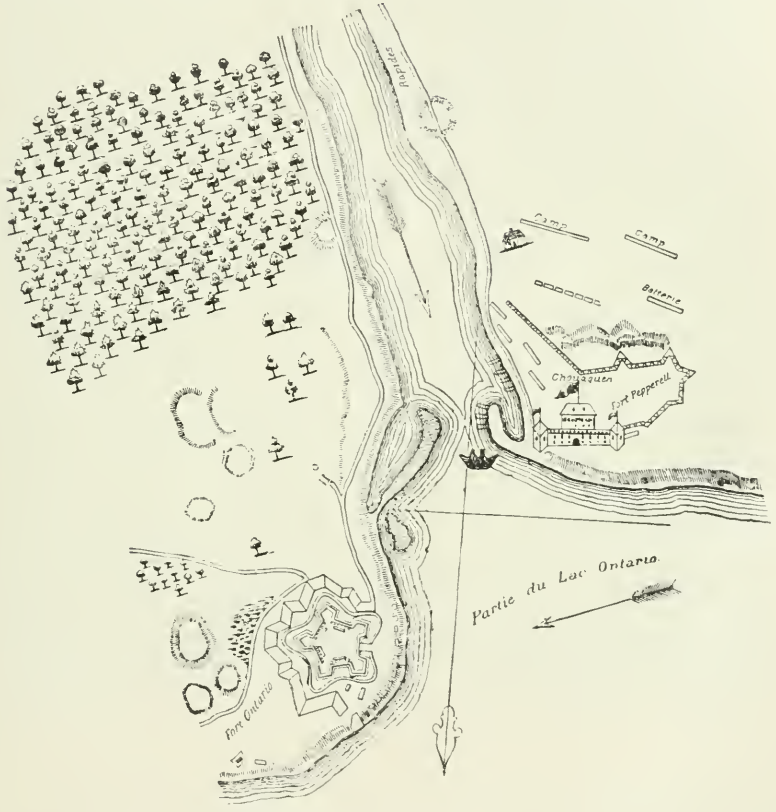
Of the subsidiary expeditions of the British in this year, 1755, I shall not speak at such length as the schemes involved and the number of troops collected for them might seem to warrant. Partly from the inexperience of all concerned, and partly from their premature discovery by the French, both undertakings were practically fruitless. I purpose, moreover, to dwell chiefly on the more luminous and decisive conflicts of the war, and not to attempt the elaboration of fruitless campaigns that would weary the reader with an unavoidable monotony of detail, though some brief notice of them is essential to the story.

Shirley's thwarted undertaking against Niagara had gone by way of the more westerly of the two great routes which led to Canada. Both of these started from Albany, on the Hudson River. This frontier town may be described as lying in the apex of a right-angled triangle, one side of which ran due north to the St. Lawrence and the heart of Canada, while the other ran nearly due west to Lake Ontario, tapping French territory behind its civilization, but in the path of its chief trading highway to the West. The base of this triangle is roughly represented by the course of the St. Lawrence. Both these routes—the northern some two hundred miles in length, the western somewhat less—lay through a rugged, forest-clad and almost unpeopled wilderness. They were, in fact, natural arteries formed by lakes and streams, with only a narrow watershed here and there to break their continuity. There were numerous rapids, too, and shallows to be *portaged;* but, in the backwoods sense, they were navigable routes. With all their obstacles, which at this early stage were many and great, they were, nevertheless, the only possible channels by which French or English armies could conduct serious operations against each other.

Between Canada and the frontier settlements of New York and New England there were innumerable "trails," quite adequate for war bands of rangers or Indians; but for the proper understanding of the situation in North America throughout this whole period the reader cannot keep too clearly before his eyes these two great military waterways: the one running north, the other west, with the old Dutch frontier town of Albany standing in the angle—the base of supply for both.

The extremity of the western route was Oswego, where the flourishing town of that name now looks out upon Lake Ontario. In those days it was a remote trading station, rudely fortified, and occupied for the past thirty years by the British, to the constant vexation of their rivals, who regarded the western lakes as wholly within their sphere. The way to Oswego led up the Mohawk River, which joined the Hudson near Albany, and for *batteaux* and canoes was more or less navigable to the headwaters, whence a four-mile *portage* over the watershed led to Lake Oneida. From this beautiful sheet of water the Oswego River rolled down to Lake Ontario. Shirley now really opened this route for the first time. At the head of 1,500 men, collected, supplied, and organized with difficulty, he pushed his slow way to Oswego, which was to be his base for an attack upon Niagara, the most important station the French held in the West. His force consisted of two battalions of raw recruits raised in the colonies, but paid by the Crown, afterwards the 50th and 51st regiments of the line, and some artillery. The delays for obvious reasons had exceeded all calculation, and it was late in August before Shirley was ready to leave Oswego. But he then found that the French, having got warning of the British plans from Braddock's captured correspondence, had thrown large reinforcements into Fort Frontenac,

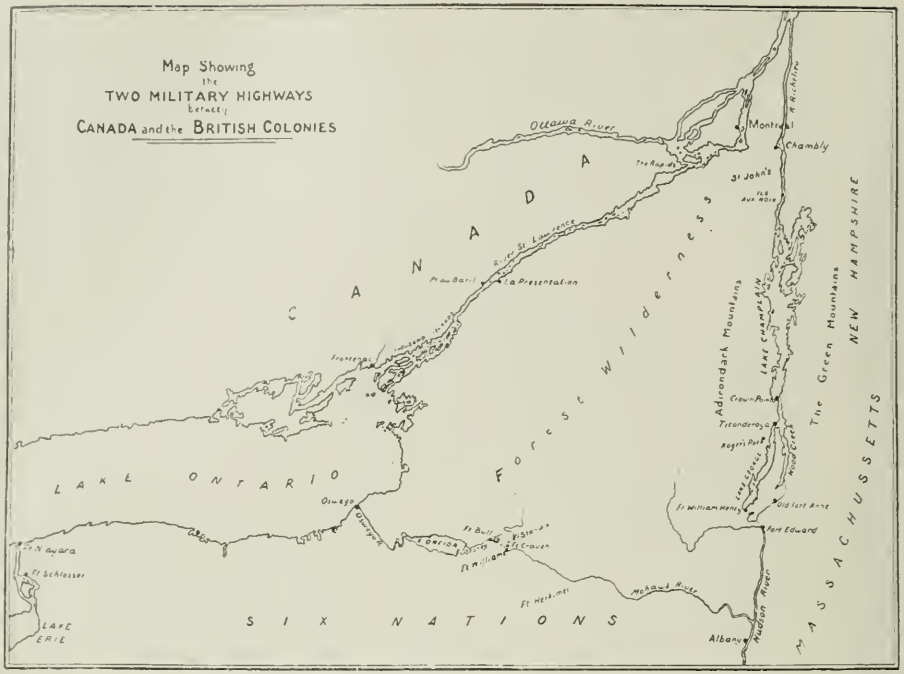
which confronted him not fifty miles away upon the northern shore of the lake. Frontenac was a fortified trading post of much the same type as Oswego, and the original of the old and important Ontario town of Kingston. Shirley dared not now move. To have abandoned Oswego for an attack on Niagara would have left the former at the mercy of thirteen hundred efficient and well-provided French soldiers, who had gathered at Fort Frontenac. So there was nothing for it but to work out the rest of the season upon the poor fortifications of his present position, and as the winter approached to return to Albany.




THE FORTS AT OSWEGO

From a plan in the contemporary *Memoires sur le Canada* 1749-1763, as published in 1838 by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. There are many other plans and views in existence.

Seven hundred men were left at Oswego as a garrison under Colonel Mercer, of whose fate we shall hear later, and in the meantime a little more space must be given to Johnson's operations against Lake Champlain, though they were equally futile. Just a word, however, must be said of the man himself, since he was a famous character in his day and played a unique and somewhat romantic part. He was now about forty years old, was a native of County Meath, and acted as agent for his uncle, Sir Peter Warren, who had made a speculative purchase of an immense tract of wild forest land in the Mohawk Valley. Here Johnson dwelt in a large rambling mansion among the woods known as Mount Johnson, with an Indian wife, the sister of a famous chief. He acquired an




MAP SHOWING ALBANY AND THE TWO ROUTES TO CANADA

extraordinary ascendency over the Indians, here represented by the warlike Six Nations, the scourge alike in former days both of French and English, but now, this long time, as we have said, allies of the latter, though strictly passive ones and much shaken by the growing prestige of France. He spoke the Mohawk language and entertained their people in lavish fashion. "This singular man," says Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, who was brought up at Albany, and remembered him, "lived like a little sovereign, kept an excellent table for strangers and officers, and by confiding entirely in the Indians and treating them with unvaried truth and justice, taught them to repose entire confidence in him."

The Albany traders who formerly represented the colonies in all official dealings with the Indians, had by bad faith brought them to the verge of a rupture. The latter hailed with delight the appointment of their favourite as Indian Commissioner, and Johnson himself, thoroughly appreciating the grievances which had almost driven them into the arms of the French, soon had them under a control that remained unshaken throughout the war. He was a versatile kind of genius, a big, breezy man abounding in energy and common-sense. He could hold his own in a grave council of colonial Governors, or, if need be, could drink and shout and paint his face and dance the war-dance with the wildest of Mohawk warriors.

In the dearth of skilled commanders, Johnson, who, with all his ready capacity, had no military experience whatever, was now made a general and given the command of 6,000 provincial troops. His instructions were to drive the French from Lake Champlain, and to occupy Crown Point, a promontory of strategic importance on

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

"He was a versatile kind of genius, a big, breezy man abounding in energy and common-sense." His home was Mount Johnson in the Mohawk Valley.

its south-western shore. As a preliminary to the campaign, Johnson collected a thousand of the Iroquois warriors at his manor, feasted them with oxen roasted whole, and indulged them with an orgie of eloquence extending over three days, at the end of which period he flung down the war belt. So honeycombed, however, had even the Six Nations been with French intrigue, that only a third of Johnson's guests responded to his appeal. The rest were deterred by having relatives employed on the French side.

The troops for the Northern expedition, like those of Shirley's, assembled at Albany. Of the 6,000 voted, 4,500 came from the ever-martial colony of Massachusetts. These raw New England militiamen, whatever their spirit, must not be regarded as very formidable troops. They were mostly recruits, and all amateurs in regular warfare. Nor were most of them efficient in a system of their own like the South African Boers. A few only were experienced bush fighters, the greater part being hard-working farmers, me-

chanics or fishermen. They had no discipline and only a few had uniforms. Each soldier brought a gun with him, which he knew how to use with ordinary skill, also a tomahawk to serve in lieu of a bayonet, at close quarters. The men were impatient under control, and were imbued with a constant longing for home, where the plough stood idle in the furrow or the hammer silent in the forge. They had no military science, no elementary knowledge of camp sanitation, and as a premium on indiscipline they elected their own officers, who with rare exceptions knew little more than the men they commanded. The French-Canadians held them in a contempt that was exaggerated by the vanity of their race, and moreover hated them heartily as heretics. But with all this they were tough and hardy, and, one need scarcely say, possessed of the inherent bravery of their stock. From their ranks, too, could always be gathered small bands of men who combined superior marksmanship and a practised knowledge of bush fighting—of *la petite guerre*, as the French term went—with a resolute and incomparable daring that makes some of their enterprises throw fiction into the shade.

Dieskau, whose first intention had been to proceed up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario and seize Oswego before Shirley could entrench himself there, now hurried back, and ascending the Richelieu River to Lake Champlain, occupied Crown Point with a force of 3,500 men, of whom 700 were regulars, 1,600 Canadians, and the rest Indians. Johnson's force at Albany was far short of the estimates, but it was not lack of numbers that was his serious difficulty. For a raw general with a raw army and a wilderness to face, unsustained by any organization worth mentioning, the difficulties of transport and commissariat were immense. His route, which became from this time forward so memorable a one, began by following the course of the Hudson due north from Albany for some forty miles. This much of it was comparatively simple, being by water, with but few *portages*. Then, however, where the great river turns sharp to the west, the line of march left its banks and, continuing northward, crossed the twelve miles or so of densely timbered upland that separated it from the head waters of Lake George. Once launched upon the bosom of the most romantic sheet of water in North America, canoe or sloop might float onward towards Canada beneath the mighty shadows of the Adirondack Mountains, without let or hindrance but a gale of wind, for over thirty miles. At the foot of the lake a river, broken at places with rapids and shallows, pursued a short but tortuous course till Lake Champlain opened out its shining bosom and presented a clear sailing stretch of some sixty miles. Thence from its foot the Richelieu or Sorel River in another stage of about equal distance led to the St. Lawrence and the heart of Canada. The whole of this natural route is so curiously direct that a ruler laid due north upon the map from Albany, or indeed from New York to Montreal, would indicate with sufficient accuracy this famous military highway of bygone America.

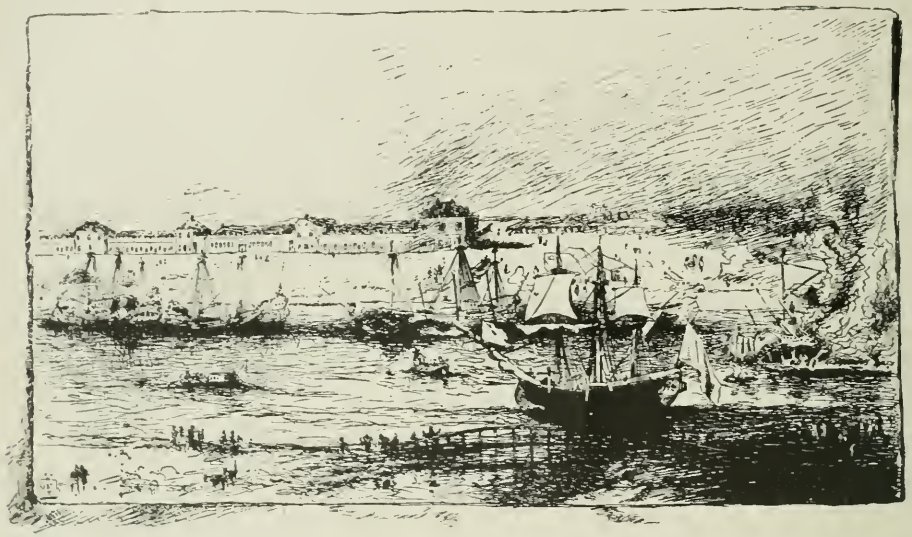
But it is only with Lake George, "the Silvery Lake," the "Horican" of the Indians and Fenimore Cooper, that we have now to do, and even in such case only with the head of it. Johnson had probably no more than 3,000 men actually with him, and these gave his inexperienced wits enough to do in the handling, feeding and pushing them forward through so rough a country. His main difficulties, of course, began when he left the Hudson, and had to carry cannon, stores and boats over the shaggy ridges which led towards Lake George. The landing-place at once became a point of the utmost strategic importance, and here the general left Colonel Lyman with 500 men to build a fort, named at first after that doughty New England warrior himself, but shortly re-christened by the loyal Johnson after a prince of the blood, and known to future generations as Fort Edward.

Johnson himself, with the rest of his rustic army and 300 Mohawk Indians, cut their way painfully through the woods and deposited their boats, stores and guns on the banks of the uppermost bay of Lake George. Here they proceeded to throw up fresh intrenchments, which developed later into Fort William Henry of sinister memory.

Dieskau in the meantime, learning from his scouts that Johnson was fortifying both ends of the carrying place, laid his plans. Crown Point, the fortified post on a promontory of Lake Champlain which he occupied with his army, was fifty miles to the north. It had worried the frontiers of the New England colonies which lay to the east of it for twenty years, and was Johnson's point of attack, as already indicated. Dieskau, however, was not likely to act on the defensive with a force equal in numbers and individually superior. Selecting a body, therefore, of 200 regulars, 680 Canadians, and 600 Indians, he served them with rations for ten days, and led them rapidly forward to meet Johnson. A glance at the map will show how Lake Champlain throws out a long narrow tail southward, known as Wood Creek, and running parallel with Lake George for almost its entire length. It was up this waterway in canoes and boats that Dieskau led his force. Landing near its head, they proceeded to march through the woods till they struck, about at its centre, Johnson's new road from the Hudson to the lake, where they intercepted British messengers and learned the state of affairs. It was now a question of which encampment they should attack. Being informed, though falsely, that there were no cannon at the lake fort, they decided for this reason on attacking it. Johnson, in the meantime, had heard of the French movements, and despatched a thousand men under Colonel Williams into the woods to find and oppose them. Hendricks, a famous Mohawk chief with Johnson, protested at the inadequate size of the force—"too few," he said, "to be successful, and too many to be killed." He nevertheless consented to face the dangers his British allies were so rashly courting, with 200 of his warriors. Too old and too fat to walk, the brave Indian rode with the rest, mounted on a pony, and was one of the first to fall. Williams, "colonial" though he was, seems to have marched his force through that blind and tangled country with a contempt for ordinary precautions, such as the much-abused Braddock never dreamt of. Dieskau, on the other hand, feeling the way carefully with his scouts, had ample warning of the British approach, and received them in a well-laid ambush with a success that was only saved from being complete by some of his Indians opening fire a little prematurely. It is said that they saw some of their Mohawk relatives in the van of the advancing British, and took this method of warning them. However that may be, the New England soldiers were taken even more by surprise than Braddock's vanguard, and like them, though still more rapidly, the front ranks were driven back in confusion upon their supports by a withering fire from an almost invisible enemy. In Dieskau's own words, "the column was crumpled up like a pack of cards." They did not remain huddled helplessly together to be shot at as did Braddock's men, but after a sharp, brief struggle, in which Williams and Hendricks both fell, they turned and ran for the fort, the French and Indians hotly pursuing. But Johnson, hearing the sound of battle drifting rapidly his way, sent out 300 men to stem what was evidently a hot retreat. This they accomplished with sufficient success for the British to bring in their wounded. There was but just time to raise hasty barricades of inverted batteaux and trunks of trees. The forest unfortunately still grew close to the lines of the embryo fort, and there was now no chance to do any clearing. Could Dieskau have pressed on at once, his men would have carried the camp. But neither Indians nor Canadians were fond of storming positions, and,

like the Boers of yesterday, threw themselves into cover at once, though in their case trees took the place of rocks. The white-coated French infantry, however, went bravely on till the unexpected fire of artillery, well served by Captain Eyre, drove them also into the shelter of the woods. A hot musketry engagement now ensued. Johnson's militiamen, recovered from their panic, and partially protected by rude breastworks, fought well and stoutly. In time the rifle fire, supported by the artillery, began to tell so unmistakably upon the enemy, that the New England men, taking heart of grace, leaped over their barricades and swept down upon the foe with tomahawks and clubbed muskets, driving them ultimately from the field. Johnson was wounded; Dieskau was not only wounded, but captured, and as he was sitting helplessly against a tree, with three bullets already in his legs, a soldier seeing him levelled his piece and, in spite of his victim's protests, deliberately shot him through both thighs. Fortunately for the credit of the New Englanders, the rascal turned out to be a French deserter. The unfortunate general was carried to Johnson's tent, who, though in a bad plight himself, behaved with a generosity that Dieskau never forgot.

There was a prodigious clamour among Johnson's Indians for the French commander's life in atonement for that of their chief Hendricks, who had been bayoneted in the fight of the morning. It was all their popular and powerful leader could do to save his wounded prisoner and guest from their direful clutches. "What do they want?" inquired Dieskau of Johnson, with a *naiveté* not yet rubbed off by North American warfare. "Want," replied Johnson, "to burn you, by God! eat you, and put you in their pipes and smoke you; but never fear, you shall be safe with me, else they shall kill us both." When able to travel, Dieskau was sent with a strong armed escort to the Hudson, and in due course to England as a prisoner, where he re-



VIEWS OF LOUISBOURG—WHICH, AT THE CLOSE OF 1755, WAS THE ONLY FRENCH STRONGHOLD IN ACADIA

From a painting owned by Mrs. Anna H. C. Howard, of Brooklyn, which came to her by descent from Sir William Pepperrell. The point of view seems to be from the northwest side of the interior harbour. This position is near what was known as Hale's Barracks.—From Winsor's History of America, Vol. V.

mained till the peace, a wreck more or less from his wounds, but always cheerful and full of gratitude for the kindness shown him in America. He died in 1767.

While the fight around the crude beginnings of Fort William Henry was in progress, several hundred of Dieskau's Indians and Canadians had fallen back on the scene of their morning's victory, intent on the scalps and plunder that in the hurry of the forward movement they had been compelled to forego. While thus engaged, a party of 500 British from the new fort on the Hudson caught them unawares, and after a sharp fight utterly routed them, though the leader of the victorious party, Captain McGinnis, was killed.

This repulse of the French, coming so soon after the terrible disaster at Fort Duquesne, was made the most of both in the colonies and in Britain. It was forgotten that the real object of the campaign was to seize and occupy the fortress which commanded Lake Champlain and the road to Canada; whereas Johnson's victory, though highly creditable to a militia who had never been under fire, merely repulsed the French in their attack on British territory. The capture of their general beyond a doubt gave the success much *éclat*. At any rate Johnson was made a baronet, presented with £5,000, and enjoyed whatever distinction there may have been in the title of "Our only hero," bestowed on him by Horace Walpole. The loss of the British in the day's fighting was about 250, of whom the greater part were killed, the third Massachusetts regiment alone losing no less than 70 men, including the colonel and eight officers. The French loss was 120 killed and 123 wounded.

The new backwoods baronet, however, was regarded by many colonists as too much inclined just now to rest upon his laurels. His recent success, they thought, might well have justified a dash forward on Crown Point, and Colonel Lyman, chief of the New England troops, was eager for it. Johnson, however, declared that his men were not fit for any such adventure, that they were ill-clad, discontented and shaken in morale by the vigour of the late attack. Shirley himself urged it, but Johnson's honours had created a quite pardonable jealousy in the breast of that eager though unsuccessful amateur. Johnson, moreover, was wounded, and would probably have had to depute the command to his rival, Lyman, and Sir William, as we now must call him, like Shirley, was undoubtedly very human. He decided, therefore, to utilize what energies his men, in their somewhat miserable condition, still possessed, in building Fort William Henry. When the close of November put an end to the work, three thousand men in a state of semi-mutiny and half frozen for want of warm clothing in that rigorous northern clime turned their backs for the winter on the leafless snow-powdered forests and ruffled waters of Lake George and scattered each man to his shop or homestead to tell his tale of war and hardship and glory.

Seven hundred men were left to garrison and strengthen the new fort, while at Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, forty miles to the north, the French were equally busy with axe and saw. Here, amid the hush of the Northern winter, amid ice-bound lakes and mighty mountains wrapped in their mantle of snow, we will leave the outposts of the two rival nations to face each other, and to prepare as best they may for coming fights that were to prove bloodier and fiercer than any yet dreamt of either by the Canadian habitant or the Massachusetts farmer.

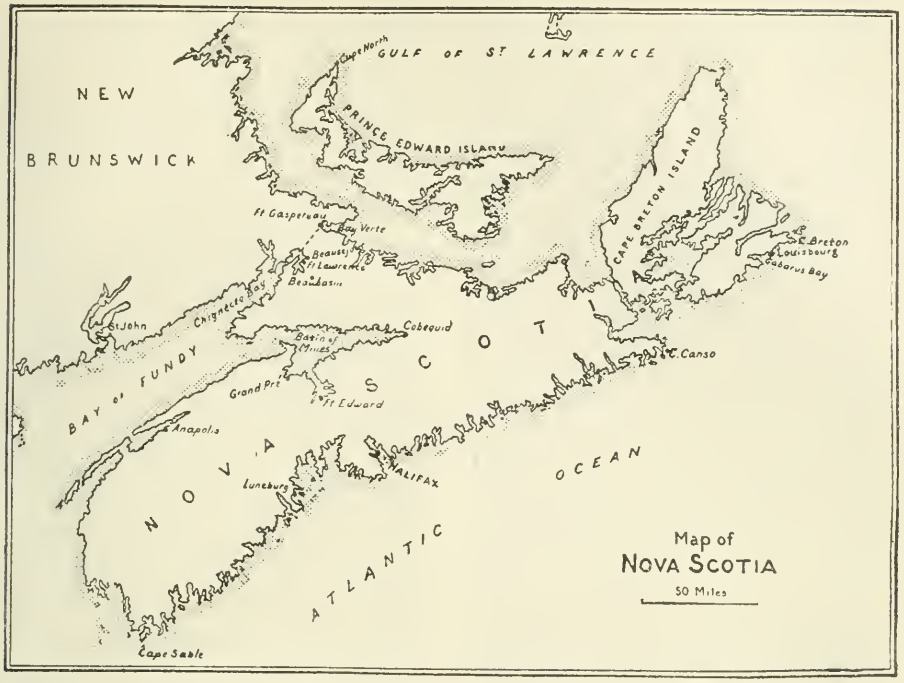
But there was yet a fourth enterprise undertaken by the British in this notable year, 1755, which, though far removed from the scene of the others, and in itself neither bloody nor glorious, had, at least, the merit of being decisive.

I have already spoken somewhat fully of the troubles with the Acadians, and made brief allusion to the crowning scene of their forcible removal, which occurred this year. The un-

quenchable yearning of the French to recover their long-lost province was by no means lessened by their successes elsewhere. The strong fort of Beauséjour, that they had erected on the neck of the isthmus, in doubtful territory, but commanding the most troubled part of the English dominion of Nova Scotia, became a busy scene of intrigue and action. Nearly 2,000 men, French regulars and insurgent or outlawed Acadians, besides large bands of Indians, were gathered either inside or within hail of it; while at the far end of the province the great naval and military post of Louisbourg boded mischief no less dangerous. The recent English settlement of Halifax, now the capital of the province, and a few isolated forts containing each their handful of men, represented all the power available for resisting a French attack, and protecting the scanty English settlers from the constant raiding of Acadians and Micmacs, hounded on by blatant priests and crafty politicians. Shirley, before starting on his luckless expedition to Niagara, had arranged with Colonel Lawrence, Governor of Nova Scotia, to take the bull by the horns and sweep Beauséjour and its whole nest of hornets out of existence. The English Government gave their assent, but Lawrence had no troops to speak of, and once again the resourceful colony of Massachusetts was appealed to, and, as usual, not in vain. Colonel Monckton, second in command to Lawrence, and whom we shall meet again on the Plains of Abraham, was sent to Boston, with a commission to raise two regiments of 1,000 men each. The recruiting was entrusted to Colonel Winslow, a provincial officer of good sense, position, and some experience, who in a short time paraded 2,000 hardy rustics before the admiring eyes of their fellow-colonists upon the wharves of the Puritan city. The muskets, however, which were due from England, were much less punctual than the men, and it was near the end of May before the transports cleared Boston Harbour, amid the cheers of a populace who only ten years previously had in the same hearty fashion sent out the victors of Louisbourg. On the last of the month the fleet was forging up the Bay of Fundy, and on the 1st of June, to the dismay of the French, dropped anchor off the mouth of the Missaquash, which divided their chief stronghold from its English rival, Fort Lawrence.

Beauséjour was a well-planned fort of five bastions, and mounted with 32 guns and mortars. The nucleus of its garrison was some 150 regulars of the colonial marine, commanded by De Vergor, a captain in the same corps—a person of indifferent principles and no compensating capacity. The fort was an outpost not merely of French strength, but also of French weakness in the shape of financial corruption. It ranked high in the list of good things doled out at Quebec to those who by personal services—sometimes creditable, sometimes unmentionable—to the governing clique, earned their due reward. De Vergor seems to have come under the latter category. None the less, however, did the all-powerful Bigot, Intendant of Canada, at once his debtor and his patron, urge him in a delightfully candid letter, still extant, to make hay while the sun shone, and out of his plunder purchase an estate in France near him, his loving correspondent. The usual method of enrichment seems to have been the familiar one of charging the King of France for supplies that only existed on paper, and selling a considerable portion of such as were actually forwarded for free distribution.

De Vergor, however, did not develop into a proprietor of French vineyards and forests. On the contrary, he was arraigned for misconduct in the affair I am about to describe, though we shall find him figuring again and at a critical moment before Quebec, with scarcely more credit. The first intimation that on this occasion De Vergor had of an impending attack was the appearance of an English fleet off the fort. The infamous priest Le Loutre, spoken of in a former chapter, was




MAP OF NOVA SCOTIA, SHOWING FORTS BEAUSÉJOUR AND GASPEREAU

Captured by the British in 1755. Fort Lawrence was the British Fort and the boundary line between British and French Acadia ran between Lawrence and Beauséjour.

now with him, and supplied all the energy that De Vergor might be lacking in, and a great deal to spare. Hundreds of Acadians, driven from their homesteads on British soil by the coercion of this savage fanatic rather than by any action of the English, were now wretched outcasts dependent on the none too liberal charity of the fort, and from their very despair useful tools for French aggression. With these and the regular garrison, and as many more from the settlements on the French side, some 1,200 men were mustered. Numbers of the wretched Acadians, seeing an English victory only too probable, begged De Vergor to go through the form of forcing them by threats to fight, so that they might excuse themselves, in the event of defeat, for being in arms against their lawful king. De Vergor grimly replied that he would not only threaten but shoot them if they failed him.

The New England troops in the meantime were landed, and in conjunction with the small garrison of regulars from Fort Lawrence laid formal siege to the French fortress, approaching it by parallels and with heavy cannon. They were attacked by Indians and Acadians from without the fort, and much less vigorously by the garrison from within; but Winslow and his sturdy militiamen pressed the siege so strenuously that De Vergor, on hearing from Louisbourg that help was impossible, surrendered in a fortnight. The capitulation was accompanied with some discreditable scenes of drunkenness and stealthy pillage on the part of the French officers, and much open but more venial plunder on that of the miserable Acadians. The fort was occupied by Colonel Scott, of the second Massachusetts regiment, with 500 of his men. Winslow, with another body, crossed the narrow isthmus to the north shore, and took Fort Gaspereau, on Bay Verte, without opposition.

Nova Scotia, so far as military occupation went, was now wholly in British hands. But though rid of pressing danger from French forts and soldiers, it remained a seething hotbed of misery, treachery, and disorder. Its security was of vital importance to the British at this most crucial moment. For similar reasons its recovery was no less an object with the French. The small handful of British regulars, with the raw and scant militia of the infant Halifax, would be ridiculously inadequate as a protecting force; while the two Massachusetts regiments, in accordance with custom and necessity, were only enlisted for a season. A small force of French invaders, in the present temper of the Acadians, could count on their almost unanimous assistance. Hitherto any of these latter people who had abandoned their farms could return and make their peace without difficulty. Those who had remained at home could at any time insure the continued favour of the British Government by taking an unqualified oath of allegiance to King George, who had treated them with unbroken indulgence, and under whose rule most of them had been actually born. Yet never had these strange people been more generally hostile than now, and at no time, thanks to the magnified reports of French successes, had they been so insolent. It is not surprising that the patience of the British authorities at last gave out; and Lawrence, though eminently a just man, was not quite so soft-hearted as some of his predecessors. If the Acadians had professed to have grievances, if they had even invented some, there would have been an opening at least for conciliation. But an attitude induced partly by superstitious terror and partly by intimidation through the medium of Indians and outlaws, and skilfully seasoned with false reports of French victories and conquests, was an impossible one. The French officials in Louisbourg and elsewhere betray in their existing letters the inward shame they felt at being compelled to connive at this heartless ruin of a whole population of ignorant peasants. They begged each other not to let the English officials—with whom, as the farce of peace still existed, they were on civil terms—suspect the part they were playing. But the limit of the English forbearance had at last been reached, and the Acadians were to be given their ultimatum.

A certain number of exiles had petitioned for reinstatement, and received it on taking the full oath, but the mass yet awaited the test. Time pressed, and none was lost. Shirley amid his own troubles on the far-off Mohawk was as strong as Lawrence for an ultimatum. The latter, after submitting the matter to his Council at Halifax, communicated his intentions to Monckton, Winslow, and the other British officers. In every district it was then proclaimed that an unqualified oath of allegiance would be required from every inhabitant who had not already taken it. The appeal was responded to by deputations from the several districts, all making objections to the terms of the oath, chief among these being the liability to bear arms. Others made stipulations that the priests should be free from all supervision, which, bearing in mind that they were the political firebrands who were the root of the country's misery, and had already received far too much indulgence, was somewhat audacious ; and this more particularly since a Protestant was not allowed even to exist in Canada, fortunately for the future of Anglo-Saxon supremacy beyond the Atlantic. No regret was expressed by the Acadians for the fashion in which they had repaid near forty years of indulgent treatment; no apology offered for the attacks upon English garrisons in conjunction with French troops, nor for the barbarous raiding and murdering of British settlers. Lawrence went so far as to promise them that for the present at any rate, they should not be liable to military service. It was in vain that firmly and kindly he reminded them of the consistent indulgence shown them by the King of England, and explained how impossible it was

that he should tolerate such a grudging return. But it was neither the King of England, nor the King of France, nor any question of race or patriotism that these infatuated people had in their minds, but the fear of eternal damnation, which the Bishop of Quebec, through his all too zealous missioners, had struck deep into their unsophisticated souls, and the dread of Le Loutre's Micmac Indians.

"Then," at last said Lawrence, "you are no longer subjects of the King of England, but of the King of France. You will be treated as such, and removed from the country." At this they were staggered, and most of them relenting, professed a willingness to take the oath. "No," said Lawrence; "you have had your opportunity and rejected it. Such an oath as you would now take, and such loyalty as mere fear extorts from you, is worthless. We shall now have regard solely to the king's interests, and the consequences must rest on your own heads." I have here endeavoured to condense what extended in fact over many interviews, much tedious going to and fro of deputations, and much consultation in the Acadian villages.

It was the middle of July when Lawrence and Winslow commenced that final step which has made such a harrowing picture for the somewhat ill-instructed sympathies of half a dozen generations of Britons and Americans. The troops were divided into four or five bodies, and marched through the province to the chief centres of population, which were mostly on the western shore. The object in hand was kept a dead secret from all but the leading British officers. Winslow had command at Grandpré, and has kept a useful journal of the whole business. September the 5th was the day decided upon for action, when the officer of each district was to summon all his able-bodied men to come and hear the intentions of the king towards them. Accustomed to regard the rare bark of the British Government as infinitely worse than its still rarer bite, they came in a large proportion of their strength, and without a thought of the trap that was being laid for them, to hear what suggestions that benign shadow, the King of England, had to make for their future.

The parish church in most cases was the appointed rendezvous, and there the king's orders were read aloud to them by the officer in command. These were to the effect that all such Acadians as had not already taken the oath were to be shipped out of the country with their families; that their lands and stock, which at any time till now they could have saved by an oath of allegiance to a king "who had treated them with greater indulgence than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions," were forfeited to the Crown. Their money only, and such household goods as there might be room for in the ships, they were to be allowed to take.

The wretched Acadians were dumfounded at the nature of this announcement. Many refused to believe it. They were, however, prisoners, with only too much time before them for the terrible truth to sink into their minds. There was no escape, for outside the churches stood the New England soldiery, in their blue uniforms, with loaded muskets. The number of Acadians secured on this 5th of September varied in the several districts. Everywhere, however, it was supplemented by forays of the British troops, which became no easy matter when the direful news spread abroad. The transports for removing the emigrants were dilatory in their arrivals. Winslow and his brother officers chafed at the delay, for their small divided force was none too strong, and, moreover, as humane men, they heartily detested the job. No hint, however, comes down from any of them that, under the circumstances, there was any alternative, which is significant. There seems, indeed, to have been but one opinion as to its necessity. It is not for us to dwell here on the details of this melancholy deportation. All the women and children who so desired could go, and every care was made to keep together

not only families, but so far as possible neighbours. Many did not believe the sentence would be actually carried out till the first detachments were marched on board ship at the bayonet's point. The whole wretched business occupied over two months. About six thousand in all were deported, while more than half that number were left behind in Acadia, to say nothing of as many more who had fled into French territory. Some of these became practically outlaws, and harassed the British till the close of the war. But their sting was drawn; the province rapidly became in the main British by race as well as by territory, hastened to this end by the fall of Louisbourg, of which we shall hear anon.

The hapless emigrants were distributed throughout the English colonies. That people so profoundly ignorant and bigoted as the Acadians did not flourish when pitchforked thus on to alien soil, is not surprising. Nor is it more so by the same token that the British colonists upon whom they were unceremoniously precipitated, showed no alacrity to receive them.* Their after wanderings, which were wide, and subsequent groupings, are of interest to the American ethnologist, but do not concern us here. It will be sufficient to say that, of all the communities upon whom they were cast, the uncompromising heretics of Massachusetts exhibited most practical charity, while it was the exiles who found their way to Quebec, to their co-religionists and their own countrymen, whose tools they had been, that fared the worst. It would be unprofitable to examine here to what extent this radical operation was justifiable. The reader must pass his own judgment on it. It will be well, however, to remember that the year was not 1900, but 1755; that the perpetrators of it, colonists and British officials, were confronted with what proved one of the most pregnant struggles in modern history, and were ill equipped for it; that they had treated these people with a consistent indulgence that had then no parallel under such circumstances; that the lives and fortunes of 4,000 peaceful English settlers on the Halifax side of the province were in daily jeopardy; and lastly, that a considerable number of the exiles themselves had their hands red with the blood of Englishmen, not killed in fair fight, but murdered in Indian fashion while peacefully pursuing their daily avocations on British soil.

While the Northern colonies were busy spending blood and treasure in strenuous, if unavailing, efforts to beat back the French, the people of the Middle and Southern provinces were in a helpless condition, and engaged in mutual recriminations of the bitterest kind.

At the close of the last chapter we left an Indian war raging along the far-extended and defenceless frontier. The first line of settlement from Pennsylvania to the Carolinas, that of the log cabin and the raw stump-strewn clearing, had been wiped out. The second belt, where the grandsons of its pioneers were living in comfortable houses, surrounded by orchards, meadows, and cornfields, was now a scene of blood and terror, and ringing with the unfamiliar sound of the Indian war-whoop. The third line, that of those old settlements remote from the mountains, and hugging the sea or the tidal rivers, where wealth, education, and political power centred, was, in the meantime, regarding the woes of its compatriots with a philosophy that has earned the trenchant criticism of the historian, and caused a world of anger at the time.

We have seen how Washington, with a thousand raw soldiers, low-class Southern white men, to whom authority was specially odious, was struggling in defence of a frontier nearly four hundred miles in length. Virginia, it should be said, was notoriously touchy on the subject of her boundaries. Her

* In South Carolina, as elsewhere, money was subscribed for their provision; and many of the exiles were bound over to work for up-country planters. Several outrages were attempted or committed by them, and a body of fifty seized a sloop and put to sea with a view to returning to Acadia.

white population at this time was larger than that of the Transvaal Boers to-day, who have placed some forty or fifty thousand men in the field. It was three times that of Natal, who has sent out to war many thousands of her best sons upon no greater provocation. Her frontier counties were swimming in blood and ringing with passionate appeals for succour. It was an occasion, one would have supposed, when the sons of her numerous aristocracy and still more numerous yeomanry would have responded in thousands to the call of their own harried people at least, if not to that of the mother country. They were an outdoor people, bred to the use of horse and gun, and cherished the sort of pride that, without the martial ingredient, seems to lack significance. The existence of slavery made even their time very much their own. The fear of a slave insurrection might influence the numbers available for distant adventure; but one looks in vain among the squires and yeomanry of the Southern colonies for the faintest spark, at this burning period, of the spirit that one would particularly expect in such a class. The natural fire of youth and love of glory and adventure, to say nothing of patriotic sentiment, that was so conspicuously present with after generations of the same breed, seems in this one to have been almost an unknown quantity. Considerably less than half the officers who commanded the few hundred ill-paid mercenaries that so tortured Washington belonged to the gentry class, and represented their total contribution to the defence of their province, and the long and fierce struggle with France.

A mere handful of Washington's own class are grouped round his youthful and commanding figure in this war. Whatever may have been the virtues of the Southern planter of this generation—and they were not inconsiderable—the love of soldiering and a generous public spirit were assuredly not among them. But the Virginia legislature at least voted money for raising mercenaries, and professed much good intention; while that of Maryland in reluctant fashion followed suit. Pennsylvania, however, as a province was much more than apathetic. Her western counties were scourged even yet more cruelly than those of her Southern neighbours, and the cry from the scene of slaughter grew passionate and fierce towards the smug burghers of Philadelphia who held the provincial purse-strings. There were no country gentlemen to speak of in Pennsylvania. Broadly speaking, the main element of the frontier was Scotch-Irish, that of the middle counties German, and of the east, with the preponderating city of Philadelphia, Quaker. The latter was opposed to war of any sort on principle, and his secure position made his conscience and his comfort run pleasantly together. The Quakers by numbers and influence controlled the legislature, and to the tales of blood and horror that came pouring in from the borders they replied with homilies and platitudes. Braddock's defeat was a judgment for having interfered with the French! The slaughter of Presbyterian families upon the border, who were replacing the shaggy forests with fields of wheat and corn, was a visitation of God for some assumed bad faith in former days with the Indians! For in the eyes of a Philadelphia Quaker a Presbyterian could do no right, while a red man could scarcely do wrong. To have argued the question with such a man from a logical point of view would have been to argue with a stick or a stone. He was snug in his brick house in the fattest city of all the colonies, and with closed eyes and deprecating, uplifted palms at the bare suggestion of men taking arms in defence of their lives, he comes down to us a pretty figure at a time when strong men above all things were so sorely needed. He had his uses and his virtues, but they were not the kind required at the present moment. Some interesting attempts have been made by Philadelphia writers in recent

years to defend the action of their Quaker ancestors in this particular, and to upset the verdict of history. They do not strike one as particularly convincing, while the natural partiality that inspires them is obvious.

The German had hitherto backed the Quaker interest in opposing colonial defence. But now the tomahawk had reached the German settlements, and sentiments that were avowedly selfish swung round in an instant at the sight of German scalps. The Pennsylvanians of the west, regardless now of racial cleavages, vowed that if money, and arms and men were not voted they would march on the capital and bring the legislature to its senses by fair means or foul. It is a long story, but the pressure growing irresistible, the assembly saw that they might at least enjoy, while yielding, the ever-welcome luxury of quarrelling with their Governor, who was, of course, a nominee, or agent, rather, of the Penn family, the proprietors of the province, and at the same time thwarting their persecutors and withholding the relief demanded. So having voted the money, they made the vote conditional on a taxation of the Penn estates. This, they well knew, the Governor had no power to grant, and the Penns could not be heard from under three months. In the meantime the bill would remain unsigned, and the Government be placed in the position of an obstructor. It sounds plausible enough that the Proprietors' estates should be taxed like the rest, but the Penns' lands were in the wilderness; they brought in no income, and had been made unsalable by the destruction of the frontier before them—a state of matters largely induced by the apathy of the legislature. The latter, too, had stipulated that these lands should be assessed for taxation by their own officials. The Penns' case even in times of peace would seem a strong one when it is further considered that the province owed its very existence to their father; but these were the details for which the colonial legislatures loved to struggle. No other body, however, but that of Pennsylvania would probably have weighed such a trifle against the lives and safety of its people. The Penns in the meantime, ignorant of the deadlock, had sent out £5,000 as a voluntary contribution—an amount which, judged by the standard of the time and the war-chest of the province, could give the greatest cavillers no ground for complaint. In course of time, though too late to save hundreds of human lives and an infinity of human suffering, ruin and loss, Western Pennsylvania got relief, but its trials extended far into a period which cov ered coming events of more immediate import here.

TO BE CONTINUED

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## LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

BY INGLIS MORSE

'TIS love that murmurs music
To the issue of Spring flowers,
Whispering of birds a-mating
'Mid the laughter of the hours.

Love is the soul o' glad promise
Of a supreme to-morrow,
When thy heart, long dead, shall waken
To newer joy and sorrow.

# WHEAT GROWING IN CANADA

*By WILLIAM SAUNDERS, Director Dominion Experimental Farms*

CANADA is widely known as a "land of plenty," and is frequently referred to as one of the future granaries of the world. The opinion has also been often expressed that the productive capacity of the land in the Dominion will, when the country is fairly settled, be more than equal to the task of supplying the Mother Country with all the wheat which her teeming millions require. Such statements are sometimes made in the absence of any definite ideas as to what the farming lands of Canada would probably be capable of producing annually if they were fairly well occupied by intelligent and industrious settlers.

The area of land suitable for the growing of agricultural crops in Canada is so vast that when presented in figures the mind needs a deal of training before their full significance can be grasped. The civilized world is gradually awakening to a somewhat hazy perception of the immense wealth laid up in the many millions of acres of fertile lands unoccupied here, and large numbers of immigrants are flocking to our shores. Commenters on these great possessions commonly pass over the large stretches of unoccupied territory in the Eastern Provinces, and direct attention mainly to the great Northwest country, a huge field for future enterprise, as yet very imperfectly understood even among our own people. In this article, it is the possibilities of the latter which will be primarily considered.

### THE WHEAT AREAS

The following figures as to the quantity of land fit for settlement in the Province of Manitoba and the three Provisional Territories, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have been obtained from official sources and may be accepted as approximately correct for the areas in question:

| | Total area Exclusive of Water. Acres. | Estimated Proportion Suitable for Cultivation. | | Acres. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Manitoba | 41,000,000 | two-thirds | equal to | 27,000,000 |
| Assiniboia | 57,000,000 | seven-eighths | " | 50,000,000 |
| Saskatchewan | 70,000,000 | three-fourths | " | 52,000,000 |
| Alberta | 64,000,000 | two-thirds | " | 42,000,000 |
| Total | | | | 171,000,000 |

It is thus estimated that there are within the limits referred to, after making allowance for lands unfit for agriculture, about 171 million acres suitable for cultivation, by which is meant land of such a degree of fertility as to admit of profitable farming. It is proposed to confine our discussion on this occasion to the possibilities of agricultural progress within this area, where the quality of the soil and the conditions of climate are fairly well known. We should not, however, deal justly were we to pass over the great north country lying beyond the boundaries of Saskatchewan and Alberta without a few words of explanation.

The 155 million acres of land in Athabasca, and a large slice of the 340 million acres in Mackenzie, will no doubt prove important factors in the future development of Canada, but what proportion of these vast districts will be capable of the profitable growing of crops is as yet a matter of conjecture. There are, however, some proofs available showing that it is possible to grow cereals to some extent in portions of these remote districts of which our knowledge is so fragmentary.

### NORTHERN EXPERIMENTS

The writer has received samples from Dunvegan, on the Peace River, in Athabasca, 414 miles by latitude north of Winnipeg, of Ladoga wheat plump and well matured, weighing 64 lbs. per bushel; oats weighing 40 to 42 lbs. per bushel; six-rowed barley, 52 lbs. per bushel; and spring rye weighing 56 lbs. per bushel.

At Fort Vermillion, further down the Peace River, also in Athabasca,

591 miles north of Winnipeg, Ladoga wheat has been raised weighing 60 lbs. per bushel; oats, 41¾ lbs.; six-rowed barley, 51¾ lbs.; and spring rye 57½ lbs. per bushel.

From Fort Providence, in Mackenzie, 710 miles north of Winnipeg, have come good samples of oats and spring rye; but the quantities received were too small to permit of their weight per bushel being determined.

From Fort Simpson, 818 miles north of Winnipeg by latitude, Ladoga wheat has been obtained which weighed 62½ lbs. per bushel. In this instance a small percentage of the grain was injured by frost. This is the furthest point north from which samples of cereals have been received. The time between sowing and harvesting in these far northern districts is in some instances less than it is at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa. At Dunvegan the grain was sown May 7th and harvested August 21st, giving a growing period of 101 days. The same sorts of grain grown at Ottawa, taking the average of three years, require 106 days. At Fort Vermillion the time between sowing and harvesting was also 101 days. At Fort Providence 108 days were required to bring grain to maturity, from June 1 to September 17, and at Fort Simpson the wheat was sown June 7 and harvested September 22, giving a growing period of 107 days.

The long days are an important factor in bringing about this result: the influence of increased periods of light hastens the ripening of cereals very much. This view is supported by facts brought together during a careful series of observations made some years ago by a distinguished Russian investigator, Kowalewski. He experimented with spring wheat and oats, growing them in different parts of Russia, from the far north at Arkangelsk to the southern province of Kherson. He found that in the higher latitudes the grain ripens in a shorter period than in the more southern districts, the difference varying at different points from 12 to 35 days. This author attributes the earlier ripening in the north largely to the influence of light during the long summer days. He also believes that the short seasons of quick growth have gradually brought about in these cereals an early ripening habit. In our experience with early ripening cereals, this habit is a permanent characteristic which they continue to manifest when grown in localities where the summer season is longer.

### POSSIBILITIES

Leaving now any further discussion of these enormous northern territories, let us return to the small and better known districts nearer the lines of railway. Of the 171 million acres in Manitoba and the three Provisional Territories, which are said to be suitable for cultivation, a very small part is yet under crop. In Manitoba there were 2,039,940 acres under wheat in 1902, and 1,134,385 acres in other farm crops, making a total of 3,174,325 acres. In the three Provisional Territories there were in all 625,758 acres in wheat, and about 363,879 acres in other crops, making a total of 989,637 acres, which, added to the acreage under cultivation in Manitoba, makes in all 4,163,962 acres. From this comparatively small area over 67 million bushels of wheat and nearly 59 million bushels of other grain were produced.

In 1903 the season was less favourable, and while there was an increase in the acreage of land devoted to wheat in Manitoba and the Territories the total production has been about 52 million bushels of wheat with about 54 million bushels of other grain. While the land prepared for crop in 1904 is considerably in excess of that for 1903 it is not likely to exceed 5½ million acres in all, which is not much more than three per cent. of the land suitable for agriculture within the limits referred to.

Some comparisons may help us to understand the possibilities connected with these large but sparsely occupied districts.

The United States produces large quantities of wheat, sufficient to meet the demands of the home market for the feeding of a population of nearly 80 millions, and leaving a surplus, including flour for foreign export, equal to about 225 million bushels of wheat. From recent crop reports we learn that the total area under wheat in the United States in 1902, including winter and spring varieties, was 46,202,424 acres, which gave a crop of a little over 670 million bushels.

It does not follow that all the land fit for settlement in Manitoba and the three Provisional Territories is suitable for wheat growing. There are some localities where the season is too short to make wheat a sure crop, and farmers in such districts will find it more profitable to carry on mixed farming; but from the good crops which have been harvested during some years past in most of the settled or partly settled regions, it is evident that the greater part of the country is well suited for the growing of wheat of high quality

Another consideration which would reduce the area annually available for wheat is that the land, to get the best results, should be summer-fallowed every third season, which means that it should not be cropped that year. Further, while many excellent farmers advocate the growing of two crops of wheat in succession, one on fallowed land, the second on stubble to be followed by fallow, it may be found more profitable in some localities to grow wheat in rotation with other crops.

On the other hand, the yield per acre of wheat in Canada is larger than it is in the United States. In 1902 the average crop given for the whole of the United States, including winter and spring wheats, is about 14.5 bushels per acre. The same year the average of spring wheat in Manitoba was 26 bushels, and in the Northwest Territories 25 bushels. In 1903, when the season was so unfavourable, the yield in Manitoba averaged 16.42 bushels per acre. In Ontario, in 1902, winter wheat averaged 25.9 and spring wheat 18.7 bushels.

The average of a ten years' record tells much the same story. A ten years' average for Manitoba from 1891 to 1900 gives 19 bushels of spring wheat per acre. During the same time South Dakota gives 10.04 and North Dakota 12.07. The wheat yield for the whole of the United States for the same period was 13.3 bushels per acre; while in Ontario, the only Province with statistics covering this period, we have an average of 19.4 of fall wheat and 15.2 per acre of spring wheat. This larger yield in Canada is no doubt partly due to the land being more productive, and partly to a more favourable climate, and in some measure to better farming.

### A REASONABLE PROPHECY

The total imports of wheat and flour into Great Britain in 1902 were equivalent in all to about 200 million bushels of wheat. Were one-fourth of the land said to be suitable for cultivation in Manitoba and the three Provisional Territories under crop with wheat annually, and the average production equal to that of Manitoba for the past ten years, the total crop would be over 812 million bushels. This would be ample to supply the home demand for 30 millions of inhabitants (supposing the population of Canada should by that time reach that figure) and meet the present requirements of Great Britain three times over. This estimate deals only with a portion of the West, and it leaves the large Eastern Provinces out of consideration altogether. From this it would seem to be quite possible that Canada may be in a position within comparatively few years, after supplying all home demands, to furnish Great Britain with all the wheat and flour she requires and leave a surplus for export to other countries. With a rural population on the western plains in 1902 of about 400,000, over 67 mil-

lion bushels of wheat were produced. Add to this the wheat grown in Ontario and the other Eastern Provinces and we already have a total of over 93 million bushels. These figures are full of promise for the future of Canada as a great wheat-exporting country.

### WHEAT QUALITY

Under the climatic conditions which prevail in the Canadian Northwest, wheat of excellent quality is grown, which is much sought after by millers to mix with the flour of wheats of a lower grade, so that a desirable and uniform strength may be maintained in the flour they produce. This strength in flour, which is so highly developed in that made from No. 1 hard wheat grown in the Northwest, is due to the presence of a large proportion of gluten of high quality. The relative proportions of the more important constituents in wheat will depend on the character and tendencies of the individual variety, the climatic conditions under which it is grown, and the fertility of the soil. The chief constituents of wheat are gluten, starch and fat, all highly nutritious in their character. Starch forms the larger portion of the substance of the grain, ranging in spring wheat from 65 to 68 per cent.; gluten from 11 to about 13; and fat from about 1¾ to 2¼ per cent. Winter wheat contains a larger proportion of starch, from 70 to 74 per cent., and a smaller proportion of gluten, from 6 to 9 per cent. The proportion of fat is much the same in both classes of wheat. When a number of different sorts of wheat are grown side by side and under the same conditions, some will be found to contain a larger proportion of gluten, others a more abundant deposit of starch. In the better sorts of spring wheat, when grown in northern latitudes, where the summer season is short and the growth rapid, the proportion of gluten is usually increased, and under such conditions the grain improves in quality.

Chemical analyses of gluten have shown that it consists of two different principles, known as gliadin and glutenin, and it is from the combination of these in the best proportion that the highest quality of gluten results. Hence, while the percentage of gluten may be regarded in a general way as indicating the quality of a wheat, a high percentage of this substance is not always a sure indication of the milling value of the sample. Both the percentage and quality must be had to produce a flour which will give to bread made from it that tenacity which results in a light, porous white loaf of the most highly esteemed character. The best spring wheats grown in the Canadian Northwest are noted for the high quality of gluten they contain and hence are in great demand.

At the Dominion Experimental Farms persistent efforts have been made from the outset to bring together from different countries the best and most promising sorts of wheat for trial, the qualities particularly sought being productiveness, earliness and strength of flour. These varieties have been grown side by side, under similar conditions, so that their relative value might be determined.

### RED FIFE WHEAT

Among the spring wheats commonly grown at the time the Farms were established none was so highly or justly esteemed as the Red Fife and the position it still holds is a pre-eminent one. It is remarkable for its productiveness, for its high quality, and for its power of adapting itself to varying conditions of soil and climate. This wheat originated about sixty years ago, and in the *Canadian Agriculturist* for 1861 the following account of its origin is given :

"About the year 1842 Mr. David Fife, of the Township of Otonabee, Canada West, now Ontario, procured, through a friend in Glasgow, Scotland, a quantity of wheat which had been obtained from a cargo direct from Dantzic. As it came to hand just before spring seed time, and not knowing whether it was a fall or spring variety, Mr. Fife concluded to sow a part of it that spring and wait for the result. It proved to be a fall wheat, as it

never ripened except three ears which grew apparently from a single grain. These were preserved and, although sown the next year under unfavourable circumstances, being quite late and in a shady place, it proved at harvest to be entirely free from rust when all wheat in the neighbourhood was badly rusted. The produce of this was carefully preserved and from it sprung the variety of wheat known over Canada and the Northern States by the different names of Fife, Scotch and Glasgow."

From this it would appear that the Red Fife has been in cultivation for more than half a century, and it does not show any tendency to deterioration. It gives as large a crop and is as high in quality as it ever was. It was taken from Ontario to Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, where it is believed to have improved in quality, and as grown there stands probably higher in the estimation of millers for the making of flour than any other known variety.

While the Red Fife has so many points of excellence, it is open to one objection, which sometimes proves a very serious drawback to its cultivation. It is rather late in ripening, and during the past fifteen years there have been several seasons when early frosts in the Northwest have injured the grain so as to reduce its value very materially. Whenever this has occurred an outcry has been made by the farmers who have suffered, for an earlier ripening wheat.

In the endeavour to meet this demand varieties of wheat have been brought to Canada from many different countries, and grown for many years at all the Experimental Farms alongside of the Red Fife and other well-known sorts, and their periods of ripening and weight of crop carefully recorded. Some wheats have been brought from the colder districts in Northern Russia, verging on the Arctic circle, some from other countries in the northern parts of Europe, others from different altitudes in the Himalaya Mountains in India, from 500 to as high as 11,000 feet, which is about the limit for wheat growing in that range. Other wheats have been obtained in the Northern United States, from Australia, Japan and elsewhere.

Both the Russian and Indian wheats have usually ripened earlier than the Red Fife, but some have been inferior in quality, and others have given such small crops that the growing of most of them has been abandoned. Those we have had from Australia, also those from the Northwestern States, have been as late as, and many of them later than, the Red Fife, and show no advantages over that variety. Every promising sort obtainable has been tested under the different climatic conditions existing in Canada, without finding a single earlier ripening sort in cultivation elsewhere having the high quality of the Red Fife.

### THE BREEDING OF NEW WHEATS.

Another method by which we have sought to obtain the desired end has been by the cross-breeding of wheats, with the object of combining the good qualities of two or more varieties. It was on July 19, 1888, when the first experiments were begun in the cross-breeding of wheat on the Experimental Farm, and since that time several hundred new sorts have been produced and tested. In originating many of these new productions the Red Fife has been chosen as one of the parents. One of the earlier importations from Northern Russia was the Ladoga, a wheat which after a thorough test proved on an average to be about a week earlier in ripening than the Red Fife; it was also fairly productive, but in quality did not compare favorably with that variety. A considerable number of crosses were produced between these two sorts, the most promising of which were multiplied until plots of considerable size could be grown. These were subject to rigid inspection from year to year, the less desirable sorts being promptly discarded so as to keep the number of varieties under trial within reasonable bounds.

Among the most promising of the numerous progeny from this cross are the varieties known as Preston and Stanley. The Preston is a bearded sort. The Stanley is beardless. Taking the average yield obtained on the

experimental plots on all the Experimental Farms for a period of nine years, the Preston has given a crop of 34 bushels 41 lbs. per acre, while the Red Fife has given 33 bushels 7 lbs. per acre, a difference of 1 bushel 34 lbs. in favour of the Preston. The Preston has also ripened uniformly earlier, the grain in time of ripening varying from four to six days.

The Stanley is a twin wheat with the Preston, both having had origin in the one kernel. The plant grown from the cross-bred kernel the first season produced heads which were uniformly bearded; but when the seed from this was sown the year following, some plants produced bearded heads and others beardless. Subsequently these two varieties were bred to type by discarding all the variations produced until the types became fixed. Stanley during a nine years' test has given an average crop of 32 bushels 2 lbs. per acre, which is 1 bushel 5 lbs. less than Red Fife for the same period. In earliness of ripening this variety is about the same as the Preston.

The White Fife, which has averaged 8 lbs. per acre more than Red Fife, during a nine years' trial, is grown to a considerable extent in some parts of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories; but, although highly esteemed by some, it is not held to be equal in quality to the Red Fife. This variety was also crossed with the Ladoga, and the best results obtained were Huron and Percy. Huron is a bearded variety which has also proven productive and early. During a nine years' test it has given a slightly larger crop than Red Fife, exceeding that variety by 4 lbs. per acre. It has also matured from four to five days earlier. Percy has given an average crop during the nine years' trial of 31 bushels 30 lbs. per acre, which is 1 bush. 37 lbs. per acre less than Red Fife for the same time. This also ripens earlier than Red Fife by from four to five days.

Another variety, known as Early Riga, was obtained by crossing one of the East Indian wheats, named Gehun brought from a high elevation in the Himalayas, 11,000 feet, with a Russian wheat known as Onega. The Onega was brought from near Archangel, one of the most northerly wheat-growing districts in Russia. These were both early varieties, but were not very productive. The early Riga was the best sort produced from this cross, and has proved to be one of the earliest ripening wheats known. During the five years it has been under trial it has ripened on an average from eight to nine days earlier than Red Fife. It has also proved fairly productive, having given an average crop for five years at all the Experimental Farms of 31 bushels 2 lbs. per acre, being 4 bushels 23 lbs. less than Red Fife for the same period.

### A COMPARISON

The next point to consider is the quality of these cross-bred wheats and how they compare with Red Fife. To gain information on this point, three lots of samples were put up, consisting of two of Red Fife carefully cleaned and of the very best quality, with two each of Preston, Stanley and Percy. One of these was grown at Ottawa, Ont.; the other at Indian Head, N.W.T. One lot of samples was submitted to Mr. Julicher, the well-known wheat expert of the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co. of Minneapolis, Minn. A second lot was sent to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada, London, England, with a request that they be submitted to one of the best English wheat experts. The third lot was handed to the Chemist of the Experimental Farms, Mr. F. T. Shutt, for analysis. The samples sent to Lord Strathcona were referred by him to Mr. Wm. Halliwell, technical editor of *The Miller*, who is regarded as one of the most competent authorities in England. He is said to have had twenty-five years' experience in practical flour milling and wheat buying. These samples were all sent under numbers, and no information was given as to their names.

The reports of the experts on these wheats show that they were all of good

quality. In Mr. Julicher's report the cross-bred sorts were all shown to contain as much gluten as, and two of the three varieties somewhat more than, the Red Fife, while the quality of the gluten in the cross-breds was placed at 100, and that of the two samples of Red Fife at 101. In some particulars the cross-bred sorts were rated a little below the Red Fife; but the differences were slight.

Mr. Halliwell, the English expert, rated the samples grown at Ottawa as lower in quality than those grown at Indian Head. In "milling structure" and "appearance" the Red Fife, Stanley and Percy, grown at Indian Head, were all placed on an equality, the estimation being indicated by 10 as a maximum number. In "strength" and "colour marks" the Red Fife, Stanley and Percy were all rated at 10; while the Preston was put at 9. In working these samples Mr. Halliwell compared them with others on the London Corn Exchange, and these in some instances graded lower than most of the Canadian samples, and none of them were equal to the best of the Northwest samples. As to value in the London market, Mr. Halliwell says that Percy, Red Fife and Stanley would sell at that date "off Mark Lane stands" at 34 shillings 3d. per 496 lbs., and Preston at 34 shillings—thus placing the Preston, on account of what he calls, in another part of his report, "a just perceptible difference," 3d. per 496 lbs. less in value than the other three, which is equal to about three-quarters of a cent per bushel.

The Huron wheat has not yet been reported on.

The Early Riga was subsequently sent to Mr. Julicher, who reports that it contained 14.2% of gluten against 11.9% in Red Fife; that the gluten is equal in quality and colour to Red Fife, and he gives it the same grading, viz., 101. The only point where a very slight difference is given is in the colour of the dough, which in Red Fife is said to be "white" and in Early Riga "creamy white."

The report given on these wheats by the Chemist of the Experimental Farms agrees closely with those of the wheat experts. He finds the proportion of gluten highest in the Early Riga and second highest in Percy. In all these wheats he says: "Not only is the gluten satisfactory as to quantity but also as to quality. In noting the character of the wet gluten it was found to be slightly creamy in colour, firm, elastic and of uniform texture, denoting a 'strong' flour and one eminently suitable for bread-making purposes."

From these critical examinations and analyses, it will be seen that these cross-bred varieties grown in the Northwest compare favourably with the Red Fife both as to quality and yield, and there is no reason to believe that their general cultivation there would appreciably affect the quality or reputation of our Northwest wheat, and the earlier ripening of the cross-bred sorts would be a great advantage to the growers. Apart from the likelihood of escape from injury by early frost, the convenience in cutting of having a part of the crop ripen a few days earlier would be much appreciated. Where a settler has 200 or 300 acres of wheat of one sort all ripening together, and has limited help at harvest, he is obliged to begin to cut his crop before it is ripe or his wheat will shell badly before he reaches the end of his harvesting. The part cut first, before maturity will shrivel more or less, which involves loss in weight and depreciation in quality, due to unevenness in the sample, to which must be added such loss as may arise from shelling in the part cut latest. By sowing a part of the land with an earlier ripening sort such difficulties could be largely overcome, and would result in better and more satisfactory returns. Many farmers are determined to get earlier ripening sorts if such are obtainable, and it is gratifying to know that they can now be had, and of good quality. In a recent letter from a prominent farmer in Assiniboia he says:

"There is one thing I wish to say for your information. There are thousands of bushels of Preston wheat sold in the Northwest Ter-

ritories. It is sold as Red Fife. I am informed that nine out of ten buyers cannot tell the difference between Red Fife and Preston. A buyer was asked in W—— his opinion of Preston wheat. He said 'I know nothing about Preston; I only buy Red Fife.' He was asked if he had purchased from Mr.——. He said 'yes' and I gave him the highest figure for his wheat.' He was surprised to hear that it was Preston. This writer further says, 'I grew Preston wheat this year. It was shelling out while my neighbour's Red Fife was green and frozen.'"

Mr. A. Mackay, Superintendent of the Experimental Farm at Indian Head, Assa., writing on this subject in his Report for 1903, says:

"I wish to draw the attention of Territorial wheat growers to the cross-bred varieties of wheat, Preston, Stanley and Huron, which have been tested for some years at the Experimental Farm. These varieties were sown in field crops later than Red Fife and were ripe, cut and in stook five to six days before frost came; while Red Fife was injured by the cold wave of September 5. Huron has always been near the top in yield here, and this year heads the list in productiveness. It also matured before frost came. Preston, Stanley and Huron were the only sorts out of nine varieties sown in field crops that will grade No. 1 Hard. Percy, although fairly ripe, had heads not matured which the frost injured."

In a favourable season, when the temperature is high enough to ripen wheat rapidly, the difference in time of ripening of such early sorts as Preston, Stanley and Huron as compared with Red Fife is reduced to about four days; but when the weather is cold and backward and the ripening process goes on slowly, the difference is increased, and, under such conditions, will often amount to from one to two weeks.

The reports on the Early Riga wheat are most gratifying. The proportion of gluten found in this variety is about 20 per cent. more than in Red Fife and the quality of gluten equal. To find a wheat superior in quality to Red Fife is what one would scarcely expect; but to find that superiority associated with so much earliness—from eight to nine days, as an average of five years' trial—is highly satisfactory. The general introduction of such a wheat will probably extend the wheat-growing area in Canada and make it successful in points further north than is possible with the varieties at present grown. The fact that it falls a little below Red Fife in yield is more than atoned for by its earliness and quality. The outlook in this connection is most encouraging, and the results a triumph of the skill of the plant breeder.

In view of the great importance of this branch of the work at the Experimental Farms, arrangements have been made to devote even more attention to it in future than has been given to it in the past. A special Division of Cereal Breeding and Experimentation has been formed. A series of important experiments has been commenced during 1903 along promising lines, and about 400 new varieties of wheat have been produced. The field is a boundless one, and the possibilities of success great. It is hoped that the skill and energy brought to bear on this line of work will bring further results of even greater value to the country.

## SUMMARY

Known wheat-growing area in Western Canada, 171,000,000 acres.

Of which there is now under cultivation, 5,000,000 acres.

Present production of wheat and other grains, 125,000,000 bushels.

Possible wheat production (one-fourth under crop annually), 800,000,000 bushels.

# SOIL UTILIZATION

## WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRODUCTION OF TREES

*By E. STEWART, Superintendent of Forestry*

MISAPPLICATION of energy and waste of labour are everywhere observable and are doubly injurious; first, through disappointment in expected results, and second, in the discouragement they offer to further exertion.

The task of the agriculturist in this country is arduous enough, even when his efforts are rightly directed; but when he dissipates his strength like Sancho Panza in fighting windmills, in other words, working in opposition to, instead of in conjunction with nature, his lot is doubly hard and his rewards correspondingly small. How frequently we see the farmer wasting his labour on land that is ill adapted for the growth of cereals of any kind! In other cases we find him failing in his efforts through attempting to grow certain varieties of crop for which his soil is unsuited, whereas it may be well adapted for others which he has never attempted to raise. If it were possible to ascertain the loss sustained by our agriculturists through misdirected effort in this regard, the figures would undoubtedly be alarming. Frequently, in fact almost universally, this loss is the result of a lack of knowledge which it should be within their power to possess.

I am fully aware of the excellent work our governments have done for agriculture, and probably their next step will be the furnishing of information that will direct the agriculturist in the cultivation of such crops as his soil is best adapted to produce. The results that have followed such work in European countries are most remarkable, and I am informed that one of the effects of the investigations of a branch of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, which has recently been established, and which is known as the Bureau of Soil Survey, is, that in one district in Alabama, formerly considered practically worthless, on which a few indigent farmers were struggling to make a bare living, the soil and climatic conditions were found exactly suited to the growth of the best Cuban tobacco, and that during the past year this has been demonstrated by the growth of such a crop.

My special object, however, is to call attention to the proper utilization of land now held by the Crown that is not adapted for any kind of agricultural products, but which is useful for, and adapted to the growth of timber. Canada has a very large area of such land. Much of it is now covered with timber, some of which is of great commercial value. Other areas have once been covered with timber, but through its destruction by fire they are now either bare or growing up with young trees. In some cases this growth contains a sufficient number of trees of desirable varieties to make in time, if not destroyed, another valuable forest. Again, there are large timbered sections at the head waters of rivers and streams. Frequently the land in these sections is entirely unsuited for any other purpose than the growth of timber, and even if it were suitable for agricultural purposes it is of far greater value in forest; it forms, in conjunction with the soil on which it grows, the natural reservoirs for furnishing evenly and continuously the water supply of the adjacent country. The results from excessive denudation of mountain sides are too well known to require much comment. Thoreau probably had more than the sentimental in his mind when he deplored the ruthless work of the axe on his New England hills, and exclaimed: "Thank God, they cannot cut down the clouds!"

In Southern Europe, in Northern Africa and in Asia Minor large sections of country, once the most fruitful in the world, rich with the products of a fertile soil and genial climate, are now dreary wastes incapable of yielding sufficient to sustain even a scattered population. This deplorable state of affairs has resulted from the clearing away and destruction of the timber on the mountain and hill sides. Within recent years in some of these districts, especially in Southern France, the work of forest reclamation has been undertaken at great expense. But these examples should be valuable to a new country like Canada, in teaching us that forest management is wider in its effects than is usually apprehended. But it is scarcely necessary to go so far afield for examples of the injurious effects of over-denudation, for in many parts in older Ontario and Quebec a water famine is fast approaching from this cause. The former, as has been said, is rapidly becoming a prairie province. Streams that in early years were comparatively equable in their flow and perennial in character, are now raging torrents in the early spring and dry in the later summer months. And why is this? Simply because the natural reservoir has been destroyed. I cannot refrain in this connection from quoting the very pertinent remark of Captain Eads when he was engaged in building dykes on the lower Mississippi, that he was working at the wrong end of the stream. Public attention on this subject within recent years has been to a limited extent awakened in both the United States and Canada, and the necessity of taking some steps to prevent future disaster has been seen. The State of New York at great expense is now buying back from private owners a large area of forested land in the Adirondack Mountains, to be reserved as a park for the supply of water flowing into the Hudson, the Mohawk and other streams which have their sources in that range. More recently something like $10,000,000 has been recommended by the Washington Government for the purchase of land in the Appalachian Mountains for a similar purpose. In addition to these a large number of forest reserves are being set aside by the same Government in the Pacific Coast States and Territories.

On this side of the line, in northern Ontario, as well as in the timbered districts of the North-West Territories and in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, a number of reserves have been set aside, but only a beginning has been made in what is a matter of vital importance to the whole country.

It is well established that every country requires, in order to fulfil essential economic conditions, only one of which I have mentioned, to have a certain portion of its area in perpetual forest. Space will not permit me to dwell at length on this head, but the question is, how are these areas to be selected? The first thing necessary is to have a thorough exploration made in advance of settlement to determine what districts should be set aside permanently for the growth and production of timber, and what portions should be surveyed for agricultural settlements.

Every acre of land should be utilized for the production of that variety of crop for which it is best suited. The system that has been too prevalent in the past of allowing settlers, many of whom were ignorant of the capabilities of the land on which they settled, to locate wherever their fancy directed them, should be stopped.

The once accepted idea that governments existed only for the protection of life and property is too narrow for the present day. As society becomes complex it is more and more observable that "no man liveth to himself;" his life is but a part of the life of the community and his very existence is interdependent. More and more are commercial interests encroaching on those of the individual. This necessitates trusteeship and in many cases the proper trustee is the government. Especially is this the case with natural resources still in the possession of the Crown. The government as representing the nation certainly is vested with the authority as well as charged

with the responsibility of their management, and in such management it is not sufficient that the welfare of the present generation should be kept in view. Succeeding generations must be considered.

Let us consider for a moment our virgin forests. They are the product of the growth of centuries. Neither we nor our fathers sowed the seed or tilled the soil on which they grow. They are the freest of Nature's gifts to the community, and to allow individual expropriation of them without a sufficient return to the community is robbery. But the forest belongs to that kingdom of nature where life exists, and by its constructive energy, reproduction and growth are constantly at work in bringing forth a new crop; so that in contradistinction to the products of the mineral kingdom all that is necessary to ensure a perpetual forest for all future time is that we should not prejudicially interfere with nature's operations.

Owing to the fact that but a very small percentage of the constituent elements of the tree is derived from the soil, less in fact than one per cent., it follows that soil entirely unfit to produce agricultural crops is frequently well adapted for the growth of trees. Again, no rotation of different kinds of timber is necessary. The same soil will continue for ages to grow the same varieties. For this reason any land unfit for agriculture should be utilized for the growth of timber. It is very unfortunate that so much land in these Provinces which is unfit for the growth of cereals should ever have been thrown open for settlement. A large percentage of the land of Northern Ontario and Quebec contains a light sandy and gravelly soil, frequently broken by rocky ledges and covered with boulders, difficult to cultivate and incapable of yielding anything but the scantiest return for the arduous labour expended on it. This land was originally covered with valuable forests of pine, hemlock, maple and other timber, and could have been so managed as to continue indefinitely to produce the same varieties, but the inexperienced emigrant, finding that it was open for settlement, attempted to make a home on it, only to find after years of toil little to reward him for his labour.

I have referred to the necessity of every country having a certain proportion of its area in forest. This proportion may vary from 15% to 25%. In this connection I venture to make a suggestion which I am persuaded it would be wise for the Governments of the Provinces and that of the Dominion as well to adopt, and it is this, that in any future patents for land in timbered districts a provision should be inserted that, say at least 10% of the area should be left perpetually in forest. It would by no means follow that the owner would not be allowed to obtain timber from this area. All that would be necessary would be that he cut it on rational forestry principles, taking out the maturer timber and allowing the young growth to take its place. This instead of being a disadvantage to the owner would on the contrary be a real and lasting benefit to him. Let it be understood that forestry does not aim at nonutilization of the forest crop. Its aims are the same in its field as are the aims of the husbandman in his, viz., to realize to the fullest extent the matured product. I am informed that such a provision as I have stated was inserted in some of the leases formerly granted to tenants by the seigneurs in the Province of Quebec, and also in the deeds at one time given by the Upper Canada Land Company in Ontario.

Canada, owing to the fact that so much of its territory still remains in the hands of the Crown, has an opportunity which few countries possess of inaugurating a land and forest policy that will be of lasting benefit to the country by utilizing every acre of her territory for the growth of such products as are best suited to the varied conditions, and by guiding the pioneer settlers who are now making, and who will in the future make their homes in our unoccupied territory, to a wise use of the natural resources, whether contained in the soil, or in the timber with which a large portion of it is covered.

# TIME THE AVENGER

*By A. SETON FOX*

KNOWING that he had had his last meal in the familiar seat over by the window which overlooked Broadway, Robert Matheson walked out of the luxurious club with a feeling of loneliness. He had just that day severed his connection with the business part of the city and, with his last roll of bills in his pocket, was prepared to leave New York the next day. But he had one more call to make and on that visit were centered all his hopes. His engagement to Miss Elinor Warrington, an English beauty, had been the cause of many congratulations from his friends, and the match was considered a suitable one from both sides. She had beauty and position, and he, the successful Wall Street financier, money enough for both; and so the world approved and the matrimonial gates seemed about to open to a well-favoured pair. But in a few hours Robert had lost his whole fortune, and he feared that the losing of it would mean the loss of another possession.

He wondered if all engagements were as formal as his, and was forced to admit to himself that he was absolutely in the dark as to what his fiancée would say or do when he explained matters to her. He had no idea of concealing anything; she must know that he had nothing to offer her now but himself, with the hope of something more in the dim future. His love-making had been only lukewarm, for at a certain point an indistinct but icy barrier seemed to come between them, and his love for her would imperceptibly contract, while her love for him was a question which he had never had satisfactorily answered. "I suppose, though, English girls are more reserved than our own—perhaps they cannot help it, but I shall see Elinor's real self to-night if I never did before."

He was obviously nervous when he was shown into the reception room and told that Miss Warrington would be down in a few moments. Presently he heard the faint rustle of her skirts, and Elinor, tall and fair, entered the room. She had a smile of welcome on her face.

"You are very early to-night, Robert; we have just finished dinner."

"Yes, dear," he said gravely, "I came early on purpose. I have something to tell you," and bending his head he kissed her—just once, and very decorously. She was gowned in a rich dress of palest pink, and on her breast was a huge bunch of violets which he had sent her that day. She looked tantalizingly beautiful and unapproachable as she stood under the hanging lamp, and a lump rose in his throat as he realized that perhaps after to-night she would be his no longer. How he longed to take her in his arms, sure that when he had told her of his misfortunes, she would comfort him in his trouble!

"Elinor!" he said, drawing her beside him to the sofa. There was a world of meaning in his voice, and the girl looked up quickly.

"You have something to tell me, Robert; what is it?" she asked.

"Nothing very cheerful, I'm afraid. The truth is, I'm ruined."

"Ruined!" she exclaimed. "Please explain what you mean." A longing for her love and sympathy came over him that he had never experienced before. If she had only known it, now was her opportunity to grasp a love that was priceless.

"Elinor," and he was very close to her now, "when I asked you to marry me three months ago, I had money and everything that money can buy to offer you. Now"—he paused and there was a hungry look in his eyes. "Now, I come and offer you myself and my love. But I will work, oh, Elinor, how

I will work until I have made a fortune that is worthy of you. Do you love me enough to wait until that fortune is made, or will you—could you endure poverty a little while for my sake?" His eyes were fastened on her face, and his voice, low and earnest, was full of entreaty. He was waiting for the love and sacrifice to light up her face, but she drew no nearer and the love and the smile were not there.

"Poverty!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Robert, how dreadful it would be to be poor!"

The supreme moment had passed and he leaned wearily against the back of the lounge.

"Yes, poverty is dreadful. You are quite right and I was foolish to ask it of you."

"I am sorry, Robert, but perhaps we can think of something to be done."

"There is nothing to be done," he said listlessly. "Of course you are perfectly free. Please keep the few trifles I have given you—it would hurt me to have them returned." The trifles amounted to many dollars' worth of jewels, but they seemed insignificant to him now.

"But I have not given you up. You must give me time to think it over; it is all so sudden and unexpected. Are you going away?" she asked.

"My trunks are packed and I leave to-morrow night for the Klondike."

"Give me until to-morrow. I must have time," she said again.

"Very well, to-morrow," he repeated, and pressing her hand he left her.

For hours he walked the streets, and finally let himself in at his own rooms. There was a cheerful fire burning, and on the table a little supper stood waiting for him.

"What! not in bed yet, Thomas?" he said, taking out his watch. "Why, it is after two o'clock. There is nothing to be done—don't stay up any longer," and he dropped into a chair and rested his head on his hand.

"There is something I would like to say to you, sir," said the man.

"Yes, Thomas, what is it?"

"It's just this, sir. I can't see you go away alone, you that's had me to do things for the last eight years. Take me, sir, I want to go with you."

"I'm afraid you don't understand, Thomas. Much as I will miss you, I can't take you. I haven't money enough for a valet now."

"Money don't count, sir. I have enough for two for a while, and I'll work for you; only let me come."

"I'll give you the very highest references a man could have and you'll get another place. You are a luxury I cannot afford," said Robert sadly.

"Let me come, sir. I don't want money, but my home is where you are."

Mr. Matheson's voice was perhaps husky as he replied, "You are a good fellow, Thomas, and a friend too true to lose. Come along, and I hope you don't regret it."

"Not me, sir!" said the man, as he disappeared with a smile on his face.

"Has the mail come yet?" asked Robert, as he sat at his coffee the following morning.

"Yes, sir."

Sorting it over he found that the letter he was waiting for had not arrived. There was still a hope in his breast that the night would bring tender thoughts to the heart of the girl he wanted, and that he would be free to go and bid her a lover's farewell until they should meet again. The next delivery brought him the looked-for letter. With fingers slightly unsteady, he opened the correct little note and read:

"DEAR ROBERT—

I had very little sleep last night as I wished to give the subject proper consideration, and have come to the conclusion that it would only be hampering you to keep to our engagement. Long ones I disapprove of, and I fear I am not the sort to be poor by choice. This is a wrench to me, but I think it is for the good of both that we end everything between us. I shall always be interested in you and hope you will do well where you are going.

Good-bye,
ELINOR M. WARRINGTON.

He read it over the second time, then fiercely tore it into shreds and threw the pieces in the grate.

"That little episode is ended," he said with a hollow laugh, and with a heart like lead he went out to make final arrangements for leaving that night.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Waters was giving one of her monthly crushes, and the rooms were brilliant with their floods of light and the beauty of the sumptuously gowned women.

Standing near the door, a little apart from the others, stood a distinguished looking man, with a deep tan on his face which testified to a life spent in surroundings very different from the scene upon which he now looked with such marked indifference. Seeing his hostess approaching, he pulled himself together and tried to look as though the whole affair were not boring him to death.

"Come, Mr. Matheson, this will never do. Here you are standing as though you were amongst perfect strangers. Five years is a long time, but you will find that we have not forgotten you yet. Now I am going to be very good to you and introduce you to Miss Crombie." This was said with the air of one about to confer an indisputable honour, and the little woman led him to the other side of the room where a girl stood surrounded by a group of men.

"Marygold, I want to introduce a very old friend of mine. Mr. Matheson —Miss Crombie."

Robert looked and bowed, and thought he had never seen a smile so sweet and frank on anyone's face before. She was a typical American girl with that indescribable charm that seems part of their individuality.

"Am I too late to hope for a dance, Miss Crombie?" asked Robert.

"I am sorry, Mr. Matheson, but my card is full," and as the music began one of the men claimed her, and he watched her waltz away in the arms of her partner.

From that night his interest in the social world awakened from its long sleep, and he found himself counting the days until the next affair would bring him within the radius of her smiles. "Do you know, Miss Crombie," he said to her one night as he was calling at her aunt's house; "I seem to know you better than any other woman in New York, and yet it is only five weeks and two days since I met you."

The girl gave a merry laugh as she answered, "It is funny that although men say I am not hard to get to know, with women it is different; they think I am. Why is it, I wonder?"

"Perhaps we monopolize you too much. But tell me, do the other men get to know you as I have done?" It was not the question, but the look accompanying it that brought the colour to the girl's face. As she was about to reply, Mrs. Ellerton, Marygold's aunt, interrupted them with an invitation for Robert to join them at a little theatre party the following Wednesday, which he hastened to accept. As he walked home that night the faces of two women seemed to be dancing before him. One was a trifle indistinct, beautiful and cold, while the other seemed carved in his brain—the face of a girl, not as beautiful as the other, but full of life and charm.

The theatre was crowded on Wednesday night and presented a brilliant sight as Mrs. Ellerton's guests arranged themselves in the boxes, and surveyed the sea of faces beneath them.

"Who is that in the box opposite? She seems to be trying to bow to you," said Miss Crombie, and as Robert followed her glance he recognized the woman who had thrown him over when misfortune came to him. She bowed and smiled, and as Robert inclined his head in return, Marygold exclaimed, "What a beautiful woman! Surely she is a stranger here?"

"She is English," he answered; "I knew her some years ago."

"Oh, then that must be Miss Warrington, who is to be married to old Mr. Severn. I heard all about it from a girl who knows her and her people in England. There he is, Mr. Severn I mean, sitting to her left. What a

dreadful looking old man for a girl like that to marry! Isn't he?"

"Not very attractive, certainly. Have you seen this opera many times before, Miss Crombie?" he asked, drawing her attention from the box opposite.

"Oh yes, but I never tire of Carmen," she replied, turning to the stage as the curtain rose on the second act.

As Robert handed Marygold into her carriage that night, he knew that for the second time in his life he was in love—hopelessly and irrevocably in love this time as he had not been before, and he went home to think and dream of their next meeting.

"Here is a letter for you, sir," said Thomas the following morning as he came in to clear the breakfast table. "It came just now by special messenger."

How it brought back the scene of five years ago when Thomas had handed him a letter in the same handwriting and in the same room! But there was no trembling now, only a curiosity as to what its contents might be after five years' silence. He opened it and read:

DEAR MR. MATHESON,

I suppose I must call you Mister, now, but when I saw you last night I could hardly realize that five years have elapsed since we met. I shall be at home between four and five this afternoon, and want to see you. Please come, as I have something to say about our last evening together.

ELINOR.

Robert went directly to his desk and wrote a reply to this unexpected invitation, saying that an engagement would prevent him from calling that afternoon, and that he would prefer not to open up the past. He signed the note "With kind regards, Robert Henry Matheson," and had it sent off at once.

On his way down town he stopped at the florist's and despatched a box of flowers to Miss Crombie, hoping she would wear them when he called that evening. How the day seemed to drag, and a dozen times he caught himself taking out his watch to see how the time was passing. But all days come to an end, and at last he sat waiting for Marygold to come down.

With his heart leaping with love and hope, Robert lost no time in conventionalities. He saw with delight that she wore his flowers, and then he could wait no longer.

"Marygold, I have come to-night to ask you to be my wife! I love you, dear, and I want you. Will you marry me?"

She showed no surprise, but smiling sweetly up at him, said, "Are you quite sure you love me?"

. . . . . .

When Robert reached home that night his mind was in a reverie too pleasant to disturb, and settling himself in an easy chair with his feet on another he gave himself up to his thoughts. In his hand he held a picture, and as he sat gazing at it he was suddenly brought back to earth by a knock at the door. Thomas entered the room and, before he had time to explain, a woman, in a long opera cloak and veil, followed him in; and the man discreetly withdrew. Robert, wondering who his unexpected visitor was, jumped up from his chair, dropping the picture, which fell face downwards to the floor.

"It is I,—Elinor," said the girl, opening her cloak and lifting back her veil.

"Miss Warrington, this is indiscreet! Is there anything I can do for you?" He was visibly embarrassed.

"Robert," she began, and he saw that she was trembling, "I sent for you but you would not come, and so I simply had to come myself. You have heard of my approaching marriage, probably, but I hate it. Oh, how I hate the old man with his compliments and presents! I treated you shamefully, but I have suffered. I realized it after you had gone, but did not know how to let you know, having sent you away with hardly a word. Oh, Robert," she continued, "take me back. It's you I want, not money, now. Won't you save me? Robert!

Robert!" and she covered her face with her hands.

He would never have recognized the cold, conventional girl he knew for this impassioned woman, who was opening up her heart to show him that they were not ashes that remained of her old love, but a burning passion that time and absence seemed to have fanned into flame.

"Tell me I am not too late and that you forgive me," she said, uncovering her face, and then her eyes fell on the picture which she had seen him holding as she entered the room.

"Is it—can it be mine?" she asked, and with one lingering hope she stooped and picked it up. One look was enough, and she laid it on the table.

"You love her?" she asked gently.

"Yes," he returned, "I love her."

There was a long pause, and then she spoke.

"Forgive me, Robert. I never should have come, but I did not think of that possibility. I am sorry—so sorry—please forget this foolish visit," and she picked up her cloak from the chair.

"Don't worry about it, Elinor," he said very softly; "we will both forget about it," and, taking her cloak, he wrapped it round her.

"She is a lucky girl, and I hope you will be very happy." Taking hold of his hand, she pressed it, and then slipped quietly from the room, and a moment later he heard the rumble of wheels grow faint and fainter.

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## THE SONGS UNSUNG

BY EMILY MCMANUS

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."
—Keats.

DO you doubt what the age of the Earth may be?
Ask the bud in the sheaf, or the bird on the tree;
Ask the lily bell by the breezes swung,
And the old, sweet song will again be sung;—
Young, young, she is young and forever young,
While a leaf's unfurled, or a song unsung.

But what of the sorrow, the haunting pain
For that which will never return again?
For the diamond drop on the lily's vest?
For the lark as he mounts to his airy nest?—
They live forever, are always young,
And the sweetest songs are the songs unsung.

It is man alone that grows old, so old,
Whose hours run past as a tale that is told.
Take him, O Mother Earth, to thy breast;
Teach him the secret of youth and of rest;
Teach him, O Life, that the songs unsung
Have a charm to keep him forever young.

# "THE SOONER TO SLEEP"*

*By Caroline Marriage*

"NEXT Sunday, I think," he said gently. "It would be best for you to go into the hospital on Saturday. In cases like this it is not safe to put off."

"I wouldn't have it put off."

"And your people? Have you any one in London—any relations?"

She shook her head. "I've a married sister in Hull. I will write to her, but she will not be able to come."

"Let me have her address," said the Doctor. "It may be a little while before you can write again, and she'll be anxious."

"I don't think I shall tell her the truth," she said slowly. "I was to have gone down there next week to keep house and see to things during her confinement; I shall have to make some excuse."

"Is there nobody else?"

The girl hesitated.

"Nobody you would like me to write to just to say it was safely over?"

"You are very good," she said, colouring.

"Not a bit," said the Doctor. "As I say, you may not be able to write for a week or so, and the nurses are always busy." He stood with notebook and pencil.

"And a doctor, of course, has plenty of leisure," said the girl unsteadily. "Well, I won't waste more of your time than I must. He has gone to America, if you will be so very good as to write to him."

"Philip Milner," repeated the Doctor, and he wrote the address as she dictated.

"He has been out there three months, but I only got his address a week ago," she went on. "If you could tell him that it went off very quietly and that there was hardly any pain—something like that, you know for it isn't any good troubling people, is it?" She had her back to the doctor, but he could see the little grey face in the mirror.

"I quite hope to tell him that," he said cheerfully.

"And they will tell me what to do when I get to the hospital; I shan't have to worry about anything?"

"Nothing at all; just keep up a good heart."

She held out her hand smiling. "I shall see you again on Sunday, but I should like to thank you now. It might have seemed so much worse."

He took her hand and held it. He said, "I am just going to have some lunch, I wish you would join me. There'll be nobody but ourselves; it will be quieter and handier than a restaurant. I want you to stop for selfish reasons; I should be wondering all day at odd moments what you had had to eat. It's a long way out to Forest Gate."

Nan followed him across the hall; there was a feeling of peace in the house that even the solemn-faced servant man could not disturb. Outside a new strange world awaited her, a lifetime of four days and the black veil of Sunday beyond which there was no seeing. But here was the man who was alone responsible for what might happen, the man who had shattered the old life with a sentence of six words. While she remained with him Nan felt as if the future were more his concern than hers.

Their talk at lunch was not affectedly cheerful, still less was it gloomy. The Doctor told hospital stories; he spoke of the folk she would be likely to meet, and he tried to take away the daunting menace from certain words. When they were alone he turned the conversation into more personal chan-

*By kind permission of the Editor of *The Outlook*, London, England.

nels, asking about Nan's work, about her sister's concerns, and finally about the man whose address he carried in his pocket-book.

"There isn't much to tell," she said shyly. "No, no, it isn't that I mind your asking, only I don't want you to misunderstand."

"He was poor; he is not the sort of man that makes money. We used to make believe we were merely good friends; it wasn't a very successful pretence, but it served, and Phil had a sort of pride in clinging to it even when it was most threadbare." She gave a little laugh and sat thinking.

"He used to say he was treating me very unfairly, but we had each such a different notion of unfairness. I remember when he went away he said he was happy in having no ties, that there were few men who could leave so little behind them. He repeated it over like a lesson; he had a queer, child's fancy that if one said a thing often enough it would come to be true in the end.

"He is not doing very well out there. He doesn't say so, but I am too used to Philip not to understand. I feel glad to think that he cannot hear of this until it is all over. You will not tell him any more than he need know?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Come into the drawing-room," he said. "We will have a cup of coffee together before you go."

He drew a comfortable chair up to the fire and stood looking at her in silence.

"I wish you would drink your coffee," she said at last. "It must be quite cold."

"I was wondering whether you could tell the truth as bravely as you take it?"

"I think so," she said smiling. "I have always been more ready to tell it than I found folk ready to listen."

"Well," he said slowly, "I want you to tell me just what it is you most fear. I spend my time seeing people through tight places; you can mostly reckon on their pluck, but you can't reckon on the things they choose to be frightened of."

"I think——" began Nan.

"I want you to look at me; I know fear when I see it."

"If I could only be sure that Sunday were all," she said tremulously, "I shouldn't be frightened of that; indeed it would seem to explain—other things. But to live on disabled, to bear pain that made one each day less one's self, perhaps to turn coward and—and snivel——"

"You have no need to fear that."

"Ah! But how can one tell? One never knows till one is proved."

"You will not be proved," he said gently.

"You think not?" she said, meeting his eye steadily.

"I might say I was sure of it. It is one of two things—the hope of a real recovery, or else——. You've had some hard knocks, but that would be the last of them."

He turned away his head and looked down into the fire. After a while Nan spoke again.

"I shall be able to tell him the whole truth now. I will give you the letter on Sunday to send with yours if it's needed. I want you, in that case (if you wouldn't mind), to speak of me as 'Nan.' It would sound so much less dreary to him than 'Miss Harker'; he would be thinking I had died alone in a strange land. It would trouble him. It is just as you say; one worries so unnecessarily. I used to wonder how I should spend my life waiting; I never thought of anything so simple as this."

She got up from her chair and stood at his elbow. "You are very clever at understanding most things," she said softly, "but I do not think you will ever understand what you have been to me. And I shall have known you just five days on Sunday."

# Current Events Abroad.

ALL other events abroad pale in presence of the conflagration that lights up the whole Eastern sky — or, looking at it from our situation, the Western sky. The situation in the Sea of Japan and the Yellow Sea has changed very little since last month. Japan's great blows were struck in the first few days of the war, and nothing else so important had happened up to the middle of the month. Before this meets the eye of the reader, however, the first clash on land should have taken place. This supposes that Russia chooses to fight at the Yalu river, of which there is now some doubt. The opinion grows that Russia is not ready to fight and that a stand will not be made at the river. Russian power in Manchuria has, it is said, been enormously overestimated, and in order to assemble its might undisturbed by the enemy it will be necessary to fall back on Harbin or even farther.

The drawback to this course is that it will be fatally damaging to Russian prestige throughout the whole East. The damage may be only temporary it is true, but where one's whole power is precariously built up on prestige, every hour that it suffers eclipse multiplies the enemies of the Czar. If a retirement is contemplated it is the worst of policy to delay it until it bears the appearance of a retreat in face of the foe. It has been reported that the veteran General Dragomiroff has counselled the abandonment of Port Arthur. Well, if the main army is to fall back Port Arthur will assuredly be taken, for the Japanese can either throw their whole forces at it or reduce it by starvation. In either case both the defending force and the fleet would be sacrificed almost in vain. The fleet will be sacrificed in any event, but even the garrison can ill be spared in a case where it costs so much transportation to get a man there. Japan has been advised by friendly critics not to advance too far into Manchuria, and she has been reminded of what happened to Napoleon in his Russian expedition. But is not the analogy wrongly placed? Napoleon retired from Moscow through an unfriendly country and with a remorseless enemy hanging upon his flanks. That would be the position of the Russian army if it were beaten or found itself not strong enough to risk a general engagement. It would be retiring through a country which has been the theatre of a lawless population time out of mind, and which has excellent reasons for hating Russia and the Cossacks who have been her advance guards across Asia.

It is admitted that throughout Manchuria Chinese authority did not exist. It was this fact that gave Russia her excuse for stationing troops in the Province in order to protect the railway she has built there. The reasonableness of the determination to protect her property, in face of the admitted inability of China to do so, has not been denied by any of the Powers who are interested in the Manchurian question. Britain, the United States and Japan have in effect said in their negotiations: "By all means guard your railway by whatever means are necessary to do so, but what we require is that you do not take advantage of this arrangement to deny us free commercial intercourse with the people of Manchuria which we now enjoy." The

RUSSIA: "No fair! I wasn't ready."—St. Paul *Pioneer Press*

publication, soon after the outbreak of war, of the English blue book on the question shows that this assurance could not be wrung from the Russian foreign office. The position that Japan insisted on was that the Russian occupation was only a temporary one, to terminate so soon as China could guarantee the maintenance of order and safety of property in Manchuria. If it should be necessary for the Russian troops to retire along the railway they would find that they had sown the dragon's teeth. Enemies would rise on every hand.

It may be regarded as premature to anticipate such an experience for Russian arms. At the time of writing no land battle has been fought by which the metal of the Japanese might be tested against a European Power. Those who think that the mettle of the Japanese people has yet to be tested must be quite oblivious to what is going on. The men who are sailing the wintry seas of the Gulf of Pechili, and marching in midwinter through Corea, have left us no room to question their mettle. When Russians and Japanese meet it will not be a question whether the Japanese are equally courageous, but whether their discipline, their generalship and their numbers are equal or superior. The first arm of the Russian service put to the test has shown itself to be inferior in all three respects. Seldom has any great Power given so humiliating a spectacle as Russia has shown during the past month. Before the war broke out it was calculated that the fleets of the two Powers were on a footing of fair equality, the difference, if any, being in favour of Japan. From the moment the first blow was struck the Russian fleet has been virtually huddled in behind its land batteries, suffering from the Japanese fire without even the chance of delivering an adequate reply. To keep the battleships and cruisers in harbour under the circumstances may be the part of wisdom, but why a flotilla of torpedo boats and destroyers should remain absolutely inactive while a triumphant fleet was in the offing insolently bombarding at any hour of the day or night that pleased it, is the most unexplainable and discreditable thing that has ever stained the annals of a so-called navy. The very work for which the torpedo boat was devised, namely, the defence of coasts and harbours, this egregious covey of skulking "terrors" has neglected. The fact is, that it looks as if the morale of Admiral Alexieff's sea-fighters is at a very low ebb at the outset. If the army is as incompetent and is prepared to play the booby in the same way, we shall see some "doings."

The only participant in the struggle that has achieved a reputation thus far

is Admiral Togo, the commander of Japan's fleet in the Yellow Sea. This reputation has been enhanced by the modesty that has characterized his official reports. He is the Tromp of Japan, and no man is better entitled to carry the broom at his masthead.

WILL THE SLENDER BOND HOLD?—Boston *Herald*

The question as to whether other Powers were likely to be dragged into the quarrel is so far answerable in the negative. France, in this respect, holds destiny in her hand. If she does not feel that her friendship and alliance with Russia compels her to do anything, it is quite unlikely that a third Power will become involved. Germany is accused of playing a Machiavellian part. She is represented as being fussily sympathetic with Russia, the object being to prove that she is a better friend to Russia than some others that might be mentioned who have treaties of alliance. The design is, if possible, to dissolve the Dual Alliance and leave France again isolated in Europe. Some of the British newspapers are urging that assurances should be conveyed to France of a British alliance, which would be a much better guarantee of powerful aid in time of need than the Russian alliance ever has been. However this may be, the feeling between France and Britain at the moment is cordial in the extreme, and is not rendered any less so that it is now disclosed that during the heat created by the Fashoda incident Russia offered to fight if France found it necessary to do so. Delcassé, with commendable firmness, put this tempting offer behind him, and, with a moral courage that put him in the front rank of statesmen, directed M. Marchand to leave Fashoda. Since that event, France and England have amicably adjusted their African differences and at present have no international quarrel on hand.

Some remarkable sentiments have appeared in the United States press with regard to the world situation. One influential journal on the Pacific Coast said that if Great Britain became involved with a combination of enemies it would be necessary to repeat what the American Admiral said in the China seas 50 years ago, namely, that blood was thicker than water. The New York *Sun*, a name that is not usually counted among the admirers of the British Empire, in a quite remarkable article declared that in the event of an attack on England by Russia, Germany and France, neither the United States nor Japan could remain impassive spectators "for two reasons," to quote its own words: "first, because the United States and Japan could not hope to withstand the new maritime triple alliance in either the Atlantic or the Pacific; and secondly, because if England were beaten dis-

astrously at sea, she would almost certainly be subjected to invasion. The invasion and conquest of the British isles would mean for the civilized world irreparable calamity." It would look as if circumstances were irresistibly driving the English-speaking people together. *John A. Ewan*

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# MR. LONGLEY AND THE CHAMBERLAIN MOVEMENT

*By LEWIS HUNT, Sheffield, England*

IN the article "Canada and the Chamberlain Movement," published in the January number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, the Hon. J. W. Longley expresses an opinion which no doubt will afford some pleasure to the more rabid opponents of Mr. Chamberlain in Great Britain, who are most eager to get hold of any point that seems to show that the Colonies are indifferent to his proposed fiscal reform, but the opinion of Mr. Longley will fail to carry weight with the unprejudiced, because in reviewing some aspects of the subject he seems to ignore the fact that Canada is part and parcel of the great Commonwealth. It must be always remembered that the interest of one part of the Empire is the interest of the whole.

The very reason of Mr. Chamberlain's policy is, that a reciprocity of preferential tariff mutually profitable from a commercial point of view, will necessarily connect the Colonies into a closer union with the Mother Country. Mr. Longley would seem to argue that the chief concern of each Colony is to determine what is good for itself. Such a policy of isolation might suit the ideas of twenty years ago, but now that an enlightened imperial spirit is moving men's minds, we must look beyond our own narrow sphere for a broader and deeper policy.

In the proposed grand federation of these nations, united by a well-ordered and mutually advantageous fiscal policy, Mr. Longley apparently hesitates through timidity to Canada becoming a link. Certainly it would be the concern, not only of Canada, but of each Colony, to determine its own interests, and it is quite conceivable that the strength and power of the whole would depend upon the successful condition of each part. Mr. Longley thinks that Canada's interests are vastly overestimated by Mr. Chamberlain's scheme.

Without in any way jeopardising the manufacturing industries of Canada, the scheme provides, by a preference in her favour, the best market in the world for her wheat. This would fully reciprocate the preference Canada already allows upon the import of English manufactures. Canadians require, above everything else, an advantageous market for the products of their vast wheat fields. How can Mr. Longley or any one else overestimate the value to his Colony of a preference upon this great natural industry. The manufacturing interest being protected by tariff, and a certain market provided for her vast food supplies, the wealth of Canada is absolutely secured.

Mr. Longley seems very suspicious that a scheme of Imperial fiscal union would mean a proposal for Canada to contribute to the support of the army and navy of the Empire. Such a proposal has never been included, or even hinted at, in Mr. Chamberlain's proposals.

If in time Canada becomes a conspicuous part of the Empire, I doubt not but she would willingly share its burdens as well as participate in its glories. I certainly think with Mr. Longley that fiscal legislation is a matter of expediency, controlled by conditions of the hour, and it certainly seems that the time is now ripe to create a policy that would regulate our trade to the greater advantage of Great Britain and her Colonies, and at the same time define more clearly their future political relations to each other.

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

EARLY SPRING

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

. . . . . .

The Woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!

. . . . . .

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.

—TENNYSON.

WHEN the National Council of Women of Canada was founded a decade ago, there was much questioning as to the necessity for, or even advisability of, having such an organization in Canada, and many doubts were expressed as to its possible usefulness. Very few years have passed and already the Council has not only justified its existence, but has proved beyond dispute that the work which it has done and is doing is work which, despite the crying need for it, would otherwise yet be undone.

All that the Council has accomplished and is accomplishing should be familiar to every earnest-minded Canadian; yet, perhaps because the members of the Council, believing that "actions speak louder than words," are not given to crying their achievements in the market place, and because much of their work is done quietly in shadowy places, one sometimes hears still the old question: "But of what use is the Council anyway? What does it do?"

I wish I could put into the hands of every such interrogator the last number of "Women Workers of Canada," the Year Book of the National Council, containing their tenth annual report.

No thinking woman—or man either, for that matter—can peruse the pages of this little book without being amazed at the Council's courageous efforts towards making an ever fairer, better, purer, nobler country of this Canada of ours.

Not alone for the amelioration of various hard conditions under which many women must earn their daily bread, not alone for the forlorn, the forsaken, the hopeless and helpless of their own sex, or for the uncared for and ill-cared for children do they labour; but, through their interest in Prison Reform, Prison Gate Missions and Aid to Released Prisoners, in hospitals and lumber camps, and in their fight against pernicious literature and all that is impure and degrading, they are striving to open to the male unfortunates of their country a clear,

straight path to honourable citizenship.

Besides the nine nationally organized associations affiliated in the National Council, societies of all kinds, devoted to art, education, religion, church work, rescue work, manual training, etc., are affiliated with the different local councils throughout the Dominion, and standing committees have been appointed by the Council to deal with the following subjects: Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children, Objectionable Printed Matter, Custodial Care of Feeble-Minded Women, Care of the Aged and Infirm Poor, Finance, Immigration, Press, Bureau of Information, Publication, Domestic Science and Manual Training, Agriculture for Women, Promotion of the Industrial and Fine Arts (including Music) in Canada, Women on School Boards, Vacation Schools and Supervised Play Grounds, Promotion of a Uniform Standard of Education and of Dominion Registration for Teachers, International Committee, Circulation of Council Literature, Committee on Constitution.

The reports of all these committees are full of interest and worthy the most careful consideration. Perhaps that of most general feminine interest is that of the convenor of the Committee on Immigration. The Woman's National Immigration Society and the British Women's Emigration Association are working together, the latter sending out to the colonies not only women suitable for training in domestic service, but housekeepers, lady helps, etc.

"It is to be hoped," writes Miss Laidlaw, "that the immigration of Irish girls to New York, which has recently reached the number of 8,000 in a short space of time, may be deflected to Canada. While our Empire is in need of honourable, upright colonists, means should be taken to secure them. We understand that there is a surplus of such in Ulster, and would suggest that the British Women's Emigration Association should extend its work in this direction."

The concluding paragraphs of the report merit special attention:

"Your convenor would like to suggest one or two points for your consideration. The question of the Immigration of Women and the Domestic Service Problem are so interwoven that they must be considered together. It has been demonstrated by all these local reports that the need is far greater than the supply.

"Why do we rely wholly on help from without, when we hear of the Province of Prince Edward Island losing a large surplus of young men and women to the Eastern States? Why is not the need and promise of our Western Provinces made plain to these young people? Sweden strongly objects to losing a similar though better-trained class, realizing that strength ebbs from the nation with it, and we should be even more wide-awake than they.

"Why should not more Training Schools for Household Work be established, where immigrants as well as Canadians could be taught on practical lines suitable to the country?

"And why do we not resolutely face the fact that the girls of our own country may and must be made to realize that there is no possible degradation in the faithful doing of the honourable duties that must be performed in the household, if that is to make a home? The Schools of Domestic Science and Manual Training will surely raise up a generation which realizes the joy of honest work for honest work's sake, and which will put aside the silly idea that there is more freedom in the wearing counter and factory work than in a comfortable home, where there are hours of leisure for reading and needlework."

I would earnestly commend to the attention of every Canadian, "Women Workers of Canada," copies of which can be obtained from the National Secretary of the Council in Toronto, or through members of any Local Council. No woman can read it carefully without being impressed with a deeper sense of her own responsibility as a woman and a citizen.

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Many are the stories that come to us, demonstrating the charming and gracious manners of our Royal Princesses. Here is the latest one, which is told by M.A.P. and has for its central figure the Duchess of Fife:

"A young man, invited one afternoon to tea in Portman Square, forgot to put the card of invitation in his pocket, and, vaguely remembering that the house where his hostess lived was one of the teens, told the cabman to drive to No. 15.

"The young man rang the bell, a man-

servant ushered him into the hall, took his hat and stick and invited him upstairs.

"The drawing-room door was thrown open, his name announced in stentorian tones, and the Duchess of Fife rose from the sofa where she had been sitting with her mother and two sisters, and came towards him.

"The poor young man, realizing at once his awful mistake, apologized as best he could for the intrusion and made for the door.

"But the Duchess charmingly protested that he must stay and have tea and be introduced to the rest of the party.

"'I never spent a more delightful time in my life,' remarked the young man afterwards to a friend, 'and I'm going to tea at No. 15 again next week—by special invitation of the Duchess.'"

●

LADY DURAND
Wife of the British Ambassador at Washington
PHOTO BY WALDON FAWCETT

In these progressive days when Health Foods of every imaginable name and every possible pretension to fame flood the market, very special arts are required on the part of manufacturers to keep their own special "fodder" not only before the public eye, but flowing into the public mouth. No matter how popular "Lord Ust" may be to day, if it is not to be supplanted to-morrow by "Uneeda Balahai" or "Huskaubran," those interested in its sale must be ever on the alert, and many and wonderful are the methods employed to keep each food afloat on the crest of the uncertain wave of popular favour.

One of the newest and most ingenious forms of advertising is that recently adopted by a well-known United States manufacturer of a certain healthful product that at present figures on every well-regulated breakfast or luncheon table. Just why it should need further exploiting is rather difficult to imagine, for one had supposed it to be already a household word, but perhaps its canny manufacturer is aware that the success of to-day is not always the success of to-morrow, and so is conducting his present educational campaign with an eye to future competitors.

The campaign is being carried on by a series of what are called "Demonstration Parties," and in some of our cities these Demonstration Teas and Luncheons are just now the most popular forms of dispensing hospitality. To the jaded hostess they offer two features as attractive as they are rare in most social entertainments—novelty and economy; and, since at these affairs one is never tempted to any over-indulgence of the appetite, they are admirably adapted for the Lenten season. Perhaps this is another reason for their present vogue.

The hostess chooses her menu—with limitations—and provides a maid or two, and the guests. How simple!

The advertiser furnishes the "eatables," including a chafing-dish and a liberal supply of his Health product, and two charming young lady "Demonstrators," who prepare the refreshments in the eyes of the company, explaining as they work, and drawing attention to the exquisite flavour—which might otherwise have escaped the notice of the guests—imparted by the introduction of the Health Food into every dish, and dwelling upon the digestible and nutritious qualities contained in even an oyster patty when made according to Health Rules and with Health Food trimmings.

The Demonstrator prepares in a chafing-dish, very daintily and deftly, enough scalloped oysters, scrambled eggs or creamed chicken for two or three people, and if the luncheon party be a large one this supply is supplemented by a larger quantity which has been prepared in the kitchen by—one supposes—other hands, unseen and unknown. But then one does not go to a Demonstration Tea or a Demonstration Luncheon to sit on a wooden chair before a common range and view an exhibition of ordinary every-day cookery. One puts on one's prettiest yabot and pleasantest smile to sit in a comfortable leather dining-chair or in an easy upholstered drawing-room divan, from the depths of which, in a soothing atmosphere of softly-shaded lights and delicate evanescent perfumes, one gazes admiringly at a pretty "Demonstrator" in a little frilled muslin apron and fetching cap. She, as she bends over her steaming chafing-dish, daintily spooning scraps of Health Food about in it with her own special little "spatula," is certainly a very attractive picture. The courses are, as a rule, short and small, so that one has plenty of time in the intervals of the demonstration to chat learnedly about it all with one's immediate neighbours, lamenting the peril which one is pained to find lurks in the most innocent-looking every-day article of diet.

●

Lady Durand, the wife of the new British Ambassador to the United States, is a particularly charming woman, who is greatly admired in her own country.

The *Hourglass*, in speaking of her, says:

"It was in 1875, two years after Sir Mortimer had entered the Bengal Civil Service, that Miss Ella Rebe Sandys became Lady Durand. She has one son, a lieutenant in the Ninth Lancers, who was wounded in the relief of Kimberley, during the Transvaal War, and one daughter, Josephine, a charming girl about twenty, who accompanied her mother to their new home at Washington. Being the wife of a diplomatist who has been in many tight places and has had to straighten out many tangles, Lady Durand has naturally known times of extreme anxiety. Her husband, going to the Eastern Empire on the eve of a great crisis, soon won recognition for his powers as a diplomatist, and was transferred to the political department."

●

Woman suffrage advocates have just met in annual convention for the thirty-sixth time, says *Public Opinion* of New York. Each year progress of the movement is reported to these conventions and formal demand renewed that women shall be put on an equal footing with men in regard to the right of franchise. Whether women are actually nearer political equality with men than they were when the woman suffrage movement was launched in 1848, is an open question. The most its advocates can show is that suffrage has been conferred upon them here and there, generally in attenuated form. But at least they have earned their right or privilege to be heard. Miss Anthony and her associated suffragists are no longer caricatured, reviled, and ridiculed as they were a few years ago, and the respectful hearing they now obtain probably means that eventually the polling booth will be opened to them.

●

The following unique sign stands outside a curiosity shop in Falmouth:

"Ellen Jones sells here
Lemonade and Ginger Beer,
Cowheels and tripe every Friday,
Secondhand cloes to make ee tidy,
Crox and ketles, pans and all,
And godly bokes to save your sole,
Man-traps, gins, and pattens likewise,
And on Saturday night hot mutton pies.

*M. MacL. H.*

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## NATIONAL STRENGTH

EGOTISM and complacency are not easily distinguished from confidence and self-reliance. Canada may learn the difference at the present moment by studying the difference between Russia and Japan. Russia represents egotism and complacency, Japan confidence and self-reliance. Russia is a despotism with all the weaknesses of that form of government—incompetency in public service, favourites in high places, lack of administrative system suited to modern conditions, huge public debt, oppression, ignorance. Japan has all these weaknesses no doubt, but she has reduced them to such small proportions that they are not to be considered beside the great virtues which she has struggled to acquire.

Canada may learn the lesson. This country needs a fresh baptism of national spirit. We are somewhat egotistic and complacent. We imagine we know much more than we do. We have no national literature, no national library, no national museum, no national art gallery, no national navy, no army that is worth mentioning, comparatively few public men without eye-lid weakness. There are the beginnings of all these things—but they are only beginnings. Our sons should go abroad more than they do to obtain inspiration, knowledge and breadth of view. Our statesmen should think less of political patronage and more of national progress. Let us emulate Japan, rather than Russia; better still, let us seek for the good points in the governments and national systems of the world and adapt them to Canadian needs.

Canada has made some advances, yet the progress is not quite satisfactory. There is much to be done in commercial, administrative, educational and general development if this country is to rank among the great nations of the world. Selfishness, servileness, unscrupulousness are monsters whose ugly heads hover near the surface of our civilization.

## PHYSICAL STRENGTH

Professor Goldwin Smith and Senator Wark, two of the oldest and best preserved of our citizens, have been telling us how to live. It seems summed up in the ancient advice, retire early and eat plain food. Senator Wark believes in porridge, meat, bread and tea, but refuses to countenance pie or pudding. Professor Smith's verdict is about the same, but he does not pronounce so strongly against delicacies, although he agrees that they must be taken in moderation.

It is not every one who desires to be old. There are some men who prefer to crowd their pleasures into a few, fierce years of fast living and strenuous existence. They are prepared to abuse their bodies and their minds if only they can get a vast amount of "pleasure" out of eating, drinking and other sensuous enjoyments. There are some men who are prepared to make the same sacrifices for power and wealth. They will rise early and retire late; they will eat and drink irregularly and inconsiderately; they will work fiercely and immoderately if only they may acquire a cabinet position or "a million" without any unnecessary delay. Both these classes know that their hard living and their fierce existence

VISCOUNT HAYASHI

The Japanese Minister to the Court of Great Britain

COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND

Who is in command of the British Expedition into Tibet

will shorten their lives, but they profess not to fear such a result.

There is a larger class which suffers through ignorance. This includes those who never draw a deep breath, who avoid fresh air, and finally become tubercular victims. There are those who are too lazy to walk or indulge in physical exercise and finally are disposed of with kidney trouble. There are those who do not know the meaning of the words "deny thyself" in relation to eating and drinking, and finally become dyspeptics or drunkards.

How to live is a great problem, but there is no doubt that it takes several generations of self-denial to produce a man strong constitutionally, mentally and spiritually. It is rather difficult to ask people to live well in order that their great-grandchildren may be nearly perfect men and women, but it seems necessary. Self-denial! Self-denial! Self-denial! must be the cry of the race that wishes its progeny to be great. During the past few years it has been the cry of the Japanese, and their sons have now stepped out into the arena to show the world what self-denial means.

If Canadians are to be physically strong there are some reforms to be effected. They must eat less pastry, they must breathe more fresh air, they must encourage still more athletic sports and physical culture, they must realize that the reckless pursuit of "the dollar" is not a reasonable ambition for either an individual or a nation, but that strong bodies and sound minds are the marks of a vigorous race.

## TREE PRODUCTION

Nothing illustrates the folly of most of our wisdom than the relation of Canadians to Canada's trees. For years the people of Ontario and the other Eastern Provinces have been dreadfully busy cutting down the bush, sometimes turning it into timber or lumber, sometimes into ashes. Now, they are coming to realize that the wholesale destruction of bush is a most foolish and nefarious business, that trees like fruit should be picked only

when ripe, that bushland may be as profitable as wheat land or grazing land.

The other day the Minister of Agriculture for Ontario arose in his place in the Legislature and informed the members of that body that some of the land which has been cleared would be producing greater profits if that labour had not been bestowed upon it. The thing to do under the circumstances is to reforest those lands which are not suitable for the production of grain or grass. A small area has been set apart at the Agricultural College Farm, where young trees suitable for planting on these lands will be grown. In another three years a distribution of these young trees will commence, so that those who desire to reforest will be able to do so. Then Ontario will once more become the home of the maple, the elm, the basswood, the hemlock and the cedar. But the destruction caused in a generation cannot be offset within a century. This is the sad view of it.

The importance of tree-planting and forest preservation is set forth in a paper in this issue by Mr. E. Stewart, a man to whom much credit is due in connection with the reforms which are now being inaugurated in Canada's forest policy.

At the recent meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association in Toronto, Mr. Joly de Lotbiniere, of Quebec, told how for seventy years his family had been deriving a large cash income from a bushland estate. This was accomplished by taking care that ripe trees only were selected for cutting, and that no damage was done to the young and growing trees. Cultivated in this way, the annual product had steadily grown in value, and yet the timber on the estate was almost as great in quantity as it was when the process of cutting was first commenced.

## AUSTRALIAN WHEAT

It should not be forgotten that Australia produces wheat. The estimates of this year's crop, which is marketed in December and January, gives a total yield of 73 million bushels, of

THE HON. JOHN DRYDEN
Minister of Agriculture for Ontario

which 50 million will be available for export. This is greater than the Canadian surplus for export, although Australia is a smaller colony. Canada is doing very well, and might do somewhat better if colonial wheat had a preference in the British market; but it must not be forgotten that Australia is and will always be a strong competitor in that market. Africa is producing wheat, but not enough for her own purposes. India produces over 200 million bushels a year, and exports a great deal. Even under preferential trade, Canada must expect keen competition in the British market. This emphasizes the importance of cheap transportation.

If Canada is to compete successfully with India and Australia, she must have cheap railway rates to the seaboard and cheap steamship rates to Liverpool. The latter can be obtained by encouraging the importation of British goods, so as to create large cargoes for the return trips from Liverpool to Canada.

*John A. Cooper*

# About New Books.

## A NEW BRITISH HISTORY

IN comparing a history of the British nation written by a resident of England and a similar history written by a colonial, one would expect the points-of-view of the authors to show a marked divergence. The view of a London or Oxford scholar could not possibly be the same as that of a resident of Toronto, Montreal, Melbourne, or Sydney. Or, at least, a similarity of view would be remarkable.

Professor Wrong has written a history of the British nation for Canada. There would be no necessity of his doing this if Canadians could secure a satisfactory history written by some one in Great Britain, even though we Canadians are British. But a textbook written for English schools would not likely be satisfactory for Canadian or Australian, or South African schools, because we look upon the Empire through different spectacles. The Englishman would vaunt the ancient glory of England, how she has gathered Scotland and Ireland into her fold, and planted her flag on every continent and on the isles of the sea. He would extol the Mother of Nations —and justly so. The colonial historian, on the other hand, would aim to show how our civilization commenced in England, was developed there, and then transplanted to a new continent. This is the justification for Professor Wrong's attempt to write a history of the British nation for Canadian schools. His knowledge of history is broad and deep, and if any Canadian were to be selected to write such a work as this, there is no man in this country who is presumably better fitted for the task. The result is to some extent what might be expected—a sympathetic, yet critical, *resumé* of the leading events in British history, done in admirable spirit and judgment, with due attention to the social development which his predecessors have omitted to consider.

A. G. BRADLEY

Author of "Wolfe," "Sketches from Old Virginia," etc., whose "Fight for North America" is now running in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

But passing by the general features of the work, and coming to that part which most concerns Canadians, we may ask, "What is the Professor's attitude towards the outlying portions of the Empire?" This feature of the volume is disappointing. The Professor lectures at the University of Toronto, and devotes *one or two* lectures each year to Canadian history, and the remainder of his lectures to European history. He is not an enthusiastic colonial, though he was born and bred here. For example :

"Britain has done what Rome failed to do: from her come our notions of constitutional liberty and representative Government, and she has planted great daughter states and trained them in the same principles." (P. 1.)

This is a misleading sentence. Did Great Britain teach the United States that representation must accompany taxation, or did the United States teach Great Britain? Did Baldwin and Papineau and Nelson fight for self-government in Canada, or was their agitation due to the anxiety of England to thrust responsible Government upon this colony? She "trained them in the same principles," says Professor Wrong; but another might say, "they taught her liberality in Government and broadmindedness in administration." Even Professor Wrong himself remarks on p. 568:

"Though for a few years still the governors seemed to think themselves responsible to a British Colonial Minister rather than to the Canadian Parliament, before 1850 Canada *had won for herself, and, as it proved, for all the greater British colonies, the complete self-government which makes them practically independent states.*"

In speaking of the Peace of Versailles of 1783, the Professor states that "with some difficulty Britain saved Canada and Nova Scotia in North America." She had no difficulty in saving that part of North America which she did keep, and she did not save *all* of Canada. She saved only that portion of Canada that the ex-colonists of the United States had not the heart to ask for.

Again, take the article on "Penny Postage." It says nothing whatever about the improvements in the postal system since 1840—and yet it is part of a chapter entitled "Social Changes in the Nineteenth Century!" Not a word of the use of stamps, not a word about Imperial postage and the reforms which Sir William Mulock and other colonials forced upon the British authorities.

His chapter on "The Growth of the British Dominions" occupies only twenty pages, or less than five per cent. of the volume, and is remarkable for its lack of enthusiasm and the absence of a sweeping survey such as would inspire a youthful reader. He states that "Canada's main interest is still agricultural;" but might reasonably have embodied the following table:

WILLIAM J. FISCHER
A new Canadian poet whose first volume has just been issued.

EXPORTS, 1902 *

| | |
|---|---|
| Products of the mines | $35,000,000 |
| " " fisheries | 14,000,000 |
| " " forest | 5,000,000 |
| Animals and their produce | 59,000,000 |
| Agricultural products | 37,000,000 |
| Manufactures | 46,000,000 |
| Total | $196,000,000 |

The opinion of the writer, given humbly, is that Professor Wrong has gone a long way towards giving Canadian schools a better text-book, but that his lack of enthusiasm for the colonies and colonial genius has led him to minimize the influence they have had in the building of the Empire, in the development of its trade,

†The British Nation: By George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, 616 pages.

*Statistical Year Book of Canada, 1902, pp. 257, 258.

W. A. FRASER
Author of "Thoroughbreds," "Blood Lilies," etc., the leading Canadian short-story writer. From a sketch in oils by Dickson Patterson.

in supplying it with fresh inspiration and enthusiasm, and in checking the stagnation and conservatism which are always at the threshold of an ancient civilization. The book is well printed, well illustrated, and contains remarkably few typographical errors.

## SINS AGAINST THE CHILD*

THERE are several varieties of sins, and perhaps the worst of sins are those committed in the name of religion. I know a man who was once a boy in a Methodist family in a small country town, whose parents would not let him read novels or go to see a horse race, circus or play. The consequence was that the boy read dime novels on the sly, stole under the fence to see the horse races, sold old iron to get enough money to see the circus, and stole enough money to go to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin." From reading "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid," one would gather that among the Pennsylvania Dutch were stricter parents than the Ontario Methodists. Jacob Getz was known even among those frugal people as "wonderful near"; he put money in the bank and let his children go in rags, prohibited all story-book reading and told his children to leave their books in school. "When you're home you'll work for your wittles." He believed in unceasing labour and in total abstinence from all amusement and self-indulgence. Yet he performed his parental duties religiously and in the name of the Creator.

Tillie, his eldest daughter, despite his care, read stories by the light of a candle which, when not in use, was kept under the mattress. One night she was caught, and a copy of "Ivanhoe" loaned her by the teacher went into the fire, while Tillie received a liberal application of the religious strap from her conscientious "pop." On another occasion her father found her with "The Last Days of Pompeii." He asked her for the name of the book, and she repeated the title. "Well," he exclaimed, "this here's the last hour of this here 'Pump-eye.' In the stove she goes!"

The teacher offered to take Tillie into town with her and educate her, letting her come out to work on the farm in the summer. Her pop answered:

"Yes, and she 'd come that spoilt we couldn't get no work out of her. No, if I hire her out winters, it 'll be where I kin draw her wages myself—where's [which is] my right as her parent. What does a body have

*By Helen R. Martin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

children fur? To get no use out of 'em? It ain't no good your plaguin' me. I ain't leavin' her go."

Tillie did not go to town, but continued a drudge on the farm. When about fourteen years of age, she became imbued with religious fervour and "turned plain," became a Mennonite and adopted the plain dress of the sect. It was a great struggle with her father who was an Evangelical, but her persistence and his superstition broke down his parental authority. This was but the beginning of the undoing of Jacob Getz and the making of Tillie. Her life story is well told by Helen R. Martin and is well worth the reading. It has a lesson, many lessons in fact, besides its humorous and dramatic excellences. Tillie twines herself round the heart, and perhaps her story will soften the pillows of other Tillies struggling against ignorance, superstition and distorted religious faiths in their parents, guardians and spiritual leaders.

SARA JEANETTE COTES

The Canadian writer, whose new novel "The Imperialist" will shortly be issued in book form.

## ILLUSTRATED CRITIQUES

SOME months ago, a thin, illustrated quarto volume on Thomas Carlyle was mentioned in this department. Two more, of what apparently is to be a series, have appeared. These deal with Tennyson and Browning. Each book contains about forty pages and about thirty illustrations. The Tennyson volume contains ten different portraits of Tennyson, a bust and a medallion, besides numerous illustrations of his birthplace, scenes among which he spent his dreaming days, and notable illustrations made for his poems. Of the latter, the most notable are Gustave Doré's "Elaine" and "Guinevere." The illustrations in the Browning volume show that he knew less of rural England than Tennyson, and more of city life. Then they bring home to us vividly the fact that Italian scenery and Italian characters profoundly affected his verse. The text of the Tennyson volume is by G. K. Chesterton and Dr. Garnett, and that of the Browning by James Douglas. There is no attempt at exhaustive criticism, hence these volumes are suitable for the library of the average citizen.*

## AN IRISH NOVEL

THERE are not many Irish novels troubling the modern book market, although that country of religious and political controversy ought reasonably to supply a few dramas, tragedies and romances each year. "The Real Charlotte"† is one, however, and even it is not altogether new. It was first issued in three volumes in 1894, and then in one volume in 1895; it was again reprinted by a new publisher in 1900, another edition in 1901, and a third in 1903. Finally it has fallen into the last channel for public favour, a colonial edition, and thus it comes to Canada. Messrs. Somerville & Ross write entertaining books, and

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 40 pp. 75 cents each.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 364 pp.

know their Irish people thoroughly. They have also written "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," "An Irish Cousin," "All On the Irish Shore," and "The Silver Fox." Besides, Mr. Somerville is an M.F.H., and has illustrated Slipper's "A, B, C of Fox Hunting."

## A NEW POET

A NEW Canadian poet has burst upon the horizon, not with dazzling rays, but with the gray beams of promise. William J. Fischer's little volume, "Songs by the Wayside"* contains no insistent note. There is hope such as might be expected from a young man on the sunny side of life's expanse, pity which indicates a depth of human tenderness, piety which marks out the true Roman Catholic, and a love of nature such as most Canadian poets possess. The first poem indicates to a considerable extent the pious hope and religious outlook which is the keynote to most of the hundred short poems which the volume contains:

BY THE WAYSIDE

Look up and the skies are cheerful!
Look down and the dim shadows fall
About life's way
In the heat of day
When there's sunshine above for all!

Our lives are just what we make them,
In the struggle and sweat of years;
The world so bright—
In misfortune's light—
We spectacle only through tears.

There are loud intonings many,
From Niagaras of deep despair,
But sorrows grow dumb
And feelings numb
In the peaceful valleys of Prayer.

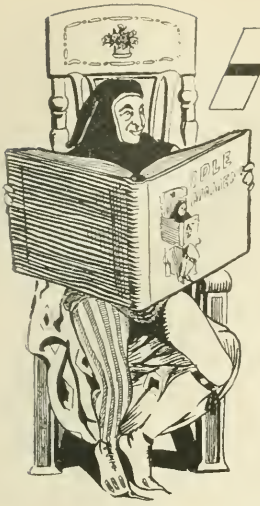
## NOTES

The latest book from the pen of A. G. Doughty is entitled "The Citadel and the Fortifications of Quebec," with naval and military notes by Major William Wood. It is issued in a limited edition, small quarto, boards, at $6.00. The chief features are a photographic reproduction of the original MS. plan of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham bearing the signature of Major MacKellar, Engineer-in-Chief under Wolfe, and the MS. plan of Quebec used by Wolfe. A two-volume edition of "Quebec Under Two Flags," by Messrs. Doughty and Dionne, with fifty-four plates is also being issued. These books may be ordered through the Quebec News Co.

The accompanying portrait of Mr. A. G. Bradley is probably the first published in Canada, although Mr. Bradley is well known to many Canadians who met him during his visits to this country. His latest book "Canada in the Twentieth Century" is a delightfully written description, but of particular interest to travellers, business men and intending settlers of Great Britain for whom it was penned. This volume proves beyond a doubt that Mr. Bradley believes in Canada and her possibilities. The title is somewhat unfortunate, because it really should be "Canada at the Opening of the Twentieth Century." Mr. Bradley's "Wolfe" is perhaps the best known of his books, although "The Fight with France for North America," now running serially in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, should eventually be even more popular. His home is at Ecton, Northants, in England, but he has spent much time in America. This portrait was taken several years ago, but is a remarkably good likeness.

Sara Jeanette Cotes, as she now signs herself, has contributed a novel to the literature of present-day politics. This is entitled "The Imperialist," and represents the career of a young Canadian lawyer who goes to England as secretary of a commission, meets Wallingham (Mr. Chamberlain), is enamoured of Imperialism and comes back to Canada to advocate it in season and out. This is a huge undertaking for any author, especially a woman, and if the reader finds difficulty in seeing clearly what Mrs. Cotes is trying to say, he will kindly remember that a woman attempting politics must be judged leniently.

*Boston: Richard G. Badger. Cloth, 85 pp.



# IDLE MOMENTS

### FROM THE PERSIAN

A CERTAIN Khan had three wives. One was a Liar, one a Thief, and one a Mischief-Maker. They troubled him greatly, but although he tried to correct them, they grew worse each day. He did not wish to kill them, nor to divorce them. He only sought to correct them and cure them of their failings. But this he failed to do.

One day a Wise Man came to the Khan, and said:

"I know that thou art troubled by thy wives, but if thou wilt give them into my charge for a time, in less than three months they shall be cured of their failings."

The Khan agreed, and the Wise Man became the custodian of the three wives.

The Wise Man at once began his treatment. He treated the Lying woman by lying to her continually. The Thief he treated by daily robbing her of her clothes and jewellery. The Sower of Discord he incited to mischief.

In a short time the Thief and the Liar were reformed, but the Wise Man could find no remedy for the Mischief-Maker, and so he drowned her in the sea.—*Vanity Fair.*

### AT ONE PERIOD

Binnick—Do you believe in infant damnation?

Cynic—Not if they die, but I do while they are in the process of growing up. *R.K.*

■

### EXPLAINED

Jack—Fitzsimmons has a wonderful reach.

Tom—Yes; his early life must have been spent almost entirely in boarding houses. *R.K.*

■

### TROUBLE

The world is full of trouble,
  The air is full of fuss—
The wranglin' hubblebubble
  Is something marvellous.
Away in dear old London
  The Cabinet's upset,
And all that isn't undone
  Is to be tangled yet.

Bulgarians are scrapping,
  Because they may not shoot;
The Turk will not go napping,
  For fear they revolute.
Tsi Ann is in a tremble
  Because of dread reform.
She says those who dissemble
  Will find life pretty warm.

Manchuria is gobbled—
  Or wonders if she is—
The arch of peace has wabbled
  And things begin to whiz;
The truculent Mikado
  Is scowling at the Czar,
And hints at a tornado
  Of wreck and wrath and war.

And Castro and the Kaiser
  Are interchanging bluffs
Each is his own adviser
  And gets in endless huffs.
The Shipping Trust—a scandal
  Or something of the kind—

## CUPID IN ENGLAND

THE ENGLISH GIRL DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS

ENGLISH HE—"Has he not given you my message?"
ENGLISH SHE—"He has contracted such a horrid American accent I can't listen to him now." —*The Queen*

Has grown too hot to handle
Or settle in one's mind.

The women's clubs are scolding;
The town is full of "graft;"
Each day sees the unfolding
Of tricks where some one's gaffed;
The good and bad detectives
Are giving things away
And charges and invectives
Increase from day to day.

The world is full of trouble;
North, south and east and west.
Each day the troubles double,
And none gets any rest.
There must be a bacillus
That started this somehow—
A germ or germs that fill us
With wrangle, rage and row.

—*W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.*

## THE EPIDEMIC

Lady met a brigand,
Captive she was took;
People raised a ransom—
Goin' to write a book.

Love-sick girl got jilted,
Sought a distant nook,
Brooded on her troubles—
Goin' to write a book.

Man, he thought he'd travel,
Took a flying look
At some foreign countries—
Goin' to write a book.

Fellow took a fancy
To be turning crook;
Trampin' didn't pay him—
Goin' to write a book.

Millionaire and pauper,
Valet, maid, and cook,
Everybody's got it—
Goin' to write a book.

—*Washington Star.*

## HER WAY

Children have their own ways of learning things, wonderful ways, past our finding out. They are observant and alert. Their methods of arriving at conclusions are subtly wise. As an instance, there is in this city a dear little woman of five summers who is her father's warm lover and admirer. So far as she is concerned he is the only man in the world. On the walls of their home hangs the picture of a group of students; her father among them. Below is given the name of each member of the group. One day she proudly announced that she could point out papa's name, and did it. "Who showed you?" asked papa. "Nobody; I found it all by myself." "But you can't read; how did you find out that it was my name?" "Why," with a happy little laugh, "I put my finger on your face—so, and then I made it go straight, and it ledded right to this name, so I knowed it was your name, you see."

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

## PHOTOS OF LIVE ANIMALS

THE great interest now taken in all forms of animal life and the quickness of the small cameras have been combined to give the public splendid pictures of birds and other animals as they really are. Up to recent years all such pictures were drawings and, while fairly accurate, were not wholly so. Such photographs as were given were of domestic animals or of those in captivity.

To get pictures of nature's children which will reveal their intimate ways, the photographer must get close to their homes. This is a difficult task. The behaviour of nearly all wild creatures is one thing when they know they are being watched, and quite another when they are not aware of the fact. Under the first condition suspicion and anxiety are written large in every action, whereas, under the second, confidence and peace of mind illuminate each movement and expression. The naturalist therefore transforms himself into a graminivorous animal, a rock, a tree, or other equally innoxious animal or object and gains the secret which he desires.

In his efforts to obtain photographs of some of the shyest birds, an English author resorted to the most ingenious devices, one of which was an imitation ox made of a bullock skin stretched over a wicker frame. Concealed in this with his camera, the lens of which peeped out of a hole in the chest, the naturalist photographer took observations and obtained some excellent pictures. An artificial sheep also proved of great service when studying birds of the moors and mountains, its realistic appearance never failing to deceive, and making it a useful hiding place. A reversible jacket and cap, dead green-

A PICTURE OF R. KEARTON, F.Z.S.

Author of "Wild Nature's Ways," carrying his imitation ox, concealed within which he has made unique photographs.

MOVING A SPAN OF THE FRASER RIVER BRIDGE

The spans of this bridge have been built on false work supported by temporary piles. But under the main span, 380 feet long, the water is too deep even on the 100 foot piles used. So this span was built in another place; then lifted bodily on four scows, towed clear of the piers and drawn into its permanent position. This cut shows the span being lowered into position.

brown on the one side, and living field-green on the other, and a wooden mask made of a hollow ash-stub were also invaluable items of his equipment.

## A GREAT BRIDGE

The Province of British Columbia has undertaken to build, and has built, a great bridge over the Fraser River in order to allow of direct railway communication between Vancouver and New Westminster with the district south of these two cities and with the railway lines of Washington Territory. The Vancouver *Province* declares that "this structure was not needed until the Province had a population twenty times as great as it now possesses and it represents to-day simply the folly of past administrations." On the other hand the Christmas number of the New Westminster *Columbian* states "it is now but a matter of a few weeks until the north and south banks of the Fraser will be united by a railway and general traffic bridge at New Westminster City, and we will be on the trunk line of the American and Canadian railway systems." Great Northern trains will then cross the river into New Westminster and then go north to Vancouver, a few miles away. There are thirteen spans, five 160 feet long, one 225 feet, one 380 feet and a swing span 361 feet.

A very interesting detail of the work is depicted in the accompanying illustration. The section to span the deep water between piers 3 and 4 had been built on false work where the long swing span is to operate, and on the morning of November 11th this span, which alone weighs 788 tons, was lifted by the action of the tide and floated to its destined position on four large scows, the whole moving being accomplished without a hitch within an hour.

The bridge proper, for all it is so long, and high and strong, will weigh just 3,600 tons; five small spans weigh 175 tons each, the swing span 641 tons, the one recently floated into position 788 tons, and the spread span yet to be similarly placed, 861 tons, and other small sections 500 or 600 tons.

JOURNALISTIC TRUST

THE announcement comes from St. John, New Brunswick, that a new daily paper will shortly be issued there. Why? The explanation is illuminating. There are now two excellent morning papers in St. John, *The Sun* and *The Telegraph*, each of which has an evening edition; there are also two other evening papers, both well-known and popular, *The Globe* and *The Gazette*. Thus, with six daily papers, the city of St. John is well served, much better served than either Montreal or Toronto, population considered.

Now of these papers, *The Globe* and *The Telegraph* are Liberal papers, one being the property of Senator Ellis, and the other, until recently, the organ of the Hon. Mr. Blair. A new man has arisen in New Brunswick, a new cabinet minister, and he is not well supported by Mr. Ellis' paper or Mr. Blair's paper. What can the poor man do, but start another?

This situation is not unusual. But, listen! Information has leaked out that a syndicate of Liberal cabinet ministers has arranged to buy or establish a chain of Daily Papers from coast to coast, so as to cover the market in cabinet positions and prevent any new men getting ambitious. "CONTROL THE DAILY PAPERS AND THE CABINET POSITIONS ARE YOURS," is to be the motto. The incorporators are likely to be Hon. W. S. Fielding, Halifax *Chronicle;* Hon. W. R. Emmerson, St. John ——; Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Quebec *Le Soleil;* Hon. Sydney Fisher, Montreal *Herald;* Hon. William Mulock, Toronto *Star;* Hon. Clifford Sifton, Winnipeg *Free Press;* Hon. W. Templeman, Victoria *Times;* and a few others whose names are not announced. The capital of the company will be $5,000,000 in gold-bearing five per cent. bonds and $5,000,000 in common stock, the bonds to be taken up by a well-known railway manager and two wealthy senators, and the common stock to be held by the incorporators.

R. L. Borden, Esq., M.P., has also a similar plan under consideration for the benefit of the Conservative cabinet ministers (prospective). The incorporators will probably be: Hon. Mr. Borden, Halifax *Herald;* Hon. Mr. Daniel, St. John *Sun;* Hon. Hugh Graham, Montreal *Star;* Hon. J. I. Tarte, Montreal *La Patrie;* Hon. E. F. Clarke, Toronto *Mail and Empire;* Hon. Sanford Evans, Winnipeg *Telegram;* and a few others to be decided upon later. There will be a similar issue of bonds to be taken up by two railway proprietors and The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and a similar issue of common stock at a nominal price to the incorporators. The motto will be "HURRAH FOR THE EMPIRE! CHAMBERLAIN AND THE PROTECTIVE TARIFF!"

This scheme will have advantages. All the papers will be held in trust by the holding company, and when a minister resigns, as did the Hon. Mr. Tarte and the Hon. Mr. Blair, he will lose control of his important journal. This will prevent papers changing their

party allegiance as did *La Patrie* of Montreal and *The Telegraph*, of St. John. It will ensure stability in daily journalism. Another advantage will be greater uniformity in editorial opinion, since central offices at Ottawa will send out the editorials on important subjects, subject to such modification as may be required to suit the vanities and weaknesses of the particular districts in which each paper is published. A third advantage will be the fixing of responsibility, which under the present system is not always easy. A fourth advantage will be the feeling of security which each cabinet minister or prospective cabinet minister will have; this will enable him to give some time to the supervision of his department, for which at present he has little opportunity. It will enable a cabinet minister to take eight hours' sleep each night, a privilege which he does not always enjoy under the present disconcerting condition of Free Competition. And finally, the subscription price of each paper will be raised from 50 cents a year to a dollar a year, and every member of the party will be forced to subscribe. The increased profits will go into the campaign fund of each party.

To prevent any serious competition, each corporation is arranging with the patent medicine and breakfast food advertisers to patronize only the trust journals, thus preventing any others from gaining prominence. Arrangements are also under way, whereby each trust will secure paper from the Canadian Papermakers' Association and type from the type foundries at a lower price than the outside publisher.

Since the above was in type, I have learned that both schemes have fallen through, owing to the inability of each to secure a monopoly of the use of the mails. *Buncombe.*

## BRITISH COLUMBIA PROGRESS

That the Canadian Pacific Railway has decided to run two transcontinental trains daily from Montreal to Vancouver is but another sign of the development of the West, and of the great increase in the travel between Eastern and Western Canada. British Columbia is rapidly becoming an important part of Canada, in touch with everything commercial, financial and political, which interests Canada as a whole. Professor Goldwin Smith has doubted if the West has any interest in the East. Two transcontinental daily trains would seem to indicate that the interest is mutual and rapidly developing.

The population of British Columbia, according to the Census of 1901, is 178,657, of whom over 60 per cent. are males. This population, classified according to Birthplace, is as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| British Columbia | 59,589 |
| Other Provinces | 40,023 |
| British Islands | 30,630 |
| British Possessions | 1,843 |
| Total British | 132,085 |
| Foreign Born | 46,110 |
| Not Given | 462 |
| Total | 178,657 |

British Columbia is British and Canadian in every sense of those terms. Of the foreigners 14,576 were from China and 4,515 from Japan.

The value of the gold annually mined in British Columbia has grown from a few thousand dollars to over five millions, the value of the silver to over three millions, the copper and the coal to over five millions each. The total mineral production in 1901 was $20,000,000, and for 1902 about two and a half millions less. The value of the agricultural property is over thirty millions, and the products in 1901 were valued at over six millions, a return of 19 per cent. on the investment.

Any person desiring full information about the province will find "The Year Book of British Columbia," edited by R. E. Gosnell, a valuable compendium. A new edition for 1903 has recently been issued.

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